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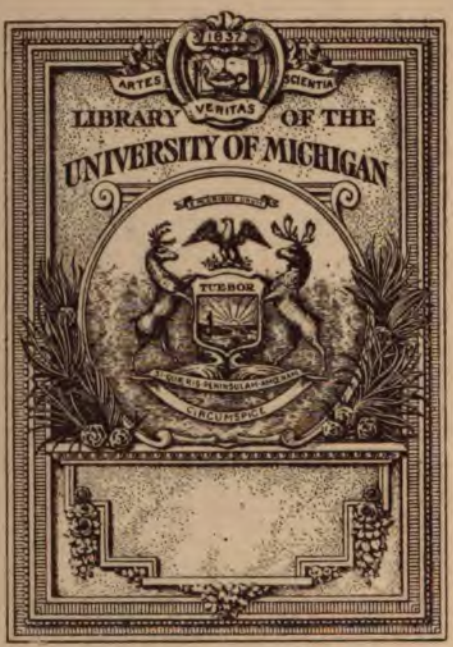

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BRITISH CRITICISMS OF AMERICAN WRITINGS, 1815-1833

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE STUDY OF ANGLO-AMERICAN LITERARY RELATIONSHIPS

BY
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MADISON
1922

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PREFATORY NOTE

This paper is virtually a continuation of the author's monograph on *British Criticisms of American Writings, 1783-1815,* and completes a study of the British attitude toward American literature during the first half century of the independence of the United States. As was noted in the preface to the earlier work, the author hopes at some time to make a study of the response of America to this trans-Atlantic criticism, and perhaps to glance at the American reviews of British publications during the same period.

The present monograph has been made somewhat more minute and inclusive than its predecessor, partly because greater thoroughness was practicable, but chiefly because the period which it covers is more significant to the student of American literary history. The object has been not so much to present the well-known theories and leanings and prejudices of distinguished literary groups like those which contributed to the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly,* but rather to ascertain so far as possible the consensus of opinion that prevailed among the reading public of Great Britain. For this reason attention has been given to the great number of minor and often short-lived literary periodicals that flourished, or at least that were enthusiastically brought into being during the period under consideration. It is true that at times the searcher after bits of out-of-the-way criticism has feared that he was acquiring the spirit of the collector of omnibus tickets and other useless trifles; but in a study of national impressions few critical articles are so insignificant as to be without some value. It is not wholly illogical to follow a passage from the *Edinburgh Review* with an extract from the *Lady's Pocket Magazine,* provided the source is clearly indicated so that the reader may assign to each its true weight. As in the earlier study, the fact that

many of the periodicals are rare, and are covered by no general index, has been a reason for giving copious extracts. The works consulted have, with few exceptions, been found in the joint libraries of the University of Wisconsin and the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, the British Museum, the Bodleian, and the Library of the University of Cambridge.

CHAPTER I

LITERARY CONDITIONS, 1815-1833

The eighteen years from the close of the second war with Great Britain to the end of the first half century of recognized national existence constitute an important period in the development of American literature. According to some historians the real independence of the United States, as distinguished from formal and political independence, was not achieved until the second war with the mother country. Even those who regard this statement as extreme will admit that after the second peace there was a stronger national feeling, more of a disposition to regard the nation and the government as definitely established things.

In literature, the new settling down of the American people showed itself in the appearance of the first group of American writers[1] who are universally known to intelligent Americans to-day. Franklin's writings are, it is true, deservedly read; but to few persons is Franklin primarily a man of letters. Several great eighteenth century Americans, like Jonathan Edwards, and the patriots, are recognized as of special importance in their various fields. Other writers, like the Hartford Wits, Freneau, and Charles Brockden Brown, though important in the literary history of their country, find to-day few general readers. But the period from 1815 to 1833 saw the rise not only of new authors, but of a new spirit in writing—an increased tendency toward what for want of a better term is sometimes styled "pure literature." Both Europe and America were growing weary of the discussion of the rights of man and the basis of political institutions which had occupied so much time for fifty years; no American publicists rank as writers with those of the Revolutionary time. Theological controversies raged, partic-

[1]Irving had of course published earlier his Addisonian essays and the *Knickerbocker's History;* but real recognition of his merits did not come until the appearance of the *Sketch Book.*

ularly in New England, where the Unitarian movement was overthrowing the old Calvinism; but these were technical, and apart from the main currents of popular thought. Though publication of Dwight's chief works during this period made him seem more of a contemporary than he was, and though Channing came into prominence before 1830, the religious and theological writings of the time are not so important as those of the two preceding centuries. Science seems to have been less closely associated with general literary culture than in either the preceding or the following generation. There were scientists enough, and they wrote technical accounts of their work; but there was no Franklin in America; and in England popular magazines devoted less attention to applied and experimental sciences than the *Gentleman's Magazine* had done in the later eighteenth century. On the other hand, the day of Huxley and Tyndall and Darwin, and of poets like Tennyson, who introduced so much of scientific thought into serious literature, was all in the future.

It was an essayist, Irving, a novelist, Cooper, and a poet, Bryant, who formed the center of the new group of American writers. All three of these are familiar to every American schoolboy, and notwithstanding change of taste, and the greater achievement of their successors they are not neglected by his elders. Two of them, Irving and Cooper, won almost as much recognition in Europe as at home. Bryant's fame has been more closely confined to his own country, yet even in his day his work was noticed abroad.

Contemporary with these three greater men were a number of lesser writers who are significant of movements in American literature. Paulding, Neal, Halleck, Drake, Pierpont, Payne —to mention but a few—though now but little read, were worthy of comment in their own day. Before the close of the period, Poe, Hawthorne, Longfellow, and Whittier had already appeared before the world in printed volumes, and Emerson and Holmes were known as young men of promise. The form that American literature evolved later in the great flowering years of the nineteenth century was implicit in writings produced before 1833.

In England, the same eighteen years formed a period of remarkable literary achievement. A glance at a chronological table shows the richness of the time. In 1816, the first year fully covered in the present study, there appeared Jane Austen's *Emma,* Byron's *Childe Harold* (Canto III), *Siege of Corinth,* and *Prisoner of Chillon,* Coleridge's *Christabel,* Leigh Hunt's *Story of Rimini,* Scott's *Antiquary, Black Dwarf,* and *Old Mortality,* and Shelley's *Alastor;* in 1825 came Carlyle's *Life of Schiller,* Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection,* Hazlitt's *Spirit of the Age,* Macaulay's *Essay on Milton,* Scott's *Betrothed* and *The Talisman;* in 1833, Bulwer's *Godolphin,* Browning's *Pauline,* Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus,* Lamb's *Last Essays of Elia,* and Tennyson's *Poems.* These were by no means exceptional years. The names of Keats, Moore, Campbell, Crabbe, Wordsworth, Southey, De Quincey, Landor, Hood and others which do not chance to appear in the above list may serve as additional reminders of the character of the period.

It is significant in a study of literary criticism that this brilliant age was one of conflicting schools and unsettled literary standards. All the literary life of Keats, and most of the significant literary life of Shelley and Byron, and of Scott as a novelist, fell within this half generation. There survived from an earlier time formalists like Campbell, classicists like Landor, apostles of a new romanticism like Wordsworth and Coleridge. Before the close of the period men as diverse as Macaulay, Carlyle, Bulwer, and Disraeli had made themselves known in prose, while Tennyson and Browning had begun to attract attention by their verse.

As might be expected, and as will be shown in the next chapter, these conditions led to a great mass of critical writing. The triumph of the great quarterlies, the rivalry of the monthlies, the rise of the literary weeklies, and the experimental founding of numerous other journals which devoted more or less space to literary criticism will be traced in the next chapter.

Between 1815 and 1833, then, Great Britain, with an extraordinary mass and diversity of literary production at home, and with a heightened faculty for literary criticism, was passing judgment on what proved to be in a sense the beginnings of recognized American literature.

CHAPTER II

BRITISH PERIODICALS

During the period from 1815 to 1833 literary periodicals of all sorts in Great Britain were more numerous and more influential than ever before. After London, Edinburgh was the chief centre for such publications; but there were ambitious and sometimes successful attempts at local literary journals in many of the provincial cities. The solid reviews probably enjoyed their greatest prestige at this time,—both the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly* having, it is said, attained their largest circulation about 1818. The newer type of literary magazine came into prominence with *Blackwood's,* and before the end of the period the literary weeklies were making themselves felt. There were also political, religious, dramatic, and nondescript journals containing some literary criticism. Many periodicals were of slight intrinsic importance; but since the object of this study has been to ascertain, not the views of a few leading critics, but the trend and consensus of British opinion, no available journal that ventured literary judgments has been ignored.

The *Edinburgh,*[1] the oldest and in the eyes of Americans the most conspicuous of the reviews, continued till 1829 under the leadership of Jeffrey. The *Edinburgh* really gave little attention to American literature in the strict sense of the term. Of the American writings reviewed between 1816 and 1833 only two or three works by Irving would, in the language of the time, have been called *belles lettres;* and these received a considerable amount of commendation. It was in articles on scientific, political, and statistical works, and on the accounts of British travellers, that the *Review* manifested the attitude

[1]For comment on the earlier years of the *Edinburgh*, and of other periodicals founded before 1815, see the author's *British Criticisms of American Writings, 1783-1815,* Chapter III.

that was bitterly resented in America, and that led to Robert Walsh's *An Appeal from the Judgments of Great Britain Regarding the United States of America.* Walsh was answered, with some dignity, but a little too much of protestation, in the *Edinburgh* for May, 1820;[2] but the same volume, in an article credited to Sydney Smith,[3] contained the passage which Americans found most irritating of all:

> Confining ourselves to our own country and to the period that has elapsed since they had an independent existence, we would ask, where are their Foxes, their Burkes, their Sheridans, their Windhams, their Horners, their Wilberforces?—where their Arkwrights, their Watts, their Davys?—their Robertsons, Blairs, Smiths, Stewarts, Paleys, and Malthuses—their Porsons, Parrs, Burneys, or Blomfields?—their Scotts, Campbells, Byrons, Moores, or Crabbes?—their Siddonses, Kembles, Keans, or O'Neills?—their Wilkies, Laurences, Chantrys?—or their parallels to the hundred other names that have spread themselves over the world from our little island in the course of the last thirty years, and blest or delighted mankind by their works, inventions, or examples? In so far as we know, there is no such parallel to be produced from the whole annals of this self-adulating race. In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book? or goes to an American play? or looks at an American picture or statue? What does the world yet owe to American physicians or surgeons? What new substances have their chemists discovered? or what old ones have they analyzed? What constellations have been discovered by the telescopes of Americans?—what have they done in the mathematics? Who drinks out of American glasses? or eats from American plates? or wears American coats or gowns? or sleeps in American blankets?—Finally, under which of the old tyrannical governments of Europe is every sixth man a Slave, whom his fellow-creatures may buy and sell and torture?
>
> When these questions are fairly and favourably answered, their laudatory epithets may be allowed—but till that can be done, we would seriously advise them to keep clear of superlatives.

It was the question, "Who reads an American book?" which was a thousand times quoted, answered, railed at, wept over, even down to the time of persons still living. Few other single sentences have aroused so many international heartburnings and done so much harm. But the whole passage is illustrative of the clever unfairness with which the writers for the *Edinburgh* delighted to present any uncomplimentary truth about America. Unfair this certainly is. There is no justification in mixing the social sin of slavery with the evaluation of literary and artistic productions; or in enumerating various manufactures which America had not developed, and ignoring

[2] XXXIII, 395.
[3] XXXIII (Jan., 1820) 79.

others in which she was already doing her share to supply the world. But after all, the most irritating thing about the charges was their approximation to truth. It was of no use to point out, as was repeatedly done, that they were not quite literally true; that even at the time, Englishmen were reading the *Sketch Book* by thousands; that Benjamin West, long president of the National Academy, was born, and received his early training, and achieved his first successes in America; that Benjamin Thompson had done important work in science before he came to London to found the Royal Institution, and went on to the Continent to continue his varied and useful career; that Franklin made significant discoveries in physics, a branch of science which the reviewer seems to take care not to mention. Attempts to reply by the citation of details like these only called attention to the general truth of the charge that America had as yet produced no great body of literary and artistic work. A writer like Sydney Smith knew how sensitive Americans were over this fact, as nations and individuals are always acutely sensitive over anything that seems to imply crudity and ill-breeding; he knew, also, judge of human nature as he was, that nothing is harder to endure with equanimity than an ill-natured statement of unpleasant truths. The editors of the *Edinburgh* were probably right in saying that they had no especial hostility to America. In their judgments on the literary quality of the few American books that they reviewed they were on the whole as favorable as posterity has been. They were willing to draw Whig political morals from America, praising religious toleration, and admitting that America was well and cheaply governed. But their fairness in these matters only heightened the complacency with which, when domestic diversions failed, they amused themselves by baiting the new nation.

Jeffrey is reported to have said to Scott, at an early period in the history of the *Edinburgh*, "The *Edinburgh* has but two legs to stand on. Literature is one, but its right leg is politics." The same remark might, with even greater truth, have been made of the *Quarterly*, which according to tradition was founded in protest against a political article written by Jeffrey himself. The consistent hostility of the *Quarterly* to America

was due in part to the idea that no good thing could come out of a democracy. Like the *Edinburgh,* it reviewed Irving, but not Cooper or Bryant; and its fairly numerous references to American affairs came in articles on books of travel like Mrs. Trollope's, which made America odious, and on political and informational writings. The reviewer of *Salmagundi,* though he recognized the work as a satire, treated all the exaggeration and persiflage as a literal portrayal of the better society of New York, and proceeded to comment on American coarseness and crudity. There is, of course, in most of the articles a show of fairness, and there are even protestations of friendly feeling; but from the nature of its political creed the journal was distrustful of the American system, and was loth to praise anything that developed under that system. There was, perhaps, a slight mitigation of feeling after Gifford gave up the editorship in 1824. In 1828 a liberal offer was made to Irving to contribute to the *Quarterly,* but he declined because the review had always been so hostile to America.

The *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly* reviews stand in a class by themselves, but several other so-called reviews and other journals mostly occupied with criticism are important. The greater number of these were monthlies.[4]

The *Eclectic Review,* which had been published since 1805, was continued throughout the period. It paid a considerable amount of attention to American writings, both literary and informational. Though it seemed inclined to be suspicious of American institutions, and to resent some things in the American attitude, it was not unfair in its literary judgments; and in the later years it was inclined to praise anything of American origin, sometimes excessively. Though it reviewed works of all sorts, it had a predilection for religious books. The *British Review and London Critical Journal,* which continued until 1825, was a solid periodical, with church leanings, and though it printed few reviews of American books, was friendly enough to America. The *European Magazine and*

[4]In this chapter periodicals are designated by their usual titles, which are frequently abbreviated versions of the full caption on the title-page. Fuller titles are given in the list in the appendix, though here no attempt is made to trace minor changes.

London Review, which also continued to 1825, had by this time lost the hostility which characterized it in the eighteenth century. For some time after 1815 it had little to say on American writings, and later it dealt mostly with conspicuous figures like Irving. On the other hand the *Monthly Review,* which during the early years of the century had been extreme in its praise of things American, lost some of its enthusiasm, and though not really unfriendly, was sometimes inclined to cavil. An occasional article was, however, quite in the old manner. This review, also, had relatively little on American subjects for a few years after 1815. It lasted until 1828. The *British Critic,* which ran to 1825 as a monthly, and one year longer as a quarterly, was strongly Tory and pro-Church. At first it had no good word for America.[5] After 1820 its tone changed somewhat, and by 1826 it was friendly. Irving was praised whenever he was mentioned. The *Anti-Jacobin Review* between 1815 and its death in 1819 contains almost no reviews of American literary works. The few references to America in connection with books of travel, etc., show the same marked hostility which was manifested in earlier numbers of the same journal. The *Critical Review,* which survived only to the middle of 1817, supported the American side in regard to the causes of the War of 1812, and though severe on American books, was on the whole not unfair.

The *Monthly Literary Register,* and the *Monthly Censor,* both short-lived journals running through parts of the years 1822 and 1823, printed a considerable number of long and serious reviews of American books, but were relatively unimportant. The *Monthly Critical Gazette,* which appeared from June 1824 to June 1825, was bitterly hostile in its reviews of American

[5]Even the indexes of the early volumes of the *British Critic* show the bias of the journal. That for 1820 contains such entries as: "Americans, have no partisans in England"; "Americans, inordinate vanity of the"; "Congress, absurdity and vanity of the." The use of this device was not confined to the *British Critic.* The index of Volume XXIX of the *Quarterly* contains: "Great Desert of the Mississippi"; "Knavery (American), instances of"; "Rowdies, a new class of American citizens." It is hard to conceive a reader searching the index for some of these items; and the articles to which they refer do not always bear out what is implied in the entry. Volume XXVII includes the references, "Inns, filthiness of in America"; "Kentuckyans, anecdotes of the barbarity of."

writings. There is some ground for the suspicion that its estimates of books were influenced by the houses that published them, and by political leanings. The *Retrospective Review,* which ran from 1820 to 1827, has but one article on American literature,[6] though that is of unusual value.

The *Westminster Review,* founded in 1824 as the organ of the utilitarians, and edited first by Sir J. Bowring and later by J. S. Mill, was, on principle, extravagant in its praise of everything that it considered genuinely American. It attacked Irving, however, as a man who had truckled too much to the English ruling classes. In the later years of the period the *Westminster Review* was republished in Philadelphia.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* continued throughout the period, but was of much less importance than in its earlier years. Its few notices of American books, though not especially significant, were inclined to be friendly to America. Another long-established magazine which survived until after 1833 was the *Monthly Magazine and British Register.* Its literary reviews usually favored American authors, though not indiscriminately. The *New Monthly Magazine and Universal Register* lasted only until 1820. In the last two years of its existence it had a considerable number of reviews, some of them very sound and well-written.

The *Scot's Magazine* became after 1817 the *Edinburgh Magazine and Literary Miscellany,* and as such continued to 1826. Even in earlier years the literary department of the *Scot's Magazine* was not especially strong, and in the later time its reviews counted for little.

The most important of the magazines was *Blackwood's,* established by business competitors of the publisher of the *Edinburgh,* and conducted by a group of brilliant young Tories of the Scottish capital. The *Magazine* was in no strict sense a rival of the *Review,* but its supporters hoped to weaken the domination of the older journal by offering, monthly, lighter and more interesting material. Lockhart, Wilson (Christopher North), and Hogg were associated with it at first, and Maginn joined them a little later. In 1824-6 John Neal, who was in

[6] *Koningsmarke,* IX (1824) 304.

Europe at the time, contributed to *Blackwood's* a series of articles on American literature and on other subjects connected with America. Neal's slashing style and the somewhat sensational nature of his utterances fitted well with the manner of *Blackwood's,* though it must have been evident that the writer of these anonymous articles was an American. Before and after the Neal episode the magazine printed no great number of reviews of American books. The *Noctes Ambrosianæ* in the number for February, 1831[7] contains some not unfriendly remarks on American poetry. In general, the attitude of the magazine, outside the Neal papers, is mildly patronizing though not notably hostile. After the early days of the *Sketch Book, Blackwood's* commendation of Irving was but lukewarm, perhaps because he was so much praised in other quarters.

The *London Magazine* was founded to rival *Blackwood's,* and was an organ of defense for the "Cockney School," which was a pet aversion of Lockhart and Wilson. The bitter rivalry between the English and the Scotch magazines led to the duel in which Scott, the first editor of the *London Magazine,* was killed by Christie, a friend of Lockhart. Hunt, Hazlitt, Lamb, Keats, and De Quincey were among the early contributors to the *London Magazine.* This group of writers was always well disposed toward America, and some reviews of American books are extravagant in their praise. Commendation of Irving is sometimes at the expense of Scott, toward whom the *London* was, naturally, not very friendly, but whom it was not easy to attack directly.

Colburn's New Monthly Magazine and Literary Journal, of which Thomas Campbell was editor from 1821 to 1830, devoted considerable space to American books, and usually gave them high praise, though one article[8] says that America has no literature, and is not likely to have one. Some of the more enthusiastic reviews are of works published in England by Colburn; and their adulation is so intense and so undiscriminating that the motives of the writer may well be questioned.

Fraser's Magazine, founded in 1830 with Maginn as editor and Coleridge, Thackeray and Carlyle among the contributors,

[7] P. 506.
[8] XXI (1827) 412.

came too late in the period and devoted too little relative space to American matters to be of importance in this study. The first number of *Fraser's,* however, contained an interesting, though mildly patronizing article on American poetry. The *Metropolitan,* a monthly which began publication in 1831 and which numbered among its contributors Campbell and Montgomery, reviewed before 1833 a considerable number of American books.

A large number of literary weeklies were started between 1815 and 1833, particularly in the last three years of the period. These were of various kinds and qualities; the best were ably edited. They give brief notices, and even reviews of books that would not be made the subject of articles in the quarterlies, and that might even escape notice in the monthlies. As indications of the feeling of the intelligent reading public as a whole they are especially valuable.

The *Literary Gazette* was established by William Jerdan in 1817, and was first published by Henry Colburn. George Crabbe, Miss Mitford, and Barry Cornwall contributed prose and verse. It was intensely anti-American—unusually so for a periodical that drew no political or religious arguments from its hostility. Its criticisms were in general not very profound, and its reviewers were likely to attempt the ironical and the facetious. For some years the number of American books that it noticed was remarkably large. It began the republication of the *Sketch Book* from the American serial parts, but desisted when the author gave notice that he wished to bring out the book in England. Being thus committed to Irving, the *Gazette* usually spoke well of him; and it praised some of Cooper's novels. There was, indeed, some lessening of hostility after the first eight or ten years, though the old virulence was occasionally shown.

The *Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review,* published from 1819 to 1828, also contained a great amount of American material, though the articles tended, especially in the later years, to be synoptic rather than critical. The journal was uniformly friendly toward America, though it drew no political or other lessons from the American system; its praise of writers was often extravagant. The *Museum,* which flourished

in 1822-4, contained a considerable number of solid reviews, and was likely to praise American work and to make much of the desirability of cordial relations between England and America. The *Literary Examiner,* edited by Leigh Hunt, a successor of the earlier *Examiner,* ran for six months in 1823, and contained one interesting article on an American subject, a review of *Koningsmarke.*

The *London Weekly Review* began publication on June 9, 1827—whether by accident or design, on the same day as the *Literary Gazette*—and continued for a little less than two years. Its friendliness for America may be connected with the fact that it was liberal in politics. It was a solid quarto weekly with a good number of reviews. In several articles it replied to attacks made on American writers by the *Literary Gazette.*

The *Athenæum,* the most important of the literary weeklies, began its long career in 1828. From the first it gave a considerable amount of space to American material. The tone of its reviews was often patronizing, but it can hardly be described as systematically unfriendly, especially after the first year or two. The *Athenæum* was in a way a rival of the *Literary Gazette,* and this fact might have inclined it to speak fairly of America.

The *Literary Guardian,* another weekly review begun in 1831, and continued for less than a year, contained a number of American reviews, mostly fair and friendly, one on Irving extravagant. The *National Omnibus and General Advertiser* was also begun in 1831, and at first showed some promise in its literary department, but cheapened greatly before its demise in a little more than two years. The many notices which it gave to American books were likely to be favorable. The *Spirit of Literature,* a still more short-lived weekly published in 1830, is unimportant, though typical of the journals which affected great fairness, but which were obviously bitterly hostile.

The *Edinburgh Literary Gazette or Weekly Cyclopedia* (1823), the *Edinburgh Literary Gazette* (1829-30) and the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* (1828-32) each contain criticisms of a number of American books. The *Journal* was especially interested in American writers.

In Liverpool the *Kaleidoscope,* which ran in various forms from 1818 to 1831, was a provincial paper with literary interests. It reprinted serially almost all of the *Sketch Book,* and continued to boast, on every possible occasion, that it had introduced Irving to England. Its assumption of a sort of proprietorship over American literature is amusing. It reprinted from time to time other American material, and indulged in considerable criticism.

The *Dublin Literary Gazette,* which was begun as a weekly in 1830, and was continued monthly as the *National Magazine,* was a serious and scholarly journal with sane notices of American books.

Of the many church and religious periodicals it may be said in general that the organs of the Established Church were often suspicious of the new republic, while dissenting journals were more likely to look favorably on America, and hence on American literature. The *Christian Observer,* however, though supporting the Church of England, was most cordial to America. Its cordiality was recognized by the fact that it was at the same time reprinted both in Boston and in New York. It contained few reviews of purely literary works. The *Congregational Magazine,* under its various *aliases* had little more of strictly literary criticism. The same may be said of the *Monthly Repository* (Unitarian) until near the very close of the period, when it turned more to literary matters.

The periodicals mentioned in this chapter form but a small part of those examined in the preparation of this study, and some of them are less important than others that are passed unnoticed. A complete list will be found in the appendix.

CHAPTER III

THE ATTITUDE OF GREAT BRITAIN TOWARD THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE OF AMERICA

A. Comments in Periodicals

General comments in British periodicals on American customs, American education, and American literature ranged from the extremes of panegyric to the most bigoted condemnation. Really useful generalizations concerning the attitude of Great Britain toward America could be made only after the examination of a great number of utterances. It may be well, however, before considering more detailed criticisms, to glance at a few representative comments on national conditions as a whole. By grouping these in chronological periods of about five years each, a slight change in attitude may be traced.

Between 1815 and 1820 the War of 1812 was still fresh in mind. This fact made for intense feeling regarding America—not, however, necessarily hostile feeling, since the American cause had the support of many British liberals. Until the appearance of the *Sketch Book* at the very close of this five-year period, America was doing little in literature to engage the attention of English critics. The *Critical Review*[1] announced that as the War was over it would from time to time notice such American books as were not rancorously political; and spoke pleasantly enough of America. The battle of the periodicals on and over America was generally renewed. The *Monthly Magazine or British Register*[2] protested that English writers who were hostile to America "are no legitimate part of the English public," and that "many of the writers in question are not Englishmen, but *anglicized Germans,* who

[1]5th ser., II (Nov. 1815) 553.
[2]XLI (March 1816) 140.

are preferred for such dirty work." A year later the *Critical Review*[3] complained that the *Analectic Magazine* and the *American Portfolio* were too ready to keep international animosities alive, and regretted that material dissensions had extended to literature. The writer could not refrain, however, from volunteering the observation that "Nothing, according to our views, can more obstruct American improvement than the absurd persuasion, in defiance of all truth and philosophy, that she has acquired an extent of knowledge which renders her as independent in her literature as she is in her government." Remarks of this sort, no matter how true, were likely to do quite as much to perpetuate international animosities as were the articles complained of by American magazines. The *Scot's Magazine*[4] printed a communication from "M.F." giving a list of some forty titles of standard American works, and remarked on the curiosity of English readers regarding American literature. It is an evidence of increasing interest in the subject that some periodicals, among them the *Edinburgh Observer*,[5] conducted regular departments on American literature, in which were printed extracts from books and periodicals, criticism, etc.

Many of the opinions expressed regarding American affairs were based on *a priori* assumption rather than on observation, or even thorough investigation of authorities. For example the *British Critic*[6] is firm in the belief that only evil can come from a government with the religious, civil, and political institutions of the United States, and predicts that "The federal compact is not likely to last long." It is no surprise, therefore, to find it speaking with absolute certainty of present and future conditions:

> The Americans have no national literature, and no learned men. We say not, that there are no persons amongst them who make books, and exercise the other functions of the scribbling brotherhood. The work now before us [Bristed's *America*] for example, is completely American, in paper, printing, composition, and spirit; coarse, bombastic, and bitter. The talents of our transatlantic

[3] 5th ser., V (Jan. 1817) 91.
[4] LXXXIX (Feb. 1817) 95.
[5] I (Sept. 1817) 37.
[6] n.s. X (Nov. 1818) 491.

brethren shew themselves chiefly in political pamphlets, a species of production which the popular nature of their government cannot fail to multiply in peace and in war. They have an immense number of newspapers, too, federal and democratical; and they have repeatedly attempted, but without success, to support one or two Reviews. As yet they want both readers and writers. . . . .

The Americans are too young to rival in literature, the old nations of Europe, and they will never write with the simplicity and pathos, which have adorned the birth of learning among all indigenous people. The inhabitants of the United States will never have to boast of a native poetry, or a native music. . . . .

They have, therefore, neither history, nor romance, nor poetry, nor legends, on which to exercise their genius, and kindle their imagination. In truth, there is no room amongst them, for such men as an Alfred, a Chaucer, a Spencer [sic], a Bacon, a Newton, or a Locke; and, until their continent shall have been once more submerged in the waters of the ocean, there cannot possibly be such men in America; for the laws that immortalize the great monarch just mentioned, are not wanted there; the peculiar circumstances of society, which give charms to our early poets, can never be experienced there; and that singular condition of science, which called forth the astonishing powers of the philosophers, whose names we have recited, has gone by, not to return again, until the nations of the earth, if we may be permitted so to speak, shall have been visited once more with a renovation to liberty and knowledge, after another night of barbarism, servitude, and ignorance.

An article *On the Means of Education, and the State of Learning in the United States of America* in *Blackwood's*[7] purports to be based to some extent on observation, but in reality the author sees things as he is sure they must be. He describes the American as "intellectually and morally savage, and at the same time powerful as a perfect knowledge of all the artificial means of increasing strength can make him"; and charges that education is prized only for its practical value.

It is rare that a child destined to live by the labours of his hands, cannot find the means of acquiring quite as much book learning, as will be useful to him in his business, and often a great deal too much to allow him to remain contented with his lot and place in life. . . . .

But in all that relates to classic learning, they are totally deficient; there is not one, [academy] from Maine to Georgia, which has yet sent forth a single first rate scholar; no, not one since the settlement of the country, equal even to the most ordinary of the

[7]IV (Feb. 1819) 546.

thirty or forty, which come out every year from Schule Pforta, and Meissen. . . This arises from bad masters, and a bad method of study. . . . They are mere language masters, not scholars; . . . . The object of learning is misunderstood in America, or rather, it is valued only as far as it is practically useful. . . . .

In the south part of the country, particularly in Carolina, it used to be the custom to send children across the Atlantic to be educated; the city of Charleston is still illumined by a constellation of their European formed scholars; and every one knows what an influence they have had upon the society of that place—what an elegance, and grace, and polish, they have given to its manners.

American colleges are said to "have nothing to redeem them," being "in fact schools, and . . . bad schools," where "the time not spent at the classes, is divided between eating and drinking, smoking, and sleeping," and where students who are graduated at twenty "have not then acquired, what might be acquired at twelve." Medical education is pronounced the best in America; legal education "is very wretched"; and clerical education is dubious. Libraries "are for the most part pitiful." "Everything else, which belongs to education, may be described negatively; they [sic] exist not." The critic concedes, however, that Americans are not necessarily deficient in natural ability; and proceeds to give a summary view of American literature in which he remarks: "Franklin is their only philosopher whose discoveries have been of much importance to mankind; and if the whole stock of their literature were set on fire tomorrow, no scholar would feel the loss." "There is nothing to awaken fancy in that land of dull realities." "The fact is undeniable, that hitherto they have given no proof whatever of genius in works of invention and fancy." "As to fine arts, America is just about where she was when first discovered by Columbus." As he approaches the end of the article the critic says:

First that classical learning is there generally undervalued, and of course neglected; secondly, that knowledge of any kind is regarded only as a requisite preparation for the intended vocation in life, and not cultivated as a source of enjoyment, or a means of refining the character; and thirdly, that the demand for active talent is so great, and the reward it receives so sure and so tempting, as invariably to draw it away from retired study, and the cultivation of letters.

Yet the conclusion is that "England never had a rival but America," and America "will disprove the charge of intellectual inferiority whenever proper cultivation of the mind shall cause it fully to develop its faculties."

The very title of an article in the *British Review*[8] on the *State of Literature, Religion, Slavery, etc. in the United States of America* illustrates the uncomfortable way in which critics loved to remind the new country of one of her chief weaknesses. The article itself is not especially unfriendly. It gave reasons why more pure literature was not being produced in America, and praised much that had been done in science, history, etc., as well as the general diffusion of education in America. Of the much discussed subject of Americanisms it said:

> We are decidedly of opinion, that many of the words and phrases objected to are vulgarisms, which are never used by any good writer; and that many are good old English words which have long since become obsolete; while some are provincialisms, carried out by the early colonists, and others have become in some degree necessary from differences in the state of society, and in the political institutions of America.

A review of the *Sketch Book* in the *Edinburgh Magazine and Literary Miscellany (Scot's Mag.)*[9] begins by saying:

> England and America are both at this moment supplied, in a great measure, with a literature of Scottish manufacture. We should not be much surprised were we to live to see the day when we, in our turn, shall be gaping for new novels and poems from the other side of the Atlantic, and when, in the silence of our own bards and romancers, we shall have Ladies of the Lake from Ontario, and Tales of My Landlord from Goose-creek, as a counterpart to those from Ganderclough. For our part we have no kind of aversion to this augury.

In the period from 1820 to 1825 discussion of the literary and cultural conditions of America was at its height. This was due in part to the appearance of several reports of British travellers, and of several irritating attacks on America in the magazines, in part to the interest aroused by the *Sketch Book*,

[8] XIV (August 1819) 48.
[9] V (Sept. 1819) 206.

the early romances of Cooper, and other works of American origin, such as the *Specimens of the American Poets.*

The most famous and the most irritating of the attacks on America in the British reviews was the conclusion of Sydney Smith's article on Adam *Seybert's Statistical Annals of the United States* in the *Edinburgh.* This has been quoted in the preceding chapter.

Of the formal defenses of America perhaps the best known was Robert Walsh's *Appeal from the Judgments of Great Britain Respecting the United States of America,* which, though it antedated Sydney Smith's article, was reprinted in England early in 1820, and widely remarked upon. The *Edinburgh*[10] published a cleverly written reply of nearly forty pages, in which it assumed an air of injured innocence, protested against being classed with Tory slanderers like the *Quarterly* in its attitude toward America, and insisted that it had on the whole been fair and that it had been less severe on America than on evils at home. It justified in some detail the proportion of praise and blame in its remarks on American writers, manners, etc. Of the animus of various passages—like the paragraphs just quoted from Sydney Smith—it could of course say nothing except to repeat its protestations of friendliness, but it insisted on the essential accuracy of all its statements of fact. To the section of Walsh's pamphlet in which the author unfortunately tried to offset slanders on America by abuse of England the *Edinburgh* made a dignified, and on the whole an effective reply.

Among the more moderate comments was that in the *Monthly Magazine or British Register,*[11] which had always been friendly toward America, but which expressed the opinion that Walsh's book was useless and in bad taste—a needless stirring up of animosity. It conceded the annoying unfairness of English travellers, but said every one knew they were unfair; and accused Walsh of taking seriously what was meant as burlesque. The *Monthly Review Enlarged*[12] began its article on Walsh's protest in similar tone, admitting that Amer-

[10]XXXIII (May 1820) 395.
[11]XLIX (March 1820) 114.
[12]XCIII (Nov. 1820) 297.

ica had just cause of complaint at the treatment received from some English critics, but objecting to Walsh's method of reply as calculated to increase dissension. It then proceeded to a long and interesting discussion of American poetry, some of which will be summarized in a later chapter.

A typical review of the harsher sort was that in the *British Critic:*[13]

> It looks ill for Mr. Walsh's cause, however, that in this country, where every desperado has his protectors, and the greatest miscreant has his partizans, there is no one to think favourably of his beloved states; and seriously speaking, it is a singular fact that the public journals of Great Britain, which are seldom found to agree in anything, differ very little in their expressed opinions of North America. Whig and Tory are equally hostile to the rising Republic. Mr. Tierney and Lord Grey have as little kindness in their hearts, as their most determined antagonists, when they speak of American manners and institutions. The Edinburgh Review is as inimical as the Quarterly. . . . A man does not go into court with a very good grace to seek redress for any injury he may have received from the strife of tongues, when placed in circumstances which make it necessary for him to confess that nobody speaks well of him, and moreover that a great variety of persons who never agreed on any point before have consented to traduce his character and undervalue his attainments.

The reviewer made much of the old charge that the Americans were descended from convicts, etc., and said by way of summary:

> The subjects of attack, as practiced against the United States by the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, are, generally speaking, their want of literature—ignorance of science and the arts—barbarism in their manners, and savageness in their amusements and contests—arrogance and haughtiness, with an over-weening self-conceit—intoxication, dirt, and slavery.

The reply to Walsh in *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*[14] is in rather bad temper, though it pretends to be judicial. It considers it strange that American authors have made attacks on themselves a national, not a personal matter; charges, somewhat irrelevantly, that American travellers in England are ill-educated and boorish; and ridicules the defense of American

[13] n.s XIII (March 1820) 395.
[14] I (1821) 145.

innovations in language. Nearly half the preface to this volume was, however, taken up with a discussion of the feelings of England and America and an apology for the article just cited—the editor evidently being moved by a protest on the part of Everett.

The editor has no desire to excuse himself for one article, which has given offense, rather too justly, on the other side of the Atlantic. He inserted it without reflection, but had observed its unfairness and felt dissatisfied with himself for having published it, long before the fair and temperate reply which Mr. Everitt [sic] made to it had reached him. . . .

But the Americans are told that they should be satisfied with our full acknowledgments of their virtues. And so they would have been, no doubt, if the compliments from our press had not come to them so bedaubed with inconsistent aspersions, as to resemble oranges that have been dipped in the kennel. . . . With all this we tell them, however, that one must not be offended, because it is our way to caricature and gibbet Kings and Queens, and Bishops, for the popular entertainment, forgetting that the Americans have nothing to do with our treatment of Kings and Bishops and that our literature should be as dissimilar as possible to either gibbets or caricatures. Farther, we enjoin their silence and good humor. The charms of silence we illustrate by harangues on their soreness and irritability; and we suggest their vulgar manners, their scanty literature and the prospect of their language being for ever amenable to our correction, as themes on which they may meditate during their pleased and pensive taciturnity.

But we admire the writings of Washington Irving, and, it might have been added, the pictures of Lesley, and of the American Newton. And this is a pledge of our perfect liberality. So thinks the Editor's friend, but not so the Editor. For the Americans have gone before us in this species of justice, having praised our British books abundantly, and yet without obtaining credit for entire freedom from prejudices. . . .

When she has spoken of those whom she thought her great men, and mentioned Patrick Henry, it has been contemptuously asked, in one of our most popular publications, "Who is he?" The memory of Patrick Henry is deeply respected by his countrymen. . . . Whether we choose to call him great or not he was a bold and distinguished man. His name is inwoven in his country's history, and ought to have been known to every one pretending to write about America. . . .

America is told that she will always find friends in England, from the party which supports the republican side of our mixed constitution. . . . Is not every English royalist interested to dem-

onstrate, in his demeanor towards America, that Monarchy creates more courtesy of manners, than Republicanism?

It is prophesying at random to speak of the future dependence of the American language and literature upon ours; and it is unfair to deride their future prospects of fame, which are neither contemptible nor chimerical. In maintaining real rights, let us be resolute; but not in bandying irritating and useless speculations.

Much of the preceding quotation has reference to utterances in other periodicals, particularly the *Edinburgh*. It is interesting to observe how many British editors were willing to admit that most journals except their own were unfair to America.

Many reviews of American books are more or less controversial in tone, or if they affect a judicial poise are so worded as to be more irritating than a direct attack. For example, an article on the *Sketch Book* in the *British Critic*[15] after giving a little faint grudging praise and digressing at every turn on the faults of America, summarizes its statement of attitude as follows:

For ourselves, we will not affect to say, that we feel at present either respect or affection for the national character of the Americans. The Americans have no right to the friendship and good opinions of Englishmen: for at almost every period since the first American war, they have sided too often in overt acts, and always in secret affection with the enemies of this country. . . . if they are now made to feel the scorn which their conduct well merited, let them complain not of the writers of Great Britain, but of those miserable demagogues who have so long guided public opinion on the other side of the Atlantic.

The reviewer of the *Sketch Book* in the *Quarterly*[16] indulges in the usual discussion of American literary and political conditions, takes pains to drag in slavery, and says patronizingly:

We wish well, and have always wished well to America. We sincerely hope she may become wiser as she grows older; but, as a first step toward improvement, we have always thought it indispensable that she should learn to divest herself of that over-weening self-conceit, which has filled her with such exaggerated ideas of her own importance in the scale of nations, by seducing her into a belief that she might enter the lists with England. . . .

America has constantly evinced in her conduct toward England a spiteful and insulting spirit. What is done here is not looked

[15] n.s XIII (June 1820) 645.
[16] XXV (April 1821) 50.

to as a model of imitation and example in the generous spirit of emulation; but there is an ill-natured disposition animating all her efforts to equal us.

And this of the English language as used in America:

In America there is but one dialect. But to have this dialect likened, and even preferred, to the pure language of England, reminds us of the critical judges in the fable, who decided that the squeaking imitation of the pig was more natural than the real squeak of piggy himself.

Blackwood's[17] in its criticism of *Bracebridge Hall* protests against too liberal a treatment of America:

"The *primum mobile* of the day," as Byron says, "is cant": and the existing species most prevalent and most disgusting, is the cant of liberality. . . . And now there's not an essayist, or an editor, that will not fawn on America—that will not compare her pretty infantine authors to the eloquent thinkers of our own country—and that will not condemn some drudge of a contributor to tack together a memoir of Patrick Henry. . . . The population of our island is overgrown, and almost outnumbered by a crowd of offsets and burrs—Cockneys, and critics, and travellers, and radicals, that, possessing no national interest, are incapable of a national feeling. These are the *theophilanthropists*, the lovers of the human race, whose voice is to be heard from every synod of ragamuffins,—and who seem to declare the sentiments of England to him who cannot enter into the silent and thoughtful spirit of the English people. . . . Let us remember that no nation has ever been great, that, in comparison with itself, did not hold the rest of the world in contempt. . . . And if it be alleged that they would not go so deep—that it is merely civility and courteousness they recommend, we tell these Chesterfields on a large scale, these arrangers of etiquette between nations, that, with a few exceptions,—there has been sufficient civility between the people, unless, indeed, nothing short of absolute hugging will satisfy them. . . . If the American journals abuse us, who cares for that, who reads them, or hears them? And as to our own periodical works, they have never applied to the whole continent of America one-half of the obloquy and reproach that has inevitably fallen to the share of any single name of notoriety among us. Then, in the name of wonder, let us hear no more of this stupid cant, about good feeling, and civility, and philanthropy—one sermon is quite enough upon the text. And let Mr. Irving, Mr. Campbell, and others, who have taken a fancy to the subject, be told, that their amicable preachings, by turning dis-

[17] XI (June 1822) 688.

cussion directly upon the mutual opinions of the nations, are calculated, more than the most envenomed libels, to excite hostility, and to widen the breach.

An article on American Poetry in the same issue of *Blackwood's*[18] but probably by another hand, is equally outspoken, though in a slightly different manner:

We love independence in others, as well as in ourselves; a generous rivalry, nay, even a generous enmity, are things that we love, knowing, that between people so opposed, there is a mutual respect and admiration; while between the imitated and the imitator, the master and the follower, though there be a seeming bond of union, yet rancor is sure to lurk at the bottom. . . . in spite of all the recent *palaver* of the English press, (and philanthropy in print is ever to be suspected,) John Bull looks upon the Yankees, and is looked upon by them, with an ambiguous sort of feeling, that can by no means be called *love*. "*Tarnational Tories*" as we are, we look with all the vanity of self-importance down upon our quondam sons; and it is as well to tell them this flatly with English frankness, as to dissemble for a time, and then let it burst forth,—a black flood of long-retained spleen.

The Yankees appear to us a testy and quarrelsome race. . . . In Philadelphia and other towns frequented by the French exiles, society has rapidly degenerated, both in morals and manners, from its pure English origin.

After these two articles just cited *Blackwood's* is silent regarding American matters until John Neal appears in its pages in 1824. Neal's criticisms, erratic as they were, must have had considerable influence. Those who took him for an Englishman must have been impressed by his knowledge of American affairs, and have been more readily inclined to accept his judgments on this account. Those who recognized him as an American were ready to consider his eccentricities typical of his nation, and were especially ready to believe anything that was derogatory to America. An article entitled *North America. Peculiarities. State of the Fine Arts. Paintings,*[19] which from internal evidence was probably by Neal, replies to an article in the *North American Review,* maintaining that English travellers were not unfair, that they reported what they saw because it was interesting, and did not pretend to portray the better society. It also defends British reviewers,

[18] P. 684.
[19] XVI (1824) 129.

saying they are as fair as possible to American literature; that they attack English writers, and cannot be expected to leave America immune. If this is really the work of Neal he has succeeded admirably in mastering the irritatingly patronizing tone of the British critic at his worst—as in a remark on American military achievements, in which he speaks of "the celebrated battle of—God knows where—for, without affectation, we cannot remember a single action in the field, nor, if we heard the name of one, could we tell which party claimed the victory!"

Two general comments from Neal's series of articles on *American Writers* in *Blackwood's* for 1824-5 are worth quoting:[20]

> With two exceptions, or at the most three, there is no American writer who would not pass just as readily for an English writer, as for an American, whatever were the subject upon which he was writing, and these three are Paulding, Neal, and Charles Brockden Brown. . . .
>
> The truth is that our Transatlantic brethren—fruitful as they certainly are in a sort of stubborn oddity—a kind of unmalleable humour; abounding, as they certainly do, in what may be called respectable absurdities—have nothing outrageous in their nature; little or no raw material, of their own, for generous, broad, rich caricature; no humour, worth working up; no delicious drollery; little or nothing, in themselves or their habits, for good-natured misrepresentation.

In concluding the series Neal, writing of course as an Englishman, avows feelings of brotherhood and good wishes toward America, and announces that his object has been to bring a reconciliation between the two peoples. He repeats the charge that American periodicals, especially the *North American Review,* toady to British opinion.

Even reviews that were on the whole favorable often contained statements that without intentional hostility showed a contemptuous or a condescending spirit. This is but mildly illustrated in the *Monthly Censor*[21] where a critic after much genuine praise of Irving, expressed his surprise on first finding that the *Sketch Book* was the work of an American "because

[20] XVI, 305; XVII, 48.
[21] I (Aug. 1822) 353.

we had never seen anything from the American press (in the department of the *Belles Lettres* at least), which savoured so much of taste and refinement."

The critic of the *Pioneers* in the *Monthly Literary Register*[22] agrees with an earlier writer in *Blackwood's* that much praise of American writings is in bad form for an Englishman:

> Previously to the arrival of Geoffrey Crayon, we had been accustomed to regard the productions of our Trans-Atlantic brethren with a supercilious eye; but from the moment that the writings of Mr. Irvine [sic] became popular, it has been the fashion to admire and extol American literature. This is all very well in its way. . . . All that we complain of is the prevalent disposition, which some would dignify by the epithet of *liberal*, to exalt foreign at the expense of native talent—to elevate the former above, and to sink the latter below, its just level. There is bad taste in this, as well as bad spirit.

The *Magazine of Foreign Literature*[23] says in its review of Logan:

> The literary attempts of the Americans are in every way interesting, and if they compel us to laugh at them the fault lies not with us. They are in their perfect infancy; their authors have at present neither experience enough to fall in with the taste of the nation, nor genius enough to direct it. Still the irresistible impulse of scribbling, and the encouragement which is offered to literary aspirants where the competition is so inconsiderable, produces books with tolerable rapidity. The authors, without models of their own, are often too proud to form themselves upon those of other countries which the sanction of ages has rendered classical, or they have not the skill to see the wisdom and the necessity of doing so. They have no foundation of their own to build on—nothing can come of nothing—and the consequence of their perverseness or blindness is, that all which they attempt of originality is an heterogeneous mass of unskilled plagiarism, while those of them who have drank from those deep wells of inspiration which are to be found in the labours of past ages, have attained success proportioned to their talent and exertions.

The author of a review of *Tales of a Traveler* in the *Universal Review*[24] is perfectly sure what America is like, and sure of the glories of the *British Empire;* so sure, in fact, that he

[22] III (March 1823) 218.
[23] I (April 1823) 102.
[24] II (Nov. 1824) 259.

sees in the imitation of England by America one of the chief virtues of the latter. Travelers in the New World have not, he admits, always been complimentary in their reports.

But of what is a tourist to write but of what he sees; and what American, to be trusted on his oath, will deny that ninety-nine hundredths of native existence consists in tavern life, in squatters and boors, cotton-planters, colonels and captains selling gin, and setting the example of its deglutition, and judges brutal, brawling, and shooting each other. For what else can the state of society be in any such country? . . . .

Mr. Irving has been charged with an original determination to purchase popularity by flattering England. But this he has denied, and we owe it to the feelings of an honourable man to believe him. What wonder is there, if he should have been struck with so noble and unmatched a spectacle of human society? What portion or period of the world has presented a combination at once so magnificent and lovely, of external power and internal happiness; a domestic policy so simple, unoppressive, and conformable to the habits and spirit of the people; such unwearied vigour of industry and invention, of commercial enterprise, and of knowledge, graceful and profound. England sits at this hour on a throne, the most glorious to which a beneficent Providence ever led a nation, a dominion not over the wildness and scattered barbarism of a Russian desert, not over the feeble and broken savagery of Asia, but over the great intellectual divisions of the world. She is, at this hour, the arbiter of Europe . . .

Nothing can be more natural, than that a stranger should be peculiarly struck by this matchless aspect of power and beauty, nor that his surprise should be the more vivid and his descriptions the more animated as he came from a country signally different from England.

The charges of borrowing from English literature are allowed, but with as little blame. From what other source has any American borrowed his ideas? From what other source can any American borrow? He has no native literature. He has even no material for the foundation of a native literature. What visions, what exalting ancestral recollections can the wand of poetry summon from the rude traffic of exiles with savages, from sectarian bickerings and Indian massacre, from the unhappy life of fugitives struggling with the difficulties of a strange and unpropitious land, or from the brutishness, squalidness, and ferocity of the wigwam.

It was men like the author of the passage just quoted who accused Americans—sometimes not unjustly, to be sure—of bombastic and spread-eagle patriotism.

One more passage which places America definitely in the scale of civilization may be quoted from the review of *Brother Jonathan* in the *Literary Gazette*.[25] The second paragraph implies the requirement, so often made by foreign critics, that an American book should present chiefly the peculiarities of American life:

> America has hitherto had little or no originality in her literature; or, to speak more properly, she had [sic] done nothing but copy. Unlike other nations, she had not worked up her way gradually from barbarism to civilization; she had no religion, no manners, and, above all, no language, essentially her own. Peopled chiefly by the fanatic, the adventurer, and the criminal, bringing with them the usages and tongue of their mother land—exposed alike to want, and danger—literally forced to live by the sweat of their brow—the farmer, the husbandman, and the woodsman, had little time, and less inclination, for literary pursuits.
>
> The deluge [of the late war] has passed, and, like most deluges, has probably left a rich and fertile soil, which needs only to be cultivated to yield a glorious harvest; but, as yet it is almost in a few of her novels alone, that America has shown anything like originality of talent. The one before us is what an American novel should be: American in its scene, actors, and plot; curious as a picture of language and manners; and interesting as a tale of deep passion, and belonging to a very striking period of the world's history. There is much of power and much of interest in these volumes.
>
> There is occasional affectation of phraseology, a little of grandiloquence, somewhat of coarseness, but altogether the wheat is in far greater plenty than the tares; and it is a work no one could read through without acknowledging the writer's powers.

Supporters of the American side of the controversy, or at least advocates of a conciliatory attitude, were not wanting. The *Investigator*[26] placed at the head of its department of "American Literature and Intelligence" the motto "Why strive ye together, are ye not brethren?", and commented editorially on the aptness of the text. The *London Magazine and Monthly Critical and Dramatic Review*[27] gave its views of the reasons for opposition to America:

> The great popularity of Mr. Irving's Sketch Book has excited considerable interest on the subject of American literature. Previous-

[25] IX (July 9, 1825) 434.
[26] I (May 1820) 156.
[27] II (Nov. 1820) 503.

ly to the publication of that admirable miscellany, the literary compositions of our trans-Atlantic brethren had only provoked the spleen and contempt of the British critics. The northern Rhadamanthus, and his more malignant rival of the south, generally concurred in its condemnation, differing only as to the *causes* of its inferiority. The 'Edinburgh' attributing it to their mechanical and mercantile habits and avocations; while the 'Quarterly' ascribed it to the stupidity which they, in common with all nations who are in the least hostile to our virtuous ministers and their wise and politic measures, must necessarily possess. Since the appearance, however, of the 'Sketch Book,' the tone of our haughty reviewers is somewhat altered, inasmuch as they find themselves (strange to tell) unable to discover the causes of a non-existent effect.

The *Museum*[28] expresses the hope that Irving, on his return to America,

will inform his countrymen that they must not judge the genuine feelings of Englishmen by the effusions of a raillery, or the bitterness of a spleen, which are no more indicative of the disposition than they are of the literature, of England; and which, in fact, afford about as correct a criterion of the latter as the caricatures in the shop in St. James street give to the rest of Europe of the state of the fine arts of this country.

The *Edinburgh Magazine and Literary Miscellany (Scot's Mag.)*[29] after praising the *Knickerbocker's History* makes a confession:

In common, we believe, with many of our countrymen, we did believe that there was something in the constitution of American society unfavourable to the development of literary genius, that the form of their government presented an insuperable barrier to the formation of a standard of taste among themselves, while their absurd and inveterate prejudices prevented them from studying our own classics, and endeavouring to transfuse their spirit into such compositions as they might afterwards undertake; that the establishment of an aristocracy, and a court, were indispensable to a national literature; and that, for ages to come, America busied in draining her swamps, rooting out her immense forests, and cultivating her waste lands, would no more think of manufacturing her own literature than her own hardware.

The reviewer goes on, however, to speak of his pleasure at the development of letters in America, and at the increasing literary friendliness of the two countries.

[28] I (June 1822) 83.
[29] VII (Dec. 1820) 543.

The *Gentleman's Magazine*[30] says in a review of *A New England Tale:*

> We are desirous, however, of this opportunity, most cordially to offer those kindlier feelings towards America and her writers which Mr. Irving bespeaks for them so eloquently well, and to reciprocate those *amicabilities* which he has shown for our country and for us. We feel that both sides have much to forgive and forget, and greatly do we lament that the hour of reconciliation should be retarded, and that unfriendly prejudices should be still encouraged by the contemptuous sneers and the bitter sarcasms of the first Literary Journal in the world.*
>
> *We allude to the Quarterly Review, every Number of which teems with sarcastic bitterness towards America and her literature.

The *British Magazine*[31] in a criticism of *Koningsmarke* dwells on the relationship between the literatures of the two countries:

> We cannot help looking with great anxiety at the progress of literature in America, and we feel some pride when we observe the steps which it has recently taken towards distinction . . . notwithstanding the jealousy which, although in some degree subsided, exists to a large extent on almost every other subject, the people of both countries agree, as they ought and must do, to admire the literary works of each other, and to avail themselves of the advantages which they may mutually afford. What person, unless he possessed some previous knowledge of the fact, could tell, upon reading the greater and the better part of Mr. Irving's works, that he was not an Englishman? It is as notorious that his writings have had a certain beneficial effect upon the literature of the day in both nations, as that those of the author of *Waverley* have also produced the same result. The works of Mr. Cooper, the author of *The Spy* and *The Pioneers*, are only inferior to those of Mr. Irving among American authors; and it may reasonably be inferred that they would never have been written but for the novels of the Great Unknown.

The reviewer of Dwight's *Theology* in the *Christian Observer* predicts a great future for American literature, and censures writers who stress the defects of America—pointing out the fact that plenty of discreditable things might be said of England.

The greater number of discussions of American books were

[30] XCII (Dec. 1822) 542.
[31] I (Dec. 1823) 447.

readily distinguishable as friendly or unfriendly toward America, but some were evidently written with a genuine desire to hold the scales impartially. The review of the *Sketch Book* in the *New Monthly Magazine*,[32] though surely not flattering in its picture of American life, was undoubtedly written with candor:

> Elementary knowledge is pretty generally diffused throughout the United States; but accomplished scholars are rarely to be found among the native Americans. . . . The poverty of their colleges, and the inattention of their government to the promotion of learning, are calculated to repress the increase of instructors. Hence, although most of the Americans read, few can appreciate literary productions; and as these are amply supplied from Great Britain, there remains but little encouragement for the exertion of the small portion of native genius, which the unauspicious state of the country suffers to attain a productive maturity. Great mental vigour is nevertheless evinced in many of their periodical works.

The editor of *Specimens of the American Poets* speaks pleasantly but wisely of the conditions of poetic production in the United States:

> The labours of the mechanic and the artisan produce only a negative effect on the mind; they simply retard the acquisition of knowledge, but they substitute no interest inimical to it in the mind, . . . But from his earliest initiation into the mysteries of commerce, the young merchant is taught to consider riches as the boundary of his hopes. . . . We have had poets from the loom and the plough, but none from the counter.
>
> To America these few observations are more particularly applicable. She is strictly and essentially a mercantile country. . . .
>
> Amongst so active-minded and ambitious a people, a love of literary superiority is sure to obtain a place. In throwing off their dependence on the old world, they naturally wish to free themselves from all obligations, and they seem to acknowledge with some degree of unwillingness the literary dominion which the mother country still exercises over them. But while they are unable to deny the value of the intellectual benefits which they receive from us, they endeavour to supersede the necessity of such supplies, by forcing their own literature to a precocious maturity. The motives of this attempt are perhaps patriotic and honorable, but the step is unwise. . . .
>
> The anomalous situation of America has placed her in a dilemma. She must either read, admire, and imitate our English writers, and

[32] XIII (March 1820) 303.

thus probably remain for ages without a distinctive and national literature of her own, or she must abandon and abjure those foreign models, and thus run no inconsiderable risk of acquiring a rude and degenerate taste. The latter alternative is in general, however much they depart from it in practice, the theory of the Americans, especially of their poets.

The reviewer of *Sketches of the Life and Correspondence of Nathaniel Greene* in the *Magazine of Foreign Literature*[33] was a little inclined to minimize the importance of the literary attempts of a few years preceding:

The present state of American literature does not seem likely to afford much employment for our critical labours. The paucity of interesting works, of any kind, and the total absence of all attempts at the higher flights of literary composition in the United States, preclude the hope of our making this feature of our miscellany very extensive. Still, as matters of curiosity, notices of American books will always, we trust, be in some degree interesting, if it be only for the purpose of marking the progress of the spirit of that nation.

The *Retrospective Review*[34] in its article on *American Literature* inspired by *Arthur Mervyn,* lays down the safe principle that "*Patriotism* (if that be the word) should at *no* time be sufficient to operate against the interests of learning. It is neither high philosophy nor good sense to admit political prejudice, at *any* time, into our discussions upon general literature." A long, and on the whole a sound and well-tempered discussion of literary conditions follows:

We are disposed to maintain, at present, that the literature of America is beginning to assume a better and somewhat peculiar character. It is not like the efforts of a young language, breaking out into poetry and fiction. It is neither rude nor refined, pastoral, sylvan, nor romantic. But it has something of the taint of civilization about it (if we may so express ourselves), something of the vulgarity which belongs to cities, but beginning fast to mix with the healthy freshness of the woods and waters into which American society is gradually spreading.

We are of opinion, that the reproaches which have been cast upon the literature of the Americans are not altogether deserved.

[33] I (March 1823) 51.
[34] IX (1824) 304.

The *European Magazine*[35] contains a *Brief Sketch of the Present State of Literature* in America, signed *Octavius,* written with as much remoteness as an article on the literature of the moon might show, but speaking very favorably of American writings and American publishing. The *Congregational Magazine* evinced its interest in American affairs by conducting through the year 1825 a department, "American Miscellany," in which it gave notices of new books and extracts from them.

Since the first attainment of American independence Englishmen had been sensitive over the purity of the language. Several of the articles already quoted in this chapter have spoken of Americanisms. An *Essay on Americanisms* by Pickering, who predicted that in time the languages of the two hemispheres would become so differentiated as to be mutually unintelligible, called forth some comment. A correspondent of the *Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review*[36] who signed himself "S. E." said:

> Nothing, perhaps, so well exhibits the state of American literature as the attempts that are made to form something like a new language, or rather to add some new words to it, and to alter the meaning of others. This has generally been done very clumsily. The French words which they have Americanized, have seldom been happily selected, and the extended meanings of English words, have generally been unnecessary, and sometimes ridiculous.

The *New Monthly Magazine*[37] remarked very sensibly that changes in language, though less rapid, would have taken place even if the colonies had remained English; and added that Americans had coined few new words, but had retained those which had become obsolete in England, and had given new meanings to others. He further insisted that the language of conversation was not a fair basis of comparison. Yet he tacitly assumed that the usage of contemporary London must be the standard, and that any forms which departed from this were inferior. In conclusion he amused himself by a few doggerel lines into which he worked a number of Americanisms such as "brash," "slump," "prairie," "succotash." A com-

[35] LXXXVII (May 1825) 398.
[36] II (Sept. 30, 1820) 630.
[37] XIV (1820) 629.

munication to the *Newcastle Magazine*[38] from an Englishman resident in America remarks on the great uniformity throughout the country, and on the whole on the purity of American speech. This the writer ascribes to the continual movements of Americans.

By 1825 the novelty of the first work of Irving, Cooper, and their contemporaries had worn off, and between 1825 and 1833 American literature was no longer a mere curiosity. It had not, however, wholly won respectful recognition. Despite the existence of some actual achievements it was often judged, or its very existence was denied, on preconceived grounds. Evidences of persistent bitterness against American men and institutions may be seen in articles like that on Bishop Hobart's *Discourse* in the *Quarterly Theological Review*,[39] which goes far out of its way to say: "As for the immortality of such men as Jefferson and Monroe, their bankruptcy and obscurity in this age must be felt by a man of Dr. Hobart's sagacity but ominous evidences of their heirship to honour in any age to come." Again, the *Quarterly*[40] defends General Ross from the charge of vandalism in burning the capitol at Washington by arguing that an American library and American works of art could not have been worth preserving. The *Christian Review and Clerical Magazine*[41] gave a full analysis of the American character as it conceived it:

> At present, the national character of the Americans appears strangely contrasted with that of every other people in the universe. To us, we confess, it seems to possess more negative than positive excellence. It is devoid of servility, but we suspect it has little of the enthusiasm of freedom; it is not debased by luxury, but it has little of the manifestations of a glowing charity; it is not darkened by superstition, but it has few beamings out of poetry; it is free from moral stains, but is not widely marked by the deep line of moral feeling. The Americans, in short, are a people whose virtues seem more the result of calculation, than the growth of inward principles; who deserve respect, but who, in their collective character, we seldom think of loving or venerating; and to whom we should look as useful allies both in peace and war, but whom we should never regard as likely to perish with us in the contest. . . .

[38] I (May 1821) 555.
[39] IV (June 1826) 1.
[40] XXXVII (March 1828) 512.
[41] II (Oct. 1828) 450.

That the national character of America is pretty nearly what we have supposed it to be, is shown by the state of literature among them; for most certain it is, that no very strong moral feelings, or deep and passionate dispositions, can exist among a people, without their seeking some mode of expression. In finding, therefore, its literature almost entirely consisting of English reprints, we have a very striking exemplification of what we have just been saying.

One of the most interesting instances of *a priori* reasoning from purely imaginary premises is found in a discussion of language in America in the *Monthly Review:*[42]

The fancy, pickpocket, and vulgar slang of Great Britain continues to increase in America and New Holland, and it may ultimately sap the foundations of our noble classical language. Prize-fighters, sharpers, and other vagabonds, transported to the former, as they are now to the latter country, for various violations of the law, generally arrive, if they live long enough, at stations of considerable eminence in the colonies. They no longer retain (as it would not be for their interest) the manners and propensities which caused them, whether they would or no, to quit their native shores; but one thing they retain, and extend; namely, their vile language. This, forsooth, is a legacy given to their families; it becomes the popular language, because it emanates from the most numerous and respectable class.

At home, this abomination has no effect on the genuine language of the realm; books, literature, &c., and a learned community, far outnumbering the ignorant and vicious, keep it in its proper place.

The *Edinburgh Review*[43] in an article on Channing's *Sermons,* expresses, though in no virulent form, a doubt as to the effect of free institutions on thought: "And here we will state a suspicion, into which we have been led by more than one American writer, that the establishment of civil and religious liberty is not quite so favorable to the independent formulation, and free circulation of opinion, as might be expected." The *Athenæum*[44] is of the opinion that the Americans cannot produce history:

The last good thing that we look for at the hands of our transatlantic brethren, is a history. They may write political treatises, *ad infinitum*, though most of them are too weighty (with truths or something else) to cross the Atlantic; there is no reason why they

[42] XI (1829) 453.
[43] L (Oct. 1829) 125.
[44] III (Feb. 11, 1829) 84.

should not now and then indite a decent sermon; they have produced novels not a few; but it will be long, very long indeed, before they will produce a history. A nation which has no past life, whose inhabitants have no recollections beyond the generation immediately preceding them, are ignorant in general of the classics, and have never cultivated those habits of reflection upon the history of their own minds, which (if that habit ever existed without national feelings) might supply the want of them:—such a nation must be content to dispense with this important branch of literature.

It is well, however, for the Americans to practise composition of this kind, though they cannot hope to arrive at any great success in it.

As to the actual existence of literature in America some critics had definite opinions. *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*[45] says:

To talk of the literature of America, is to talk of that which has no existence. Nor is it in the nature of things that this should be otherwise. . . . and it may be reasonably doubted whether, in a much more extended period, the people of the United States will be able to take rank with the nations of Europe most distinguished for literature.

This, to be sure, is not in keeping with the usual attitude of this journal. The *Athenæum*[46] concludes an article on *America and American Writers* with the frank statement: "We do not believe that America has a literature; we do not see that it has the germs of one; we do not believe that it can have one till its institutions are fundamentally changed." The writer graciously concedes, however, that he sees no reason to doubt that Americans may change their institutions when they realize their mistake. Later[47] in a review of Miss Mitford's *Stories of American Life,* the same journal discusses the same question at greater length:

The literary independence of the Americans is far from being so complete as their political, for as yet they possess no national literature, and invariably regard ours as appertaining also to them. By national literature we do not merely mean works written by Americans; but a literature that appeals directly to the national feelings —is founded on domestic incidents, illustrates or satirizes domestic manners, and, above all, administers to the just pride of a nation,

[45] XXI (Oct. 1827) 412.
[46] [II] (Oct. 1829) 637.
[47] [IV] (Feb. 19, 1831) 115.

inspires a feeling for the national glory, and inculcates a love of country—a literature which foreigners may admire, but none can feel, in the deep sanctuary of the heart, but a native. Of course this is said generally, and all that we wish to be understood by it is, that the Americans possess no body of authors whose *esprit de corps* is national. . . .

This want of originality in American literature is, we think, likely long to continue . . . at least it will continue until a dozen or two minds such as the authors of Knickerbocker and the Pioneers, shall shed the radiance of their genius over the infant literature of America—giving confidence to the admiring millions of their countrymen, by winning golden opinions from Europe;—and until they have impressed a marked and distinctive feature by their united power. Mr. Sprague's Ode, noticed in No. 170 of this paper, had something of this nationality, and was not therefore the less welcome to us.

The judgment and opinions of Americans themselves came in for occasional criticism and condemnation. An article on *North American Review on Lord Byron's Works and Pinkney's Poetry* in the *London Magazine*[48] not only takes an American critic to task, but makes him responsible as a representative of his country.

This is the article of a clever man, who is thoroughly impregnated with cant, and possessed of a taste decidedly American; that is to say, a taste (the prevalent one of the country) for extravagance and inflation. In his criticisms on Byron's poetry, it is perfectly curious to observe how he fastens on everything tumid and exaggerated, and rejects with contempt passages which have here been esteemed of matchless spirit and beauty. A thought rapidly, simply, and familiarly expressed, is manifestly found insipid by the North American Critic who delights in the grandeur which borders on bombast.

The whole article is especially ill-natured.

The critic of Alexander Everett's *America* and Nicholas Biddle's *Eulogium of Thomas Jefferson* in the *Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review*[49] objects to the extreme patriotism of the authors whose works are under review:

We cannot, as Englishmen, approve of numerous expressions to be found in these pamphlets, nor, indeed, of the whole strain of the

[48] n. s. IV (Feb. 1826) 224.
[49] IX (Nov. 17, 1827) 725.

language made use of by their writers. A love of country and independence may go far to justify the high tone of feeling and language here adopted, but we who wish to separate truth from these its accompaniments, cannot follow our authors, to quite such an extent as they would willingly lead us.

An article on the current issue of the *American Quarterly Review* in the *London Weekly Review*[50] begins by taking sides with America against hostile British critics, but condemns the *American Quarterly Review* for an undue exhibition of national feeling:

It is not many years since the very mention of the literature of America was the signal for a joke. In an article on the subject in a popular magazine (we believe Blackwood's) it was thought sufficient to say, in order to dispose of the criminal in a summary manner,—"They have also another poet called Dwight, and his Christian name is Timothy." Such critics as these, however, have now begun to shove up their distorting spectacles, and to stare with their own gooseberry eyes on the literary phenomena of the transatlantic world. . . . The literature of America must be essentially one of imitation for some time to come. In her citizens, however, who take a lead in these matters, we expect something more than mere literary expertness—we expect a philosophical calmness and a republican honesty in argument. Those expectations are grievously disappointed in the work before us. There is a perpetual recurrence to topics of national soreness, and the most paltry circumstances bearing thereon are caught up with a schoolboy heat. . . . Out of the most unfeigned good will towards the American Review, we recommend the *collaborateur* who furnished this boyish article to be dismissed. In other respects the number possesses very great merit.

The *Edinburgh Literary Journal*[51] objects to the spirit of Hall's *Letters from the West,* and reads the author a lecture on filial duty:

We do not like the spirit in which this book is written. An American has a right to be as patriotic as he pleases; but he has no right to be arrogant or impertinent towards that country from which he and his nation have originally sprung. It is true that North America is now a great and an independent state; and it is also true, that it has not unfrequently been made to suffer under the taunts of narrow-minded and illiberal Englishmen, who visited it with feelings of chagrin and disappointment simply because they

[50] II (March 15, 1828) 168.
[51] I (Dec. 1828) 85.

were no longer able to call it their own. But this spirit is rapidly dying out, and ought never to have been encouraged. At the very worst, however, it was more justifiable on the part of any of the inhabitants of the mother country than of those of its quondam colony. They long stood in a relation to each other somewhat similar to that of parent and child; and even yet Great Britain is entitled to all the respect which maturity naturally obtains from youth, and to the superior weight which a long-established and admirably balanced constitution must give to her political principles and opinions, over those of a people still raw and inexperienced in the art of government. It is to Great Britain, indeed, that the United States owe everything.

An article on the current number of the *North American Review* in the *Spirit of Literature*,[52] while not in itself very important, is representative enough to quote at some length. Of the reply of the *North American Review* to strictures in the *Edinburgh* it says: "In this article, the complacency with which our Transatlantic brethren regard the progress made by their country in literature and science is remarkably conspicuous." It admits some improprieties on the part of British critics, but charges Americans with absurd pride and sensitiveness; and ridicules the charge that criticism of literature is exciting enmity between the two countries:

We may express ourselves as freely as we please with regard to the merits of Racine or Corneille, or La Place or Guy Lussac, without any fear of exciting a war with France; or the Americans may, if they choose, place Franklin on a par with Newton (as they do, in fact, in the article before us), compare General Brown with Wellington, and assert the superiority of Cooper to Sir Walter Scott, without there being any risk of our being tempted into a single allusion to the strength of our navy or the valour of our army; the practice of the English and the French is, to leave all such absurdities to be corrected by the laughter of mankind. Not so is it with the Americans: if you tell them that they cannot write as good poetry, or solve a mathematical problem as cleverly as some other people, they will give you for answer, that that is a question which must be left to the fleets and armies of the two nations to determine! To the Americans has the rare distinction been reserved of making the estimation in which the public men of a country are held a ground of national quarrel! This feeling of the Americans is, insooth, much to be regretted, because it . . . retards the arrival of that time so much to be desired, when, upon taking up a

[52] I (Sept. 18, 1830) 329.

work of interest in the English language, we shall not inquire whether the author is a native of England or of America; and when a British reviewer may comment upon the productions of America, without being suspected of designing to sow discord between the two countries. That a disposition to do ample justice to American literature exists in England, is fully testified by the success which writers of talent from the other side of the Atlantic have obtained in this country . . . . Witness Irving and Cooper in literature, —West and Leslie in art. . . .

If we could suppose for a moment that an English writer of ability were to compose a novel upon an American subject—were to take, for instance, the disgraceful invasion of Canada in the late war—were to depict the repeated defeats which the Americans sustained at the hands of a tithe of their numbers, the surrender of their armies, and the other disasters which attended that famous attempt at conquest, which terminated in their being not able to defend their own territory—can it be believed that such a work would be received with kindness in America . . . ? No; it would be considered a national insult. . . . Turn from this picture, and look at the manner in which the English have received and welcomed the productions of the American novelist Cooper, a writer who may be said chiefly to occupy himself in depicting the conflicts between his countrymen and the English—those at least in which his countrymen have been successful. Has that circumstance induced the nation, whose defeat he delights to describe, to refuse him the applause and reward due to his genius? Has it not, on the contrary, hailed his appearance, together with that of other gifted Americans, as a sure token that the United States will, ere long, possess a literature of which she may justly feel proud; that a true literary taste will arise, which will drive the Pauldings and the Neals to utter despair. . . . We may safely say, that no instance can be produced, in which the claims of American authors of celebrity have been treated with neglect or severity in England. One review may perhaps speak with harshness, but justice is received from another. Indeed, the fact is, that if the circumstance of the author of a work being an American is at all alluded to, it is mentioned as a motive to treat his productions with more kindness and indulgence than if they owned an English origin.

The *Monthly Review*[53] in an article in which it praises Slidell's *Year in Spain,* says of American literature in general:

It is not among the least of the pleasures which we have derived from the perusal of them, that they have afforded to us a remarkable indication of the return of our American brethren to the "Wells of English undefiled," and of their abandonment of that ambitious

[53] n. & l. ser. [XVI] (April 1831) 533.

phraseology which has so long tarnished their compositions and limited them to an ephemeral popularity. We do not of course assert that this has been the case with all their authors; their Coopers and Irvings form brilliant exceptions in a crowd of motley aspirants, though *they*, indeed seem to belong more to ourselves than to the land of their birth. But American literature, as such, has hitherto exhibited nothing destined to the enjoyment of a permanent fame, beyond the essays contained in the Federalist, which again date so near the separation of the two countries, that they may be said to constitute part of our political philosophy. In almost all the departments of writing the native archives of the Union as yet present a woful show of empty cases. They have no history worth reading, not a canto of poetry, no memoirs, no collections of speeches, no miscellaneous works of amusement, very few travels, and not even a single good sermon.

This, it should be remembered, was written so late as 1831.

Articles friendly to America were of different sorts. Some took the American side in the pitched battle with British critics; some merely praised American works; and some attempted a more philosophical consideration of American literary affairs. The first issue of the *Athenæum*[54] opened an attack on the reviewers, and particularly the *Quarterly* reviewers. It pronounced Lockhart quite as bad as Gifford, though in another way.

A writer in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*[55] replying to *The Tone of British Criticism* in the *North American Review*, lectures the American critic on his lack of calmness, but protests that the hostile British reviews are not representative:

The reviewer has here lost his temper, and, in his wrath, he has allowed himself to magnify the delinquencies of a few scribblers into a token of national jealousy. We deny most unhesitatingly that articles in half-a-dozen reviews and newspapers are to be taken as expressing the sentiments of Great Britain. . . . We may laugh at some peculiarities of Trans-Atlantic growth; but is that a proof of hatred? . . . Lastly, we deny that there is any the least cause for jealousy. America is capable of becoming more than we can conceive; but the great mass of the people are conscious only of the present, and are not easily stirred by contingencies. Again, *free* America all-powerful though she be, is like Brahma in the state of contemplation, her energies cannot be di-

[54] [I] (Jan. 1828) 10.
[55] IV (Sept. 4, 1830) 154.

rected outwards. To enable any portion of her to act aggressively, (and it is only of a power likely to become hostile that nations are jealous,) she must be split down into smaller states, and these must be organized after a different manner. Situated as we now are, our little cock-boat would sail round her huge hulk before she could set her sails. We repeat it, there is no jealousy or ill-will harboured by the British public toward America, and the complaints of the reviewer, had they been made in a calmer mood, would have convinced us he harboured the very feelings he was imputing to others.

In his selection of instances of this jealousy, the reviewer has been rather unhappy. He condescends only upon the paper in the *Edinburgh* on Dr. Channing's works, and a later article in the *Scotsman* newspaper. The former, we agree with him, evinces a paltry and contemptible spirit. We said so at the time it appeared, and we say so again. We will go farther, and say that the tone assumed by the *Edinburgh Review* towards America has been uniformly shuffling and disreputable. But the paper in the Scotsman is neither an attack upon America, nor composed in a spirit of covert ill-will towards that country.

A review of Neal's *Authorship* and *Rachael Dyer* in the *Englishman's Magazine*[56] says:

American writers, deficient neither in observation nor experience, have assured their countrymen that the English people regard them with irreconcilable dislike. In doing so, they may not be aware that they completely subserve the end for which the mercenaries employed by the spoilers of that very people pursue their obliquitous vocation. They have mistaken the babble of a pitiful coterie for the voice of a high-minded community—the squeal of a rat for the roar of the Lion. We fancy that a cause may be assigned for this absence of discrimination. Some small creature, shrouding his insignificance under the wings of a review once insolently inquired,—"Who reads an American book?" The chatter of the popinjay was instantly mimicked by all the pilferers of opinion, and the idiotism was echoed and re-echoed in the bye-ways of imbecility, until an answering swell of indignation pealed across the Atlantic.

Every lover of letters admires the fruits of American genius; but with these, books published by Americans have been less frequently identified than their friends could wish. The intellectual adventurers of the States have too often preferred an humble coasting adventure in St. George's Channel, to a bold cruize on the majestic ocean, that pays dignified obeisance to their native shores. . . .

"Who reads an American book?" Not we—half so often as we

[56] I (April 1831) 65.

> desire. We cannot cheat ourselves with the Sketch-book or Columbus, the Pilot or the Red Rover, for unhappily we have ascertained that Geoffrey Crayon was cradled in an ivy-mantled cot at the skirt of a village kirk, in the county of Devon, and that the Travelling Bachelor first drew his nautical breath on the little ex-sovereignty of Man.

The article is somewhat bombastic, and the magazine in which it appeared ran for but one volume. Its very presence, however, in an early number of such a periodical, shows how great was the interest in American literature.

A review of Brown's novels in the *British Critic*[57] begins: "We are not disposed to remark the popularity which the lighter works of American literature have lately attained in this country." It insists that it is unreasonable to hold writers responsible for political delinquencies, or to hold the present generation responsible for the past; and that Americans should be judged, not by the utterances of ill-bred English travellers in America, but by American travellers in England. These, while sometimes inquisitive, are of a sort to be approved. The *Lady's Magazine*[58] introduces its review of Cooper's *Borderers* by saying:

> Although the people of Great Britain, and the citizens of the United States of America, seem to have no great affection for each other, and are mutually censorious and satirical, the interchange of literature is constant and friendly. We receive with pleasure the productions of the American press, and we send over, in addition to the standard works of our earlier writers, copies of all the valuable publications of modern times. We readily acknowledge the talents of an Irving, respect the intellectual powers of a Channing, and are amused and interested by the novels of Cooper. The last-named writer evidently improves in his progress, and every new work from his pen is therefore read with avidity.

The *Edinburgh Literary Journal*[59] remarks somewhat pessimistically: "It is strange how similar the style of political writing is in the democratical Union of North America, and in the more monarchial states of Europe. The real cause of this is the utter want of great practical statesmen in either."

[57] II (April 1826) 53.
[58] n. s. X (Oct. 1829) 512.
[59] III (Jan. 26, 1830) 369.

Colburn's New Monthly Magazine[60] grows extravagant in praise of the *Remains* of the Reverend Edmund D. Griffin:

> These volumes furnish us with a very interesting view of the character and style of the literature which at this moment prevails in America. It is impossible to read them without being struck with the classical purity of taste which is cultivated in the Colleges, and which the best writers who have received their education in these seats of transatlantic learning, have recently displayed. Indeed the improvement is at once so remarkable and so rapid, that Great Britain had need look well to herself if she would maintain her superiority.

An article in *Blackwood's*[61] on Irving's edition of Bryant's *Poems* makes much of the common elements of the two national literatures.

> The treasures of our literature have been widely spread, and are every year spreading more widely over America; and theirs is winning its way among us, and indeed all over Europe. It is delightful to see how the spirit of ours is every where interfused through theirs, without overpowering that originality of thought and sentiment which must belong to the mind of a young people, but which among those who own a common origin, is felt rather by indescribable differences in the cast and colour of the imagery employed, than discovered in any peculiar forms or moulds in which the compositions are cast.

Owing to the peculiar conditions of America, "Her poets must be inspired by Hope rather than by Memory, who was held of old to be the Mother of Muses." A later article in *Blackwood's*[62] on the *Remains* of the Reverend Edmund D. Griffin, moralizes in a different and a slightly flippant fashion on international amenities:

> All nations, great and small, having any distinctive character of their own, may be said to hate each other, not with a deadly but a lively hatred . . . no good son of the state can be a citizen of the world. . . .
>
> So far, then, from deprecating national jealousies, dislikes, animosities, and hatreds, we have always been anxious to contribute the little that lay in our power to their successful cultivation. . . [But] All national prejudices, therefore, we would extirpate and fling into the sea. By prejudices we mean false judgments formed before taking means within our reach, that would have enabled us

[60] XXXVI (April 1832) 145.
[61] XXXI (April 1832) 646.
[62] XXXII (July 1832) 91.

to form true. . . . The two countries cordially hate and love each other, according to the laws of nature. And all that we have to do is to preserve these feelings, respectively, in proper proportion, so that England and America, flourishing in amicable animosity, and inspired with reciprocal respect, command for aye the admiration of all the rest of the world. . . .

As for the literature of the Americans, we have always spoken of it more highly than any other European journal.

B. Opinions of Individual Authors

Little need be said here regarding the attitude of individual British authors toward America. Some consideration has been given to the views of the older men of the period in the author's *British Criticisms of American Writings,* 1783-1815, Chapter II.[63] Of the writers who later came into prominence many were connected with periodicals, and expounded their views in these. Others, even among those who knew something of American writings, are not known to have expressed themselves at all. Private opinions, revealed later by the publication of letters and diaries, are interesting, but could have had no great influence on the writings of their own day.

The relation between Scott and one or two Americans has been mentioned in the earlier study. Scott suffered much annoyance from American travellers of questionable breeding, who regarded him as an impersonal curiosity, and took his hospitality for granted. On the whole, he bore his inflictions well, and was a helpful friend to Irving and others whom he considered worthy. In a letter to Miss Edgeworth[64] he remarks, "They are funny people, the Americans"; and on February 24, 1824, he writes to the same correspondent:[65]

I am not at all surprised at what you say of the Yankees. They are a people possessed of very considerable energy, quickened and brought into eager action by an honourable love of their country and pride in their institutions; but they are as yet rude in their ideas of social intercourse, and totally ignorant, speaking generally, of all the art of good-breeding, which consists chiefly in a postpone-

[63]Among the writers named in that chapter are Crabbe, Cowper, Blake, Coleridge, Gifford, Campbell, Scott, Byron, Moore, Shelley, Leigh Hunt, Landor, Lamb, and Godwin.

[64]Lockhart, *Life of Scott,* p. 517.

[65]Ibid., p. 520.

ment of one's own petty wishes or comforts to those of others. By rude questions and observations, an absolute disrespect to other people's feelings, and a ready indulgence of their own, they make one feverish in their company, though perhaps you may be ashamed to confess the reason. But this will wear off, and is already wearing away. Men, when they have once got benches, will soon fall into the use of cushions. They are advancing in the lists of our literature, and they will not be long deficient in the *petite morale*, especially as they have, like ourselves, the rage for travelling.

The letter continues with praise of the *Pilot,* which will be quoted elsewhere. Scott spoke well, on the whole, of Cooper, though some little misunderstanding arose between them over a proposed arrangement for the publication of Scott's works in America. Cooper, like some other Americans, was irritated by certain passages quoted—in at least one instance misquoted—by Lockhart in his *Life of Scott*—private and perhaps temporary expressions of feelings which Sir Walter would have had the tact not to give to the world. According to the list of Scott's critical writings in Margaret Ball's monograph, *Sir Walter Scott as a Critic of Literature,* Scott wrote no reviews of American books.

Wordsworth seems never to have paid much attention to American writings, and little to American thought. In a letter to Edward Moxon, 14th July, 1820, he writes: "We have had Mr. Bryant, the American poet, and a friend here"; but he says nothing of the conversation, which might naturally have turned toward American themes. Emerson's visit, which is described in his *English Traits,* was paid in 1833, but of this, also, there is no record on Wordsworth's part. Coleridge, after the failure of the Pantisocracy scheme, probably had little concern with America, and made few references to American literature. The antagonism of Southey to America is well known. That the opinions expressed in his review articles were genuine is shown by a passage from a letter to Caroline Bowles, August 4, 1833:[66]

I hope the Monster has sent you Captain Hamilton's *Men and Manners in America.* . . . The book will amuse you, but it will leave a very painful feeling concerning the Americans. The

[66] *The Correspondence of Robert Southey with Caroline Bowles,* edited by Edward Dowden, p. 279.

other day we had a New Englander here, from whom I gathered that what may be called the gentry in America live in the fear of the multitude; that they dread the progress of democracy, yet are afraid to utter a thought in opposition to it; and that no man, however rich, dares maintain an establishment the cost of which would exceed £2000 a year. The best private library in the United States is said to be that of Professor Ticknor, a correspondent of mine, and a very interesting person; it is not so large a library as my own!

He tells me that, in proportion to the population, madness is more frequent in America than in England, and that the most frequent cause is political excitement—ambition among a people where every man thinks every office to be within his reach, and where some kind of election is always going on. This is a sad picture; yet, in America, the better minds look with alarm upon the course which we are taking in England. Ticknor, in his last letter hints at the possibility that the changes and chances of this world may bring me and mine to Boston. I think this country, whatever be the evils that await it, has less to go through than the United States. We shall save more from the wreck than they can hope during many generations to build up.

Byron was always pleased with the praise which his poems received in America, and reciprocated by expressing, in general, kindly feelings toward the New World. He was especially well impressed by Irving, whom he seemed to value for intrinsic merit, and not merely as a foreign literary curiosity.[67] Although Leigh Hunt's ancestry was connected with America, he was apparently not concerned with American writings. During the earlier years of the period, while he was associated with the *Examiner*, he showed a slight interest in American political affairs. Keats's letters to his brother George, who had emigrated to America, say less about the intellectual life of the new country than might be expected, but one is interesting:[68]

Dilke, whom you know to be a Godwin perfectibility Man, pleases himself with the idea that America will be the country to take up the human intellect where England leaves off—I differ there with him greatly—A country like the United States, whose greatest men are Franklins and Washingtons will never do that. They are great men doubtless, but how are they to be compared to those our countrymen Milton and the two Sidneys? The one is a philosophical Quaker full of mean and thrifty maxims, the other sold the very Charger who had taken him through all his Battles. Those Ameri-

[67]See letters to Murray, in *Letters and Journals*, V, 94, 373 and 472.
[68]*Letters of John Keats*, edited by Sidney Colvin, p. 175.

cans are great, but they are not sublime. Man—the humanity of the United States can never reach the sublime. Birkbeck's mind is too much in the American style—you must endeavour to infuse a little spirit of another sort into the settlement, always with great caution, for thereby you may do your descendants more good than you can imagine. If I had a prayer to make for any great good, next to Tom's recovery, it should be that one of your Children should be the first American poet.

In general, Keats seems to have had no high idea of America, though there are indications that this attitude is in some degree pose.

No significant comment made by Shelley on American literature after 1815 has been found. Moore apparently continued little of the interest which might have been aroused by his visit to the United States in 1803-4. Campbell's attitude toward the United States is reflected in the *New Monthly Magazine,* of which he was editor. In general, he was friendly toward the new nation, but thought it would be long before it could produce a distinctive literature. It was through a letter of introduction given him by Campbell in 1817 that Irving first met Scott.

Several Americans who met Proctor have recorded their opinions of him, but his views of them and of their contemporaries are not available. De Quincey is known to have read later writers like Emerson and Hawthorne, but it is doubtful if he knew much concerning their predecessors.

Hazlitt's position may be inferred from the fact that he was connected first with the *Edinburgh Review,* and later with the *London Magazine.* Northcote, in his reports of conversations with Hazlitt, 1826-7, records:[69]

I asked if he had seen the American novels, in one of which (the Pilot) there was an excellent description of an American privateer expecting the approach of an English man-of-war in a thick fog, when some one saw what appeared to be a bright cloud rising over the fog, but it proved to be the topsail of a seventy-four. N——— thought this was striking, but had not seen the book. 'Was it one of I————'s?' Oh! no, he is a mere trifler—a *filligree* man—an English *litterateur* at second-hand; but the *Pilot* gave a true and unvarnished picture of American character and manners. The storm,

[69]Hazlitt's *Collected Works,* VI, 385.

the fight, the whole account of the ship's crew, and in particular of an old boatswain were done to the life—everything

> Suffered a sea-change
> Into something new and strange.

On land he did not do so well. The fault of American literature (when not a mere vapid imitation of ours) was, that it ran too much into dry, minute, literal description; or if it made an effort to rise above this ground of matter-of-fact, it was forced and exaggerated "horrors accumulating on horror's head." They had *no natural imagination.* This was likely to be the case in a new country like America, where there were no dim traces of the past—no venerable monuments—no romantic associations; where all (except the physical) remained to be created, and where fiction, if they attempted it, would take as extravagant and preposterous a shape as their local descriptions were jejune and servile. Cooper's novels and Brown's romances (something on the manner of Godwin's) were the two extremes.

The following passage from an article by Hazlitt in the *London Magazine* of September 1820, apropos of the actor Kean's visit to America, is concerned especially with the stage, but shows the author's opinions of the intellectual condition of the country:[70]

We also fear that the critical soil of America is slippery ground. Jonathan is inclined to the safe side of things, even in matters of taste and fancy. They are a little formal and commonplace in those parts. They do not like liberties in morals, nor excuse poetical licenses. They do not tolerate the privileges of birth or readily sanction those of genius. A very little excess above the water-mark of mediocrity is with them quite enough. Mr. Kean will do well not to offend by extraordinary efforts, or dazzling eccentricities. He should be the Washington of actors, the modern Fabius. If he had been educated in the fourth form of St. Paul's school, like some other top-tragedians that we know, we should say to him, in classic terms, *in medio tutissimus ibis.* 'Remember that they hiss the Beggar's Opera in America. If they do not spare Captain Macheath, do you think they will spare you? Play off no pranks in the United States. Do not think to redeem great vices by great virtues. They are inexorable to the one, and insensible to the other. Reserve all works of supererogation till you come back, and have safely run the gauntlet of New York, of Philadelphia, of Baltimore, and Boston. Think how Mr. Young would act,—and act with a little more meaning, and a little less pomp than he would—who,

[70]Hazlitt's *Collected Works,* VIII, 473.

we are assured on credible authority, is that model of indifference that the New World would worship and bow down before.' We have made bold to offer this advice, because we wish well to Mr. Kean; and because we wish to think as well as possible of a republican public. We watch both him and them 'with the rooted malice of a friend.'

Miss Mitford, who did much to popularize American writings in England, numbered among her correspondents Miss Sedgwick, N. P. Willis, and George Ticknor; and at a later period James T. Fields, Whittier, and Bayard Taylor. She seems to have had a genuine admiration for much in American literature, though she cared little for Irving. In a letter to Miss Sedgwick[71] she praises *Redwood* and the *New England Tale,* and continues:

Cooper is certainly, next to Scott, the most popular novel writer of the age. Washington Irving enjoys a high and fast reputation; the eloquence of Dr. Channing, if less widely, is perhaps more deeply felt; and a lady, whom I need not name, takes her place amongst these great men, as Miss Edgeworth does among our Scotts and Chalmerses.

The collection of American tales which Miss Mitford edited was hackwork, and while she took some part in the selection she recognized that she was selling the use of her name. She writes:[72]

They have been, of course, really selected by me from an immense mass of material; and the first work especially, will be really very good—characteristic, national, various, and healthy—as different from the "Sketch Book" (which in my mind, is a pack of maudlin trash) as anything you can imagine. Mr. Talfourd earnestly advised my doing this. He says that the thing will not in the slightest degree interfere with my own works, and that it was an easy way of getting money, though I never worked harder in my life than in wading through the mass of MSS. and letter-press to make the selection.

Judging by references in his works Landor was probably less interested in America at this time than earlier. His somewhat unfortunate acquaintance with N. P. Willis did not begin until 1834. The views of a number of English essayists like James Mill, Gifford, Wilson, and others are best learned by re-

[71]Rev. A. G. L'Estrange, *Life of Mary R. Mitford,* II, 303.
[72]*Ibid.,* II, 296.

calling the critical journals with which they were associated. Many other writers doubtless expressed themselves regarding America, but their individual utterances are so much less significant than the mass of periodical criticism that they may well be ignored.

On summary view of the eighteen years from 1815 to 1833, it may be seen that the prejudices arising from the War of 1812 were fresh for a time; and that a little later the appearance of the early work of Irving and Cooper tended to command for American writings an attention not, as will be seen in later chapters, unmixed with respect. Late in the period both the animosities of the war and the interest aroused by the novelty of American writings had subsided, and England seemed settling into the attitude of distrust and slight disdain which characterized her views of America for so much of the nineteenth century. Avowed hostility to America and American institutions had decreased. Open attacks were fewer, and cases of flagrant misrepresentation were not numerous; but on the other hand there were fewer warmly partisan defenses of America and panegyrics on her institutions. Earlier admirers and detractors were alike replaced to a considerable extent by fairer, but unsympathetic critics. Most reviewers gave to American writings all the praise they deserved, but they so mixed with this a modicum of censure that the flavor of the whole mass was tainted. Moreover, many of them, intentionally or unintentionally, spoke in a complacent tone which was more irritating than the open expression of contempt. Americans did not need to be so thin-skinned as they were accused of being to feel hurt at British criticisms, yet they were at a great disadvantage when they tried to formulate their grievances; for the most painful utterances were not falsehoods, but unpleasant truths introduced irrelevantly, or given undue emphasis.

CHAPTER IV

IRVING

The first production of an American author to gain general recognition in England as a work of pure literature was the *Sketch Book* of Washington Irving. Some of Franklin's writings were, it is true, widely read; but Franklin was thought of as a statesman and a scientist, rather than as a literary man. The works of Charles Brockden Brown attracted some slight attention when they were first published, but their greatest vogue in England came later. Some American works on theology, many on politics, and some on science, travel, and exploration were well known in England, but none made its way solely because of its literary merit. Irving, himself, had been mentioned in England before the *Sketch Book*. A London reprint of *Salmagundi* had appeared in 1811, and had been made the subject of a long article in the *Monthly Review*. Scott had praised the *Knickerbocker's History* in 1813,[1] though so far as is known it was not reviewed by any British journal until after the advent of the *Sketch Book*.

Irving came to England in 1815, shortly after the close of the War. At first he was occupied in business, though he found time to meet a number of men of letters, notably Campbell and Scott. It was not until late in 1818 that he again turned his attention to writing; and the first part of the *Sketch Book*, containing four pieces, was not published in America until May, 1819. Copies must have found their way to England with reasonable promptness. The author apparently first saw his own work in print some time in July. In the issue for August 24[2] the *Kaleidoscope*, or *Literary and Scientific Mirror*,

[1]See the author's *British Criticisms of American Writings*, 1783-1815, pp. 84-86, 13.

[2]II, 25.

a slight literary weekly published at Liverpool, reprinted *The Wife* with the following editorial note:

> The following affecting extract from a work recently written by an American gentleman of great talent and celebrity, is copied from one of the latest New York papers. Its perusal gives us a high relish for a sight of the original, the whole of which, if not too long, we think we should be inclined to give in weekly portions, in the *Kaledoscope* [sic]. If this paragraph should be seen by anyone in the habit of receiving the most recent American publications, we shall not despair of gratifying our readers with the entire work, of which we now proceed to lay before our readers the following specimen.

To the selection is prefixed a note from the *Hudson Whig* crediting the tale to "that elegant scholar, George Washington Irving."

This was probably the earliest publication of any part of the *Sketch Book* in Great Britain. In its issue for September 25, 1819,[3] however, the *Literary Gazette* reprinted *The Voyage, Roscoe,* and *The Wife,*[4] introduced by the following somewhat confused note.[5]

> The following production has been handed to us by an able friend, who tells us that it is the work of a very intelligent native of America, just arrived from New York; 'to whom,' he adds, 'I put a thousand questions, begging to know of him something of the general and particular taste of literature in America, whether the taste of that people corresponded with the taste of ours, as to favourite English authors, &c. &c. I mentioned the *Literary Gazette*, and said, I was sure that some specimens of American talent would be liked in its columns, to which he replied, that though they condescended to pirate from us, he dared not suppose that they had anything to tempt reprisals. * * * * On the eve of his departure from the American shore, he sent for, among other literary trifles, to beguile an idle hour on the voyage,—*The Sketch Book*, from which I have obtained permission to copy the extracts now offered for your acceptance. * * *" We shall be much mistaken if they do not give a high idea of trans-atlantic talent.

[3] III, 617.

[4] The only other sketch in Part I of the *Sketch Book* was *Rip van Winkle*, which, somewhat oddly, the editor chose for omission.

[5] The punctuation, including the quotation marks and the asterisks, is that of the original.

According to a statement made by the editor of the *Literary Gazette* in a later review of the *Sketch Book*[6] Irving sent a note saying that he intended to publish the entire work in England, and the *Gazette* abandoned further reprints in deference to his wishes. Whether he made a similar request to the *Kaleidoscope* does not appear. There is no evidence of such action either in the journal itself or in the biographies of Irving. It is quite possible, indeed, that the Liverpool publication never came to his notice. At all events this enterprising little folio reprinted virtually all of the *Sketch Book*, and on every possible occasion referred complacently to its service in making the essays and tales accessible. In introducing the second instalment, October 5, 1819,[7] it said:

In the present volume of the *Kaleidoscope*, page 25, we gave an extract from a new American work, written by the celebrated George Washington Irving. We then observed that the perusal of his sketch of the '*Wife*' gave us a high relish for a sight of the original work; and we have since commissioned a friend to procure us the work itself in America, with the intention of giving it entire in weekly portions of the *Kaleidoscope*—Our friend, by whose assistance we expected thus to gratify our readers, has not yet arrived in New York; we are enabled, however, to accomplish our object sooner than we contemplated by the help of the *Literary Gazette*, the editor of which has, it seems, been put in possession of a copy of the Sketch Book. We trust it is his intention not to *mutilate* so excellent a composition; and not suffer any political ties to interfere with a duty the *public* will naturally expect from him.

In the next issue[8] it printed the *Roscoe* with the following comment:[9]

The following sketch would have been inserted in the last *Mercury*, had we not been most earnestly requested to withhold it by a gentleman whose wish, upon such an occasion, carried with it more weight than a positive prohibition. The motives of delicacy which interfered with its appearance in the *Mercury*, would also have suppressed its insertion in the *Kaleidoscope*, had not the present chapter formed the continuation of a work which we had previously announced our intention to give entire (in weekly portions, whenever

[6] IV (April 8, 1820), 228.
[7] II, 49.
[8] P. 56.
[9] It should be remembered that Roscoe was a citizen of Liverpool. The *Kaleidoscope* again reprinted this sketch on the occasion of Roscoe's death, IX (July 5, 1831) 417.

we could obtain access to the original). We are fully aware that there are circumstances, which, at the present moment, conspire to strengthen those objections, which the subject of the following sketch is known generally to feel towards any public display of the qualities that have endeared him to his native town and the country at large; feeling convinced, however, that the article will be generally copied into the public newspapers, whether we forbear to transcribe it or otherwise, we must decide not to deprive our readers of a treat to which they have a prior claim.

Then followed a hiatus in the reprints until December 28,[10] when the editor was able to give *Rip van Winkle* with the following announcement:

The three first numbers of this celebrated work may be found in the present volume of the Kaleidoscope, pages 25, 49 and 56,—The copy from which we transcribe the present sketch has been just received from a friend, who procured it for us in America; and we believe we may state with truth that it now appears for the first time in this country.—We can promise our readers considerable amusement by the continuation of this singular, ingenious, but we must add, unequal performance.

Not only did the London edition bring no end to the piracy—though after a time the reprints, which continued almost weekly until June, 1820, ceased to announce the selections as "Never before published in this country"—but the thrifty editor was pleased to say on September 26, 1820:[11]

It was with pleasure and surprise, in which we trust our readers will participate, that we found upon a second examination of the latter part of the Sketch Book, recently published in London, that two or three of these masterly compositions had escaped us, at the time we made the collection which appeared in the second volume of the old series of the *Kaleidoscope*. Amongst the pieces still in reserve is the following most admirable sketch, conceived in the happiest moments, and written in the best style of an author, whose talents we may be thought to overrate, when we venture to express the opinion that he is without any rival in the peculiar species of composition which distinguishes the Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon. What Churchill invidiously observed of Holland may be applied to America, as identified with our favourite author:—

Genius is of no country, her pure ray
Shines all abroad, as general as the day;
Foe to restraint, from place to place she flies,
And may hereafter in Columbia rise.

[10] II, 97.
[11] n.s. I, 97.

It is indeed most singular, that an American should have acquired a more intimate knowledge of English habits, manners, and peculiarities, as well as of the characteristic features of the country itself, than we find evinced by our own native authors. He alternately reminds us of Goldsmith, Addison, and Grose the humorous antiquarian.

This new series of reprints was continued through October. For more than a year the *Sketch Book* furnished one provincial journal with its chief stock in trade, and the editor's persistence probably indicates a response on the part of his readers, as his fulsome praise shows his own judgments.

Reviews of the *Sketch Book* began to appear almost as soon as did the reprints. The *Edinburgh Magazine and Literary Miscellany (Scot's Magazine)* for September, 1819,[12] after a discussion of the state of American literature in general says of the *Sketch Book* itself:

Although there are in it, no doubt, several marks of the childhood of literature, such as, affected imitation of the weaker and more sickly parts of our pathetic writers, still it shows, in many passages, an aspiration after an excellence which is by no means unattained. It proves to us distinctly, that there is a *mind* working in America, and that there are materials, too, for it to work upon, of a very singular and romantic kind. Mrs. Grant had before shown us, in her fine spirited sketch in *the American Lady*, that the reminiscences of that country might at least go "sixty years" back, and that, when we got to that period, we came into a very peculiar character of society, almost as curious and interesting as anything described in Waverley. In this work before us there is a short fanciful tale which gives us a notion of what may be made of such materials.

The article closes with two sketches reprinted in full; and two more are given in the next number.

Blackwood's, in an article by Lockhart[13] *On the Writings of Charles Brockden Brown and Washington Irving*, expresses surprise that the *Sketch Book* should have first appeared in America, and says that it should be republished in England.[14]

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[12]V, 206.

[13]See Pierre M. Irving's *Life of Washington Irving*, II 451.

[14]Scott doubtless inspired this article; and Scott was at the time endeavoring to help Irving to make satisfactory publishing arrangements in Great Britain. He also, in the autumn of 1819, suggested Irving as editor of a proposed Tory newspaper to be established in Edinburgh. (Lang, *Life and Letters of Lockhart*, p. 226.)

He goes on: "Nothing has been written for a long time, for which it would be more safe to promise great and easy acceptance"; and after quoting *The Royal Poet* comments: "It is, we think, very graceful—infinitely more so than any piece of American writing that ever came from any other hand, and well entitled to be classed with the best English writings of our day."

The *New Monthly Magazine* for March, 1820,[15] devotes much space to a rather unfavorable picture of literary conditions in America, but speaks well of the *Sketch Book* as "calculated to improve our opinion of American literature." The *Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review* for March 18[16] quotes with approval from Lockhart's article in *Blackwood's,* comments, as was usual, on the sketch *English Writers on America,* and praises both *Knickerbocker* and the *Sketch Book.* The taste of the critic may be inferred from the fact that he chooses for illustrative reprint *The Broken Heart.*

The reviews already mentioned were based on the stray copies of the American edition which had reached England. After the appearance of the London reprint of the first volume, some time in March, 1820, notices were still more numerous. The *Literary Gazette* for April 8[17] refers to its earlier reprinting of some sketches, and praises the work, though with a reservation in case of *English Writers on America.*

> Except in a paper on English Writers we discover no trace of the less pleasing side of the American character. There the author (page 108), complains as we conceive without reason, boasts without foundation, and threatens without effect. . . Surely Mr. Irving has by this time dismissed the last slight touches of that impression which induced him to fancy that an American author would meet with an unfair reception from a British public . . . . for his Sketch Book has been quoted most widely, and every voice has been raised to hail the appearance of a performance so honourable to its author, and so creditable to his native land. In that opinion we cordially join.

An article in Volume II, in the issue for July 25[18] is in similar tone.

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[15]XIII, 303.
[16]II, 176.
[17]IV, 228.
[18]p. 465.

The *Investigator* for May, 1820[19] in installing a department "American Literature and Intelligence" animadverts to the paper on *English Writers,* which it says contains "too much truth." It strongly commends the *Sketch Book* as a whole, which it credits to "Mr. Washington Irvine." The *British Critic* for June[20] is hostile to America, but gives some faint and grudging praise to Irving and his work.

> The book is not one of very great pretensions. . . . the impression which remains upon the mind after reading it, is extremely slight. Such as the impression is, however, it is quite in favour both of the book and the writer . . . However, these "Sketches" are really in many respects clever; and they have the additional recommendation of being (what certainly has the merit of variety) an American production.

After ridiculing the eulogy on Roscoe as extravagant, and saying that *Rip van Winkle* "is told pleasantly enough," the reviewer makes the paper on *English Writers on America* the text for a long recital of American faults, and continues:

> With respect to the entertainment which we derived from these several compositions, we do not feel disposed to speak very highly. But we think the fault lies much more in the fault inherent in all professedly sentimental compositions, than in the ability of the writer.

In the *Edinburgh Review* for August[21] Jeffrey begins an article on the *Sketch Book:*

> Though this is a very pleasing book in itself, and displays no ordinary reach of thought and elegance of fancy, it is not exactly on that account that we are now tempted to notice it as a very remarkable publication,—and to predict that it will form an era in the literature of the nation to which it belongs. It is the work of an American, entirely bred and trained in that country—originally published within its territory—and, as we understand, very extensively circulated, and very much admired among its natives. Now the most remarkable thing in a work so circumstanced certainly is, that it should be written throughout with the greatest care and accuracy, and worked up to great purity and beauty of diction, on the model of the most elegant and polished

[19] I, 156.
[20] n. s. XIII, 645.
[21] XXXIV, 160.

of our native writers. It is the first American work, we rather think, of any description, but certainly the first purely literary production, to which we could give this praise; and we hope and trust that we may hail it as the harbinger of a purer and juster taste. . . .

The critic goes on to praise the author's character, judgment, and taste, though he cannot keep from complaining:

The manner perhaps throughout is more attended to than the matter; and the care necessary to maintain the rhythm and polish of the sentences, has sometimes interfered with the force of the reasoning, or limited and impoverished the illustrations they might otherwise have supplied.

On the whole, the notice was a favorable one; and in judging of the slight acidity which may be detected in some of the praise it may be remembered that the preceding number of the *Edinburgh* had contained the reply to Walsh's strictures on English criticisms, and that the subject of Anglo-American literary relations was a trifle sore.

The *Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review*[22] praises Irving especially for his thorough knowledge of English manners and English character. The *Edinburgh Monthly Review* for September[23] speaks of Irving's success as

an encouragement to hope for a better understanding between them [the British] and their transatlantic neighbours, than has for some time past existed. In saying this, we have no hesitation to admit that the praise of the advance towards good-fellowship is due to the author; and we shall be content to claim for ourselves the negative merit of being neither insensible to the excellencies of temper and talent which have prompted and enabled him to attempt it nor ungrateful for the benefits which are likely to result from its accomplishment.

The article continues:

He is altogether a most agreeable writer—full of fancy and warm thought—alive in every sense, and at every nerve, to the beauties of nature—just to the fair demands, and liberal to the failings of his species; but by no means void of that spirit which makes a man what Dr. Johnson called a "good hater"; and far less a victim to that spurious sentimentality which can find an apology for every vice. He is a lover of the antique in national history, by

[22] II, 194 and II (Aug. 1820), 546.
[23] IV, 303.

the way, no ordinary excellence in an American. . . . His sketches, moreover, put us in mind of some of the best papers in the Tatler and Spectator, but it is to convince us that in several respects he excels them.

But, with all his excellencies, "Mr. Crayon seems to us defective in taste, and in consequence to degenerate at times into common-place vulgarities." The critic cites as examples of "gross caricatures which could have been looked for only in the portfolio of a venal libeller, or the window of a dealer in low prints," the fox-hunting vicar, and (somewhat oddly) the contrast between the nobleman and the vulgar rich man at church. Of this last he says: "Besides their coarseness and vulgarity, there is a degree of invidiousness in such portraits, to which a man of high spirit would disdain to afford a tenement in his breast. We dislike them the more, because, as they cannot have been drawn for any individuals, they must be conceived to be either copied from the worst authorities or to be intended for likenesses of genera and species. Either supposition is disadvantageous to the painter." Except for this one outburst, so clearly indicative of the writer's church and party sentiments, the notice is throughout a favorable one.

The *London Magazine and Monthly Critical and Dramatic Review* for September,[24] a relatively unimportant journal, indulges in some amusingly high-flown praise:

It is not often that we are called upon to perform a task so pleasing as the present. . . . Mr. Crayon is a young man of superior abilities and holds out a real prospect of success. The rainbow of his promise is even now throwing its beams across the sky; and from the varied refulgence of its hues, we augur an auspicious meridian. His style is founded on the good old essayists of our youth. . . . It [the *Sketch Book*] came recommended to us as the modest peace-offering and first fruits of American sensibility; and we received the stranger with delight. Our joyous anticipations were immediately set vigorously to work; and, in the enthusiasm of our hope, we expected great marvels of America. We trusted she would in future be as much allied to us in genius as in good will; and that, though oceans rolled between the sister countries, "they twain might be as one flesh." . . . Mr. Crayon, as we have before observed, promises great things; and while the Leviathan of Cockneyism is wallowing about in the filth of his

[24] II, 281.

popular opinions, we are happy to see a young man who is likely by his exertions to resist the encroachments of the monster, and dissipate the charm of novelty that has so long hung about him. . . . All that the purest imagination could conceive is to be met with in the pages of the *Sketch Book*. . . . He has all the wit, the playfulness, and the ease of Addison, with an infinitude of feeling that the *Spectator* could never attain.

After this panegyric it is not surprising that the reviewer chooses extracts from the more sentimental pieces, *The Broken Heart* and *The Pride of the Village*.

The *Monthly Review* for October, 1820,[25] pronounces Irving's pieces too finished for crayon sketches, and says that "Without aspiring to the highest merit of strength and originality in design, they are intitled to the praise of elegance in execution." The article, which is largely taken up with a discussion of the mutual relations of England and America, seems in places a trifle patronizing in tone. It makes comparisons, to Irving's disadvantage, with Roger de Coverley at Westminster Abbey, and Goldsmith at Eastcheap, and concludes:

This writer is probably a young man, and in that case his enthusiasm should excite our envy rather than our censure; otherwise, we should say that he is a little too romantic, and that he festoons his descriptions somewhat gaudily with epithets and apostrophes.

On the whole, the attitude of the review is one of guarded kindliness.

In November, 1820, the *British Critic*[26] says of the second volume:

The volume before us displays at least equal talent with the first; we have read it through, and in spite of a good deal of mistaken taste and misdirected talent—misdirected, we mean, only from a too frequent endeavour to be making something out of nothing; for, on the score of feeling and morality, the work is unexceptionable;—we feel most happy in renewing our acquaintance with the author.

After complaining of too close a following of Mackenzie the critic advises the author:

Our author is an American, and therefore, perhaps, may not understand the present feeling in this country, among people of

[25] XCIII, 198.
[26] n. s. XIV, 314.

good sense, with respect to this matter; perhaps this is his best apology: but we sincerely hope, that a further residence in this island will induce him to take for the future a more manly line of composition. . . . If he will only keep apart from all "blue stockings," and should be so fortunate as not to become infected with slang and vulgar opinions, such as we are sorry to say, he is almost sure, in one degree or other, to imbibe, if he mixes intimately with any except the very highest literary society, in this country at the present day, he may make himself in the history of American literature, not unlike what Addison is in our own; and higher praise or stronger incitement, we know not that we could easily hold out.

Westminster Abbey is pronounced "altogether a very childish and indifferent performance"; the *Christmas Sketches* are "long and not particularly entertaining"; *Little Britain,* on the other hand is "very agreeable and humorous"; and *John Bull* is praiseworthy. In view of the extreme and persistent anti-Americanism of the *British Critic* the conclusion is remarkable:

We would gladly believe, and will take our author's word for the fact, that a country in which the author of these Sketches received his education, and formed his opinions, cannot be deserving of all the bitter sarcasm and reproach, which writers in this island have heaped upon it. For our own parts, we hope to see the day, when all animosities and mean jealousies between this country and that of our author, will be sunk in oblivion. A few such writers as this before us, on both sides of the Atlantic, would do more to promote this happy consummation, than could be effected, possibly, by events of apparently much greater moment.

The *Monthly Magazine or British Register* for November[27] in a brief notice of the second volume characterizes the *Sketch Book* as:

A work which we consider not only very superior to the usual productions of trans-atlantic genius, but one which bids fair to rank high among the best classical writings of our own country.

The article further praises Irving's solidity as well as his lighter qualities. In a discussion of the *Edinburgh Review* in the same issue[28] the *Sketch Book* is again referred to:

[27] L. 362.
[28] L. 304.

Undoubtedly it is the most gentlemanly work that has yet reached us from the other side of the Atlantic; but there is another, a "Life in Pennsylvania," which we think the production of a superior mind: indeed, few works in the English language have of late years appeared written with more terseness and elegance, than the historical memoir alluded to, . . . But to return to the "Sketch Book," it is chiefly valuable to the Americans as a work of taste; it must flatter them to see a native production so generally esteemed for the minor intellectual qualities of composition, phraseology, and style. In point of merit, Mr. Geoffrey Crayon does not rank above the common scale of ordinary gentlemen, but he has all the good manners, urbanity, and self-possession which the character requires, and more good humour than many gentlemen have the happiness to display.

When the *Quarterly Review* at length noticed the *Sketch Book*, in April, 1821,[29] it did so in a typical article, with grudging, patronizing praise, and the introduction of irrelevant asides on all sorts of matters, even slavery.

This is one of the best samples which we have yet seen of American literature; for though it is, as indeed it professes to be, of a light and unpretending character, it is good of its kind; full of imagination, and embellished with a delicacy of feeling, and a refinement of taste, that do not often belong to our transatlantic descendants. . . .

'The Wife' is pretty; but we doubt whether it is natural, and are sure it is not English nature. There is an affectation in the sentiment and an artificial smartness in the getting up of the incidents. . . . 'English Writers on America,' written for the most part in a spirit of good sense and moderation which could scarcely be expected from an American,—even when intended for publication on this side of the water. There are some traits of national obliquity. . . . .

The 'Broken Heart' is very affecting, and the 'Boar's Head' is very dull. We should have been glad to see more of English society and English manners in the 'Sketch Book.' . . . .

'Westminster Abbey,' however, reminds us too strongly of the Spectator's visit to the same place: it has, besides, certain fictions to which the writer ought not to have stooped; and the Christmas article, which is confessedly rather a compilation from the histories of former times than the result of actual observation, is spun out beyond all bounds. The dinner in particular is *overdone*.

The reviewer judiciously pronounced *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow, Rip van Winkle,* and *The Spectre Bridegroom* the

[29] XXV, 50.

best things in the book; though he naively assumed that the description of the Van Tassel homestead was that of a typical American farmhouse. He condemned the author for making so much of *Roscoe,* found *Little Britain* tiresome, and said "We could willingly dispense with *Philip of Pokanoket.*" He considered Irving "very happy in what is called *sentimental* description." Some passages of the article which comment on America in general, but which have no particular relation to Irving, will be quoted in another place. In conclusion:

> The author before us is the best writer of English, in our estimation of that term, that America has produced since the era of her independence. He seems to have studied our language—where alone it can be studied in all its strength and perfection—in the writings of our sterling old authors.

The foregoing criticisms of the *Sketch Book,* published within a year of the appearance of the London edition, differ widely, as might be expected; but they agree in accepting the collection as a work to be reckoned with. On the whole, they judge it on its merits, and not merely as a freakish emanation from a barbarous land, and they extend to it a welcome rather more cordial than might be expected. Before the middle of the year 1821 it had become generally known and was everywhere referred to. In May, 1821, an ingenious correspondent of *Blackwood's,* William Bainbrigge, contributed the theory that "the American tale of *Ripvanwinkle* [sic]" must have been drawn from the *Life of Epimonidas* [sic] by Diogenes Laertes, and gave an extract in support of his contention.[30] Reprints of favorite sketches were common in the lighter magazines.[31]

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[30]The continued vogue of the same tale is shown by the production at the Adelphi Theatre, London, in 1832, of "a new romantic drama called *Rip Van Winkle, or, the Helmsman of the Spirit Crew,* by a Mr. Bernard. The first performance is noticed in the *Athenaeum,* [V] (Oct. 13, 1832) 668. Apparently the play was but moderately successful. This was not the first of the tales to be dramatized. In the "Theatrical Journal" department of the *European Magazine* for July, 1821 (LXXX:81) mention is made of a farce at Drury Lane entitled *The Spectre Bridegroom, or a Ghost in Spite of Himself,* said to be based on the *Sketch Book* tale. The critic says "We cannot highly praise the piece," but considers is "sufficiently amusing to have a moderate popularity."

[31]Many of the reviews already noticed gave one or more sketches complete as illustrative extracts. The reprints in the *Literary Gazette* and the *Kaleidoscope* have already been mentioned. Among others printed at this time and a little later are: *English Writers on America* and *Rip Van Winkle,* in *Edinburgh Magazine and Literary Miscellany (Scot's Magazine)*

Irving also seems to have attracted a train of followers, if we may judge by the number of English works which are described by critics as imitations of the *Sketch Book*.[32]

Criticism of the *Sketch Book* after the early months of 1821 was usually in connection with one of Irving's later works, for which it naturally furnished a standard for comparison. John Neal, in his *Blackwood* articles, discusses it with a mixture of extravagant praise and petty fault-finding. N. Ince, a correspondent of the *Olio* for October 23, 1830,[33] exaggerates Irving's difficulties in getting a hearing in England, and maintains that the *Sketch Book* would probably never have been known if *Blackwood's* had not called attention to it.

Bracebridge Hall was the eagerly awaited successor of a book which had come as a surprise, and had achieved a nation-wide popularity. As such it was promptly reviewed by every literary periodical, and extracts from it were reprinted far and wide. When it appeared Irving was probably at the acme of his fame in England; he was certainly at the point where his every word induced the greatest amount of critical comment. In a letter quoted by his biographer he rejoiced that Gifford, then literary adviser to Murray, thought *Bracebridge* better than the *Sketch Book*. Murray published it on May 23, 1822, and it was reviewed only two days later, May 25, in the *Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review*.[34]

> There is no writer of the present day, who has reached the summit of literary fame by such rapid strides as Mr. Washington Irving. It is true his talents had been somewhat neglected in the United States, or he would never have written a second book before his first had been reprinted in England. . . .
>
> That an American should write English well is not very surprising, but that a gentleman born and brought up in the United States,

II (Oct. 1819), 317; *The Pride of the Village* in *Lonsdale Magazine*, 263, June, 1820; *The Wife*, in *The Hive*, I (Feb. 1823), 285 (given without credit); condensed versions of *The Wife*, *The Widow and Her Son*, and *Rip van Winkle* in the *Ladies' Monthly Museum*, Imp. ser. XXIV: 121, XXV: 121, and XXVI: 181, 1826-7, respectively. These selections in the *Museum* are all signed "D. D.", though the first is credited in a footnote to the *Sketch Book*.

[32]One of these, *The Life and Remains of Wilmot Warwick*, edited by his friend Henry Vernon, is noticed in *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*, XXIV (Dec. 1828) 520.

[33]VI, 282.

[34]IV, 321.

should not only possess an intimate acquaintance with our best and earliest writers, and the very curiosities of literature; but that he should know so much of the local customs and peculiarities of England as Mr. Irving does, is really astonishing, when we consider how short a time he has been in this country, and how very ignorant we often are of these customs ourselves.

Of Mr. Irving as a writer, public opinion has already decided so strongly in his favour, that it is unnecessary for us to add anything to what we have already said, in the reviews of his former works. He is the Goldsmith of the age, and frequently recals [sic] to our recollection that best of English writers.

The new work is said to possess "full as much interest and more variety than the *Sketch Book*." In connection with this article and in succeeding issues of the *Chronicle* are several long extracts.

Other reviews followed promptly. The *Literary Gazette* for June 1[35] gave luke-warm praise, saying that the book was not so good as the *Sketch Book*, but had some merit. The *Museum* of the same date[36] is somewhat more commendatory. The editor of the *Kaleidoscope* (Liverpool), who had before printed all the *Sketch Book* in his columns, began on June 11[37] with some pieces from *Bracebridge Hall*, praising the new collection and calling repeated attention to his part in introducing Irving to English readers.

An article in *Blackwood's* for June differs greatly in tone from that which greeted the *Sketch Book*.

Now, the fact is, that the critical works of respectability praised the Sketch Book with justice, but bestowed on it no very extraordinary commendation. It was the talkers, the *blues*, who took up the theme—elevated it to the skies, and who now seem hugely inclined to precipitate it from its height of fame.

While the critic finds some commendation for *Bracebridge Hall*, he considers it inferior to its predecessor. He objects especially to the character of the Squire, whom he does not consider as a true model of an English gentleman. *Annette Delarbre*, however, "is indeed exquisitely beautiful, and displays stronger powers over the pathetic than are evinced, even by the Sketch Book."

[35] VI, 339.
[36] I, 83.
[37] II, s. II, 385.

Mr. Irving is evidently an amiable and a well-meaning man; and we like him the better for the good-natured vanity which he betrays, in asserting that his philanthropic labours have been crowned with success. That England has of late evinced friendly sentiments towards America, there can be no doubt; but as those sentiments were chiefly marked by the reception of the Sketch Book, it is evident that they preceded that talented work, and that the success of Mr. Irving's book was more owing to our liberal feelings, than our liberal feelings to Mr. Irving's book.

The most striking passage in the article, a strong protest against too much tolerance for things American, will be quoted in another place.

By July, 1822, most critical journals were ready to notice *Bracebridge Hall.* The greater number of criticisms make comparisons with the *Sketch Book,* and the majority pass the judgment, which posterity has on the whole affirmed, that the earlier work is the better. Many of them also discuss the accuracy of Irving's portrayals of English life—some fairly, some with an undue sensitiveness, and some with an utter failure to understand that the Squire and his household were not supposed to be typical figures of 1820.

The *Gentleman's Magazine*[38] is among the journals which think that Irving has not succeeded so well on this as on former occasions:

We must premise, however, that although the author's delineations are full of humour, and gentlemanly pleasantry, as sketches of society in England, the volumes are comparatively worthless, as no one ever heard of a family residing in any part of these united kingdoms at this present time, whose peculiarities and traits of character bear any sort of resemblance to the sketches which Mr. Irving has professed to give of them. He can only have read of such persons in old books of a hundred years standing; no such beings exist now a days.

After giving illustrative quotations the article concludes:

Mr. Irving's modesty attributes his success to his being an American. For some part of it he is doubtless indebted to this circumstance, but he is a gentleman of too great talents not to have made a considerable impression on our "reading public," even though he had been a *native.*

[38] XCII, 54.

The *European Magazine*[39] prefers *Bracebridge* to the *Sketch Book,* and indulges in extravagant, misdirected praise.

> To deny its merits, would be to acknowledge ourselves devoid of all taste and feeling. The characters described in "Bracebridge Hall" present us with the most beautiful and, at the same time, with the most faithful models of primitive English manners, judging of them from the remains which are still among us. . . . Even Sterne did not possess the art of exciting imagination in so powerful a manner. . . .
>
> There are few writers of the day perfectly free from the use of hacknied modern phrases; but in the author of "Bracebridge Hall" we cannot trace even a vestige of them. . . . His style is that of natural and unaffected eloquence. . . .
>
> The great merit of "Bracebridge Hall" is the exquisite delineation of character, or rather of manners. . . . Our author is nowhere a copiest; that he takes his images and descriptions from nature alone, and that he always views nature with the inspired eyes of painting and poetry.

The *Monthly Literary Register*[40] in a very thorough analysis bestows praise only less flattering than that in the *European Magazine,* but qualifies it by numerous exceptions. It says: "We acknowledge him at the head of his class. We crown him as the prince of modern essay-writers"; and, "Considered by itself *Bracebridge Hall* is equal, in its line, to any book of the present day." The style, however, is pronounced questionable in places, and the characters suggest too closely those of the *Roger de Coverley Papers.* The *Stout Gentleman* and *Annette Delarbre* are especially commended.

In the *Literary Speculum*[41] a reviewer who signs himself "H" bestows much detailed praise, in slightly over-rhetorical language. After saying that "few writers in this age of literary fraud and quackery possess so much genuine merit, or have so honourable a claim to distinction as the author of the Sketch Book," the critic comments at some length on the difficulties which Irving encountered in making his way in England.

> At length, fortunately, the zealous praise of Christopher North (it is good to have friends everywhere) drew attention to his

[39] LXXXII, 55.
[40] I, 192.
[41] II, 118.

neglected volume,—the result could not be doubted, for it only needed to be read, and its success was certain. The public have made amends for their former indifference.

In speaking of "the zealous praise of Christopher North" the writer may have had in mind the article by Lockhart in *Blackwood's*. He asserts that *Bracebridge Hall* is "fully equal, perhaps superior to his former efforts," and continues:

The writer has the rare merit of combining the graceful ease and unaffected pathos of the Spectator, with the elegant playfulness and irresistible naiveté of the Citizen of the World. The charm of Goeffrey Crayon's style is its beautiful simplicity. . . .

It remained for the author of the Sketch Book to revive the good old style of our early essayists, and although a stranger in the land, to write purer and more unmixed English than the present generation has been accustomed to hear. Modern readers and critics had grown so used to the "sound and fury" the nondescript heaping together of words, the strange mingling of all the tongues of Babel, which unintermittingly issued from the press, that the memory of that simple yet noble, succinct yet expressive language in which Jeremy Taylor and Lord Clarendon wrote, was fast fading from amongst us. We were becoming, in words at least, a nation of mere charlatans, our dialect was empty and unmeaning as the prating of a parrot, when Geoffrey Crayon, or the notable somebody who wishes to preserve his incognito under that name, poured out his spirit over the rubbish of our literature, and recalled our attention to those glorious models of composition, which were the pride and boast of our ancestors.

The reviewer concludes with a personal tribute:

For my part, I can truly say, that I would rather be the author of the Sketch Book and Bracebridge Hall, than of five-sixths of the poetry and nearly all the prose, published since the year 1800.

Less important notices in the *Monthly Magazine, or British Register*[42] and the *Ladies' Monthly Museum*[43] both commend *Bracebridge* highly.

The *Edinburgh Magazine and Literary Miscellany (Scot's Magazine)*[44] predicts general disappointment with the work, not because of falling off of merit, but because expectations are high, and the novelty of the subject has worn off. It interprets *The Stout Gentleman* as a satire on the Radcliffe school. The

[42]LIII, 548.
[43]Imp. ser. XVI, 40.
[44]XI, 91.

New Edinburgh Review, successor to the *Edinburgh Monthly Review*,[45] is one of several journals to claim credit for making Irving known in Great Britain. It announces that it is not disappointed in *Bracebridge Hall*, though it raises some interesting objections. For example, it finds parts of *The Stout Gentleman* "to savor of indecency"; and though it gives credit for a "kindly attitude toward England," it says that "Mr. Crayon, swayed perhaps by certain American prejudices, has spoken rather disparagingly of the General." The article, twenty-five pages in length, abounds in extracts and running comments.

Even the provincial periodicals give attention to the new work. The *Literary Melange, or Weekly Register of Literature and the Arts* (Glasgow) in the issue of July 10[46] reprints an English review, and in this and succeeding numbers gives several of the favorite sketches, including *The Stout Gentleman* and *Annette Delarbre*. The Leeds *Correspondent*[47] speaks well of the book, though it thinks that Irving is not free from "the degrading style of the Turf and the Ring." It chooses for reprint sketches of *Ready-Money Jack* and *The School-Master*.

Slightly later notices continue in much the same strain. The *Monthly Censor, or General Review of Domestic and Foreign Literature*[48] waxes enthusiastic:

> Every body who is in the habit of reading the best publications of the day, will be glad to see the name of Geoffrey Crayon again. . . . His "Sketch Book" established a reputation for him in the republic of letters, of which he may well be proud; his new work has more than confirmed it; and perhaps there never was an instance in which a young author paid so much attention to the hints of criticism, or of one whom lavish praise has not spoilt in the least degree.

Bracebridge is said to avoid the fault of over-luxuriousness sometimes found in the *Sketch Book*.

The *Monthly Review Enlarged*[49] is very kindly toward Irv-

[45] III, 151.
[46] P, 54.
[47] IV (July, 1822) 185.
[48] I (Aug. 1822) 353.
[49] XCVIII (Aug. 1822) 400.

ing, praising his descriptions and his characterizations, and quoting extensively. It hints at the author's limitations in this diffuse sentence:

> He is not unconscious of his present elevation in the region of literature—but he must be cautious: we greatly doubt whether he has strength of pinion to soar higher: he is evidently fluttering his wings without rising; and perhaps it would be better to repose awhile and renovate his strength, than flutter till he flags.

An article in the *London Magazine*[50] though nominally a review of *Bracebridge Hall,* deals more with the *Sketch Book,* which it thinks the better work. It regards Irving as in great danger of being spoiled by success. Of *Bracebridge Hall* it says: "The attempt to continue a narrative through a series of essays is, perhaps, the main fault of this book:—the characters seem to dawdle and hang about without a purpose, while the title of the chapter is being fulfilled." As is so commonly the case, *The Stout Gentleman* is chosen for praise.

The *British Critic,* which, in earlier years, at least, had usually found nothing but contempt for all things American, was always enthusiastic in its welcome of Irving. One remark in the passages quoted below leads to the suspicion, perhaps unfounded, that it loved him the more because he was the one American writer that the *Westminster Review* condemned. The following comments on *Bracebridge Hall*[51] are typical.

> We need only say, that the style and taste, as well as the matter of the present, as of all our author's compositions, is of the best kind. To say that they are extraordinary, when considered as the production of a person born and educated on the other side of the Atlantic, would be neither gracious nor just; for they are strikingly so in themselves. Without this qualification, viewing his productions as compositions only, we much doubt whether we could name any contemporary writer whose attempts, in that light species of writing, of which the first model in our language was furnished by Addison, would easily stand a comparison with those of this American essayist. It may seem strange to bring Addison and a citizen of New York together in the same sentence; and certainly had we been asked which of all our writers would probably be the last, whom our Transatlantic descendants would be likely to emulate with success, it would have been the author of the Spectator. In

[50] VI (1822) 436.
[51] n. s. XVIII (Sept. 1822) 299.

spite, however, of the apparent improbability of the fact, so it is.

The great recommendation of the work before us, consists in the admirable delineations of character with which it abounds. . .

We freely confess that if America would only give us the writer of Bracebridge Hall and the Sketch Book, we would give them in return Mr. Malthus and Mr. Ricardo, and Jeremy Bentham, into the bargain. . . . .

For our own parts, we heartily congratulate them [Americans] upon the possession of a writer, whom England, in the best days of her literature, might have been proud in acknowledging; and hope most sincerely, that he is only the forerunner of a race of writers who will hereafter enrich the language. For whatever separation may have taken place between the countries in politics and government, their literature must of necessity be ours.

Colburn's New Monthly Magazine[52] finds the style of *Bracebridge Hall* not so pure as that of the *Sketch Book,* and the work in general inferior. It concedes that "*The Stout Gentleman* is a capital quiz," and "*Annette Delarbre* is beautifully told"; but "His best tales are not original," and

The squire is a pedant, the general a militia-man, the yeoman a cockney. Yet with all this, the work is exceedingly well written, and entertaining: it is a pity that the author did not add to its intrinsic talent, that truth to nature, which a little time and observation might have enabled him to do.

The *Eclectic Review*[53] after boasting of its part in calling attention to the *Sketch Book,* says of *Bracebridge Hall,* "Had it appeared first it would have been thought the cleverer work of the two," and attributes to it "a deeper vein of thought, a wider range of reflection than characterized the earlier sketches." This article gives high praise throughout. It persistently spells the author's name "Irvine."

In a slow-moving and long-winded criticism the *Edinburgh Review*[54] praises *Bracebridge Hall,* which, notwithstanding the popular verdict to the contrary, it thinks quite as good as the *Sketch Book.* It finds a little too cloying a sweetness now and then, though it compares the melody of some of Irving's sentences to "the delicious cadences of Addison." It considers

[52] V. 65. This somewhat perfunctory review is signed "O."
[53] XIX (1823) 233.
[54] XXXVII (Nov. 1822) 337.

whether Irving is over-kindly and philanthropic, but gives its final verdict in the negative.

The *Scottish Episcopal Review and Magazine*[55] gives a favorable notice, complaining only that

> in some of his descriptions, however, of rural life and antique manners, it is clear that Mr. Irvine [sic] writes from the impressions made on his mind by books in early youth, rather than from what he has actually seen. Sir Richard [sic] De Coverley is ever present to his imagination.

The *Quarterly Review*[56] in an article on *Salmagundi, Knickerbocker's History, Bracebridge Hall,* and *Tales of a Traveller* gives on the whole high praise to *Bracebridge Hall,* in which it especially commends the description of manners. The *Stout Gentleman* is, it says, "a most amusing specimen of that piquant cookery which makes something out of nothing."

Though separate numbers of *Bracebridge Hall* do not stand out so distinctly as do those of the Sketch Book, many of them were reprinted in various journals. *The Stout Gentleman, Annette Delarbre,* and some of the pleasanter sketches of English characters were the favorites.[57]

From the reviews that have been summarized and quoted it is clear that *Bracebridge Hall,* though often adjudged inferior to the *Sketch Book,* was well received in England; and the author held his place in the world of letters, a celebrity fairly well approved by conservative critics, as well as by less discriminating readers. Both the public and his publisher, Murray, were insistent in their demands for something more. This came in the form of *Tales of a Traveller,* which appeared in London on August 25, 1824. It had been prepared for the press hurriedly, and under conditions not the most favorable, and it was probably the most uneven of the author's works. Moreover, much of it was in forms in which Irving did not

[55] III (Sept. 1822) 429.

[56] XXXI (March 1825) 473.

[57] A few of these reprints, aside from those given in connection with reviews and notices already mentioned, were: *Annette Delarbre,* in the *Hive,* I (Dec. 1822) 227, (Feb. 1823) 260; *England and America,* in the *Plain Englishman,* III (1823) 420; *Ready-Money Jack,* in *Repository of Modern Literature,* I (1826) 65; *The School-Master, Ibid,* p. 65; *The Stout Gentleman, Ibid.,* p. 106; *The Stout Gentleman,* in the *Selector—a Cabinet of Prose and Poetry* (Newcastle) II (Sept. 8, 1827) 673.

excel. He, himself, seems to have been proud of it. He wrote as it was published: "I think there are in it some of the best things I have ever written"; and he was consequently saddened by the coolness with which it was received. Most present-day critics are probably in agreement in ranking it as inferior to the *Sketch Book,* though the better parts of it are perhaps more to modern taste than is much of *Bracebridge Hall.* When it appeared, Irving was no longer a novelty. Even if he had fully maintained his earlier standard, a reaction against him would probably have come. The new book offered many points for telling attack by reviewers who enjoyed hostile criticism; and when some of the earlier notices set the fashion of fault-finding, others quickly followed. There was considerable praise; but the weaknesses and defects of the author were more penetratingly searched out in the reviews of the *Tales of a Traveller* than they had been before.

The *Literary Gazette* on August 28, 1824,[58] but three days after the date of publication, sounded the prevailing note of much of the criticism.

> Geoffrey Crayon, alias Washington Irving, is a popular writer, and some of his papers have been so highly estimated as to cause his name to be mentioned along with those of Britain's most distinguished essayists. The Sketch Book and Bracebridge Hall are the foundations of this celebrity, and the former especially continues to be read with undiminished pleasure. . . . The present publication, though light and agreeable, certainly falls short of our expectations.
>
> The ghost stories are neither very novel nor very good; some of them are complete baulks, an offense to the lover of real unrealities not to be forgiven.

The *German Student* is pronounced the best thing in the first division, and *The Young Robber* "the highest wrought tale in the collection."

The *Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review* of the same date[59] is rather more favorable, saying that all the tales "are excellent in their way"; though in a continuation of the review[60] it decides that the longer narratives, especially *Buckthorne,* are tedious.

[58] VIII, 545.
[59] VI, 545.
[60] P. 563.

Washington Irving is, like Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott, an author whose works we take up with a feeling of anticipated admiration, rather than of criticism; and, perhaps, of the three, Mr. Irving the least frequently disappoints us. The reason is, probably, that, although he has not the hereditary fortune of the one, or the acquired thousands of the other, he is less ambitious of deluging the world with his productions, and takes more pains in maturing them.

The illustrative selections given are *The Literary Dinner, The Story of the Young Robber, The Young Italian,* and *Kidd the Pirate*—a varied assortment.

The *Lady's Magazine* for August[61] also bestows praise, albeit faint.

The reputation which Mr. Irving (for we will call him by his real name) has already acquired, not only in the States of the American Union, but also in Great Britain, where the literary efforts of his countrymen were long treated with feelings bordering on contempt, would secure the favorable reception of this new product of his active pen, even if it had less merit than it really possesses. . . .

Upon the whole, we think ourselves bound to recommend these volumes to the favorable notice of the public. If their varied contents do not comprehend the highest degree of excellence, they are generally amusing, sometimes instructive, and never contemptible.

It is interesting to note that this lady's magazine is "particularly pleased with the *Young Robber,*" and prints all the revolting parts in full.

Criticisms followed fast in the next three or four months, so that almost all of the formal reviews of the *Tales of a Traveller* appeared before the close of January, 1825. The majority of these were, in varying degrees, unfavorable. Even the *Kaleidoscope,* which had for months existed, so to speak, on Irving, joined in the clamor against its former idol. On September 14[62] it says: "We have only dipped into this work; but we have seen enough of it to enable us to say, that it is decidedly inferior to the *Sketch Book* and *Bracebridge Hall.*" The next week,[63] the *Kaleidoscope* copies from the *Examiner* a harsh article which says that Irving has been censured "for that absolute submission to the drawing-room," and for "this excess of Chesterfieldian discipline so singular in a native of

[61] n. s. V, 484.
[62] V, 85.
[63] P. 93.

the United States," and adds, "this confirmed spirit of imitation being in truth a sort of American mocking-bird." The critic then goes on to show how these charges are justified by the *Tales of a Traveller.*[64] Notwithstanding the defects of *Tales of a Traveller* the editor seems pleased to reprint from it *The German Student, Tom Walker, The Bold Dragoon,* and *A Literary Dinner.*

More important periodicals than the *Kaleidoscope* were equally severe, if less ungrateful. The *European Magazine* for September[65] laments that a man of Irving's intellectual achievements should "fritter away his genius" on works for mere amusement.

> Geoffrey Crayon was worthy of better employment than even his Sketch Book afforded him; and [that] to quit it, as he has done, for something much inferior, betrays a precocity of decay, which, whether of tact or intellect, is truly disappointing and deplorable. . The "Tales of a Traveller" have been for some time expected, and to so high a pitch had risen the public curiosity, that, when they appeared, the trade, as a periodical has expressed it, "nearly swallowed them." And readers too, will do well to *swallow* them likewise. An oyster-eating kind of perusal, without chewing, and especially without ruminating, on them, is all they will bear without being found nauseous. This censure no *dullness alone* could justify; but, strange to report of Mr. Irving's compositions, there is a vein of equivocating ribaldry pervading the whole of these two last volumes, that cannot be too strongly reprehended. . . . .
>
> Even the most refined and pathetic of the tales are not without a taint. It is true, the obscenities are most carefully veiled, but even that prudery is meretricious.

In a sound and discriminating article the *Edinburgh Magazine and Literary Miscellany (Scot's Magazine)*[66] finds the work inferior to its predecessors in many little matters, none of great importance, which taken together make it disappointing. "Invention," it decides, "seems to be the quality in which he is most deficient." In conclusion, it says of the *Tales of a Traveller:* "Its chief fault, we think, arises from the adoption

[64]A footnote to this article repeats the accusation of "an ingenious correspondent" that Irving copied a passage in *Knickerbocker* word for word from Franklin; and raises the question whether this is his only plagiarism.

[65]LXXXVI, 251.

[66]XV (Sept. 1824) 325.

of certain classes of subjects, unsuited to the powers of the author."

The *Monthly Magazine or British Register*[67] devotes to the new collection a slightly patronizing review in which the name of the author is uniformly spelled "Irwin." "The stories themselves are not much, either for novelty or matter; the style is everything; and, as far as prose can be said to resemble poetry, it is like the poetry of Campbell." The tales lack genius, energy. *The Belated Travelers,* it is charged, is imitated from "Monk" Lewis. The *Ladies Monthly Museum*[68] speaks flatteringly of Irving's earlier work, but says of the book in hand: "We have, however, been sadly disappointed. These 'Tales' are most of them very dull, and some of them very improbable."

The *Metropolitan Literary Journal*[69] accuses Irving of going almost wholly on his reputation. It finds no originality in the tales, saying, "There are but two marked incidents throughout the book, which we can remember, as what we had not calculated on long before our arrival at them." It makes detailed charges of borrowing, saying that much of the robber tales, including *The Young Italian,* was taken from *"The Fatal Revenge,* by Dennis Jasper Murphy," in the *Minerva Library,* the work of the Reverend Mr. Maturin. It sees other indebtedness to Lord Orford, Mrs. Radcliffe, and "Monk" Lewis—"the story and even the style of the *German Student"* being from the last-named. *Buckthorne* follows Smollett, Fielding, Cruikshank, and Pierce Egan; and—a *reductio ad absurdum* of the extreme charges—the *Money-Diggers* is after Scott. The reviewer finally asks:

> What, then, have we left to justify the homage paid to the talents of this trans-atlantic genius. We answer, his purity of sentiment, and his almost perfection of style!

Even in style the author has improvements to make. But,

> Above all let him shun tale-writing; it is not his forte—let him write reflections, which are—and he may one day fill a sphere, from which he would have to look down at a long distance upon this abortive attempt—he may then become a splendid writer, to lift, to

[67] LVIII (Oct. 1824) 261.
[68] Imp. ser. XX (Oct. 1824) 222.
[69] I (Oct. 1824) 538.

elevate, and to ennoble the mental feeling of his youthful but aspiring country!

For the first time Irving was exposed not only to charges of improper borrowing, but to other irritating personal attacks. The *Monthly Critical Gazette*[70] begins its article:

Geoffrey Crayon, otherwise Washington Irving, wrote a book, which was published originally in America and re-published in England, called the *Sketch Book*. That work obtained a degree of popularity sufficient, in his own opinion to constitute *Geoffrey Crayon, Gent, a celebrated author;* and the result of such celebrity is generally a fresh attack upon the purse of the public.

The reviewer takes seriously the facetious remarks in "To the Reader," on the morals to be derived from the stories, and accuses the author of failing in his purpose. He condemns all the tales, but is especially severe on the *Buckthorne* series. He finds an unwarranted and particularly ungentlemanly slur on an existing British house[71] in the reference to the firm of publishers with a long name in the account of the *Literary Dinner*. After quoting from this sketch he says:

Now, in all this childish dream, or execrable trifling, there is not the most distant resemblance to any character or scene of real life: and as a *jeu d'esprit*, what is its value? As an attempt at wit is it not most contemptible? . . . Then, again, the respect of Mr. Crayon for literature, and his amiable sympathy with the humble labourers in that thorny path of life, must strike every reader.

"As to the crew at the lower end!"—what fine feelings this passage elicits! In the next paragraph, he again remarks, "Among this *Crew* of *questionable gentlemen* then seated below the salt, my eye singled out one in particular." We would now seriously appeal to the whole literary world and ask, whether there can be produced in print a more striking specimen of supercilious conceit or impudent ignorance than the foregoing? . . . Though it may possibly impose on the uninformed classes of people in America, or even in Great Britain, [it] can only disgust the minds [sic] of every gentleman in the slightest degree acquainted with the real state of LITERARY SOCIETY in London, especially those who have really had the honour of sitting at the table of those respectable publishers who are thus grossly alluded to by *the length* of their firm.

[70] I (Oct. 1824) 465.

[71] This was undoubtedly the Longman's. The firm name was at one time "Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green"; at a later time "Longman, Green, Roberts, Longman, and Green."

From this sample of one *Class* of these *Tales*, a fair judgment may be formed of the puerility and absurdity of the rest . . . and, in short, the honest discharge of our duty compels us to say, that we have not for a long period past, met with so bare-faced a specimen of *book-making*, presented to the public in such a costly style of paper and typography.

The animosity underlying this attack may arise from business jealousy of Murray, Irving's publisher.

The critic of the *London Magazine*[72] though he gives the highest praise to the *Sketch Book*, and goes out of his way to rank it above the work of Scott, says: "I found little in his *Tales of a Traveller*, but the style, to admire"; and again, "Not one of these stories is of the reflective character." The work is said to have been done hastily and to order; the character of the Irish Dragoon is denounced as offensive. Such commendation as Irving receives in this article seems to be rather at the expense of Scott than because of his own merits. An article in the *Universal Review, or Chronicle of the Literature of All Nations*[73] deals largely with the English estimate of literary conditions in America, and will be quoted later. Though it says that *Tales of a Traveller* is not inferior to the *Sketch Book*, it censures detail after detail. The reviewer sees in the introduction "the puerilities and affectations of a writer surcharged with blue-stocking praise." He decides that Irving cannot tell a tale, and prefers the "foreign romances" because "there the colors are mixed by many a preceding hand, and the fashionable artist has only to dip his pencil with common dexterity." On the other hand, "His descriptions of London life are decidedly unfortunate; for the double reason that as the picture of the past they are not original, and, as of the present, they are not true." Of the *Literary Dinner* it is said: "With a volume of Goldsmith in his pocket, Mr. Irving might have written this, and all that he hazards on London manners, in the central swamp of Illinois. The American stories are infinitely the best in this work."

The two most notable hostile reviews are those in *Blackwood's* and in the *Westminster Review*. In *Blackwood's* for

[72] X (1824) 401.
[73] II (Nov. 1824) 259.

September[74] the "Letters of Timothy Tickler" devotes ten pages to the *Tales of a Traveller.*

> In the next number of the Quarterly, there will be, *inter alia*, a fine puff of Washington Irving's "Tales of a Traveller" because Mr. Irving's publisher is Mr. Murray,—and there will also be a puff of it in the Edinburgh;—first, because Mr. Irving is an American, and, secondly, because his book is not of the kind to interfere at all with any of Mr. Constable's own publications. . . .
>
> He [Irving] has no inventive faculties at all, taking that phrase in its proper and more elevated sense. He has never invented an incident—unless, which I much doubt, the *idea* of the Stout Gentleman's story was his own;—and as for inventing characters, why, he has not even made an attempt at that.

In *Tales of a Traveller* itself the critic is greatly disappointed. He finds nothing in the first three parts that many London hackwriters might not have written without leaving England. The fourth,—the American—part really pleases him, and he advises the author to stick to American subjects, saying that *Knickerbocker* is still his best work. John Neal, in his *Blackwood* series on American writers[75] is very severe on *Tales of a Traveller,* and makes much of "indecencies" which he fancies he finds in it.

The *Westminster Review*[76] made the appearance of the *Tales of a Traveller* the occasion for an attack on Irving so characteristic of the periodical, and so well illustrative of the way in which political prejudices colored literary criticisms in unexpected ways, that it must be quoted at length:

> Although it may not have occurred to many of our readers to imagine it, gentle Geoffrey's fame was occasioned by the fact of his being a *prodigy;* a prodigy for show—such as La Belle Sauvage, or the learned pig; up to the time of Geoffrey, there were no Belles Lettres in America, no native *litterateurs*, and he shot up at once with true American growth, a triumphant proof of what had so long been doubted and desired, namely, that the sentimental plant may flourish even in that republican soil. "Such elegance, such correctness, such sensibility!" (exclaimed the tender reading-room lounger), "And all this—who could have believed it—the work of a native American!" The surprise that a Chinese should express himself in pure English, could not have been greater than that such

[74] XVI, 294.
[75] XVII, 65.
[76] II (Oct. 1824) 374.

a production should come from such a quarter. This was the origin and foundation of Geoffrey's fame; its extension and continuance rest altogether on different grounds, and furnish a striking instance of the truth of an observation made by us in a preceding number, that a certain share of celebrity may always be attained by any writer who, in good set terms, will eulogize existing institutions, and fall in with existing prejudices.

After a long condemnation of the upper classes in England, who are held responsible for false taste in "polite literature, art, etc.," the reviewer continues:

Poetry and romance—tales and tours—light essays and lighter letters—stuff that he who runs may read, without the trouble of adding one idea to his already limited stock. Nothing that can excite controversy, nothing that can occasion dissatisfaction; all pensive, *gentlemanly*, and subdued; all, trifling and acquiescent as a drawing-room conversation: prevailing errors in morals and legislation carefully upheld, or at best, left unnoticed, prevailing follies alone, in dress or address, lightly reprehended: a little pathos, a little sentiment, to excite tears as a pleasurable emotion for those who see them on no other occasion: a little point and a little antithesis to tickle the ear and divert the attention from the lamentable deficiency of solid matter. Such is the precious ore that occupies the leisure moments of the literary portion of the Somebodys, and among them it is, that Geoffrey's reputation has attained and preserves the proudest eminence. For the meridian of their intellect and disposition, his productions are calculated with admirable precision. Nothing vigorous or original, nothing that can require thought or excite dissent; the means for bespeaking attention, a correct imitation of ancient models, the means for conciliating esteem, a manifest preference for ancient institutions. . . .

In Geoffrey we esteem the acquirement of such tastes inexcusable, and calling for the severest reprehension; indeed, our author furnishes a striking instance of the mischievous effects occasioned by an exclusive culture of the faculty of imagination, and a conclusive proof of the extent to which it is destructive of the power of judgment. Geoffrey was born in America, unshackled with the prejudices and interests which more or less fetter the intellect of every European.

The critic goes on to portray the ideal conditions which Irving has seen in America, and the poverty and corruption that he has known in England; "and yet, with this before his eyes, the ignorant and puling sentimentalist has a manifest preference for British institutions!" On a later page he cites

passages to sustain his charges, though he finds Irving too cunning to express preference openly.

> Geoffrey is indisputably feeble, unoriginal and timorous; a mere adjective of a man, who has neither the vigour nor courage to stand alone, though it were but for a moment; from the beginning he has looked up for support, not of the strongest and most desirable, but of the most conspicuous and prominent kind, and this support he has found in the applause of the Somebodys. Now, in America, Geoffrey found that everybody was his compeer; that there were few Somebodys, and that Nobody was out of the question.
>
> He, therefore, resorted to Europe, and, by divining and imitating pretty accurately the prevailing tastes and habits of the Somebodys in this quarter of the globe has succeeded in gaining their good-will in spite of his transatlantic extraction and in ultimately procuring for himself a reception as one of the set. It is evident, indeed, that the splendor and stateliness of European monarchies, the smooth varnish and empty dignities of European nobility, and the antiquarian associations called up by the recollection of their early history must have turned the poor republican's brain. But how weak must be the intellect, how depraved the disposition, that can be so affected by the mere surface of things. . . .
>
> Never may she [America] be cursed with a race of sonnetteers and sentimentalists, or sacrifice one line of what is instructive in literature to the empty jargon of Belles Lettres. She has succeeded so well in the useful, that we have no desire to see her exchange them for the fine arts.

After this it is not surprising that the reviewer sees nothing whatever to praise in the *Tales,* which he considers far inferior to the *Sketches.* In conclusion, he says of the author:

> He lives upon the snubs of such people, and would strike out his best passage, dilute his best argument or recant his sincerest opinion, in the fear of losing the next invitation to dinner he may expect from Grosvenor Square.

The reviews which praised were more moderate than those which blamed, and not all of these were from magazines of the highest rank. The *Eclectic Review*[77] pronounces the *Tales of a Traveller* not inferior to Irving's other work, yet after praising the author's style, imagination, and humour, it proceeds to point out many defects. The tales are said not to be skilfully contrived, and to want satisfactory conclusions. The earlier writings have been pure, but:

[77] XXIV (1825) 65.

In the present volumes he displays a levity and sometimes stoops to a vulgarity, which must pain a serious, and disgust a delicate mind. If Mr. Irving believes in the existence of Tom Walker's master we can hardly conceive how he can so earnestly jest about him: at all events we would counsel him to beware how he conjures in that name lest his own spells should prove fatal to him.

The *News of Literature and Fashion*[78] in a nominal review which really consists of two selected tales with an introductory note, says, "This new production of Mr. Irving's pen is inferior to none that has yet issued from it." A reviewer in the *Imperial Magazine*[79] seems afraid of saying anything definite. Though he pronounces the *Tales of a Traveller* inferior to the *Sketch Book,* he speaks of "A style which Addison himself would not have been ashamed to own." For reasons which he does not make clear he identifies the fox-hunting squire with the Stout Gentleman in *Bracebridge Hall.* The *European Review*[80] speaks at length of the significance of Irving, but its specific criticism of *Tales of a Traveller* is rather trite, though on the whole favorable.

The *Quarterly Review*[81] in a summary review of four of Irving's works, already referred to, finds the *Buckthorne* section of *Tales of a Traveller* excellent, and thinks it shows that Irving "might as a novelist prove no contemptible rival to Goldsmith." It adds that "too much praise, indeed, cannot be bestowed on the moral tendencies of *Buckthorne.* Throughout the whole of the ludicrous incidents with which the tale abounds, Mr. Irving has never once abused the latitude which the subject afforded him, and of which Goethe has made such filthy use in 'Wilhelm Meister'." The section *The Money-Diggers* meets with less approbation. Diedrich Knickerbocker, the reviewer says, "begins to grow somewhat super-annuated." *The Young Robber* is condemned as a tale which should never have been written, and which should be expunged in a second edition.

The *Tales* were well suited for reprint as separate selections, and many of the articles cited include one or more of them

[78] I (Sept. 1824) 237.
[79] VII (Jan. 1825) 82.
[80] V (Edinburgh, 1824) 124.
[81] XXXI (March 1825) 473.

complete. They seem, however, to have been copied less freely elsewhere than were the sections of the *Sketch Book* and *Bracebridge Hall.*[82]

The fame which Irving gained from the *Sketch Book, Bracebridge Hall,* and *Tales of a Traveller* naturally turned the attention of English readers to his earlier writings. Even the first of these, the *Jonathan Oldstyle Papers,* which he had contributed to the New York *Morning Chronicle* while still in his teens, was discovered and put forth by an enterprising London publisher. Both Irving and his friends naturally regretted this; and though the *Papers* passed through at least two editions, few of the important magazines noticed them. The *Monthly Critical Gazette*[83] said they were of no interest, and protested against the unfairness of printing them without the author's consent. It took apparent satisfaction, however, in assuming that a satiric description of the manners of a New York theatre audience was to be taken seriously, and said that it "may, indeed, somewhat flatter the self-love of John Bull, in reflecting on the comparative degrees of social refinement in the two countries." The *Kaleidoscope* also pronounced the *Papers* unimportant, but printed two of them.

Salmagundi, a series of Addisonian essays to which Irving was the chief contributor, was first published anonymously in New York in 1807. As has already been mentioned, it was reprinted in London, without the authors' names, in 1811, and was noticed in the *Monthly Review.* Another unauthorized edition, with Irving's name attached, seems to have appeared in London late in 1823. At the same time Irving, in Paris, revised the proof-sheets for an edition by Galignani. The fame of Geoffrey Crayon was then at its height, and the work, though juvenile, out of date, and local in its allusions, attracted considerable attention. It was not, however, honored by a separate article in any of the leading magazines. The *Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review*[84] says that *Salmagundi* is "partly local, but there is such an identity between the Eng-

[82]Among those which have been noticed are *The Young Robber,* in *the Hive,* IV: 339, and *The Bold Dragoon* in *The Selector,* IV (Sept. 27, 1828) 721.

[83]I (June, 1824) 93.

[84]V (Dec. 1823) 790.

lish and American customs, and their general character, however differing in some points, that the localities present no difficulty to the English reader"; and adds: "We doubt not *Salmagundi* will become a favorite dish." The *Literary Museum*[85] makes the appearance of the book an occasion to praise the other work of the author, and says: "There is a juvenile spirit—a freshness, an audacity about these nefarious acts of humor and pathos perfectly intolerable." The *Literary Sketch-Book*[86] speaks in much the same tone.

At a later time *Salmagundi* was occasionally mentioned in general articles on Irving's work. The *Quarterly Review*[87] characteristically praises it because it satirizes—and so proves the existence of—weaknesses and vices in American society.

The Knickerbocker's History of New York, Irving's first independent work of value, had been published in America in 1809. It was not wholly unknown in England even before Irving had made a name there; and the success of the *Sketch Book* naturally brought it to notice. The *Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review*[88] in its article on the *Sketch Book* mentions *Knickerbocker* as a work which displays "much true genius," in spite of its local nature, and expresses the hope that it may be reprinted in England. Lockhart joins *Knickerbocker* with the *Sketch Book* in his article in *Blackwood's* for July[89] and praises it as highly as its successor, if not at so great length. The first English edition, brought out by Murray in the latter part of 1820, when the vogue of the *Sketch Book* was at its height, was widely noticed. Most of the comments were friendly, though, as has often happened when a fresh bit of American humor reached England, the critics were not always sure what to make of it. Some persisted in searching for hidden meanings, and others drew from it conclusions as to American society. An article in the *Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review*[90] is on the whole very favorable, saying the

[85] II (Dec. 20, 1823) 805.
[86] I (Dec. 1823) 275.
[87] XXXI (March, 1825) 473.
[88] II (March 18, 1820) 176.
[89] VII, 360.
[90] II (Oct. 7, 1820) 640.

work "is now printed for the first (though we venture to predict not the last) time in this country," and continues:

It is a *jeu d'esprit*, which under the semblance of a History of New York, from the creation to the time of its becoming an English colony, gives a humourous and at the same time a philosophical view of the state of society as it exists at present, with many ingenious observations on the causes which have rendered the United States so heterogeneous in her laws, manners, customs, and population.

The article concludes:

We wonder that Mr. Irving has not turned novel writer, since he evidently possesses that fertility of imagination, that knowledge of human nature, and that power of description, which would ensure him success.

The *Literary Gazette*[91] also praises the work, but thinks the fooling is carried too far.

Much humour, neat observations, on men and on human actions, a drolling way of treating subjects of every kind, and a sportiveness of fancy mingled with some originality, and a good deal of aptness for the ridiculous, are its characteristic traits. May it not seem paradoxical to add, that we have been fatigued by the perusal of this clever volume? . . . Nearly 600 honest octavo pages of jest and play, is entertainment beyond the stretch of human faculties to relish. . . .

Had Mr. Irving contented himself with such bounds as De Foe, as Swift, as Voltaire, prescribed to themselves, we think he would have been more effective.

The *Edinburgh Magazine and Literary Miscellany (Scot's Magazine)*[92] discusses *Knickerbocker* in a long and flattering review.

Written by a person of keen observation, pointed sense, and solid learning—qualities which are made to tell with double effect from the happy vein of ironical humor which pervades and enlivens the whole work, and which while it is divested of every particle of malevolence, is managed with a dexterity and address sufficient to convince every reader that, if ridicule be not the test of truth, it is the only certain and infallible exposer of absurdity, folly, and wickedness. Less various and for that reason probably less amusing than the 'Sketch-Book,' the work before us is more of a sustained

[91] IV (Oct. 21, 1820) 674.
[92] VII (Dec. 1820) 543.

effort; and if it betrays less versatility of talent, it unquestionably displays more power.

The author has continued, with singular skill and effect, to intermingle, with his burlesque narrative, the most profound reflections of political wisdom. . . .

Together with its predecessor [the *Sketch Book*] this book certainly forms an era in the history of Transatlantic literature, as it is the first indigenous effort of real taste of which America can boast. . . . Honest Diedrich Knickerbocker, at a moderate estimate, is worth a whole congress of Joel Barlows. But his merits will be the less surprising, when we advert to the models on which he has obviously formed himself. He appears to have studied, and fully appreciated, the purest, most finished and most classical authors of this country, and to have inspired a portion of the *mens divinior*, which glows in every line of their imperishable works; and, hence his style is, in a great measure, exempt, not merely from the flagrant faults, but even from the vicious peculiarities that appear in broad prominence on the works of his countrymen. Here and there, indeed, a stray *Yankeeism* peeps out. . . . but in compensation we meet and are offended with no bombast —no affectation—no pedantry—no dogmatism—no perpetual laboring and straining to be fine, learned, witty, and sarcastic.

The *London Magazine and Monthly Critical and Dramatic Review*[93] gives much fulsome praise to Irving, and prints long extracts from *Knickerbocker,* though it offers no very significant criticisms of the book. The *New Monthly Magazine*[94] mentions the *History* in a brief favorable notice.

A writer in the *Monthly Review Enlarged*[95] seems not to know that this is an earlier work than the *Sketch Book*. He decides that Irving's "forte is the satirical," and is pleased that "there is not a particle of ill-nature in the whole book." The author, he thinks, took Swift as a model, but avoided Swift's nastiness. The *Edinburgh Monthly Review*[96] makes a rather clumsy attempt to treat the book lightly, extolling *Diedrich Knickerbocker's* merits as an historian. It nowhere settles down to a serious discussion, but its judgment is apparently favorable. The *British Critic*[97] takes the position that unless the *History* is a satire on some persons it is flat;

[93] II (Dec. 1820) 577.
[94] XIV (Dec. 1820) 686.
[95] XCIV (Jan. 1821) 67.
[96] V (Feb. 1821) 232.
[97] n. s. XV (March, 1821) 261.

and finds that an Englishman cannot understand the satire except in the first book. Of the author it says:

> We could point out many faults, however, but by some means or other, we feel almost a personal kindness for the author, and it would grate harshly upon our feelings to speak of him in any way except that of commendation. . . . We feel confident that he will never write anything, but what will do him credit, both as a gentleman and a scholar. Amidst a great deal of mistaken taste which abounds in all his writings, we have never perceived a sentence that was not morally pure and right.

Knickerbocker was occasionally referred to in later articles on Irving. *The Quarterly Review*[98] says: "Of the point of many of the allusions contained in this political satire, partaking of the style of Swift's *Tale of a Tub*, and in which more than one president of the United States figures, we may much lament that we are not fully competent to judge." The remark just quoted was very likely based on a statement of Neal, who in his *Blackwood* article[99] says: "In the three Dutch governors we could point out a multitude of laughable secret allusions to three of the American chief magistrates (Adams, Jefferson, Madison)—which have not always been well understood, anywhere, by anybody—save those who are familiar with American history." Neal continues in his usual fashion: "In a word, we look upon this volume of *Knickerbocker* . . . as a work honourable to English literature—manly—bold—and so altogether extravagant, as to stand alone, among the labours of man." For a foreigner bewildered by a piece of American humor, Neal was not the best of guides.

The *Tales of a Traveller* closed one group of Irving's writings. The next group, which was associated with the author's sojourn of some years in Spain, included the *Life of Columbus, The Conquest of Granada,* the *Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus,* and the *Alhambra.* The *Life of Columbus* was published by Murray early in February, 1828. Advance copies seem to have been judiciously distributed, and the book was commended before it appeared. The *Literary Gazette*[1] refers to Irving as "our American country-

[98] XXXI (March 1825) 473.
[99] XVII (Jan. 1825) 48.
[1] XII (Feb. 2, 1828) 65.

man," and says of the *Columbus,* of which it promises a formal review later:

This work will appear in the course of the ensuing month; and, from what we have seen of it, we are persuaded it will give Mr. Washington Irving a prodigious increase of fame. The novelty of fact exhibited, in treating a subject popularly conceived of as trite and exhausted, will command wonder,—only to be explained by the circumstances which have given the author access to public as well as private archives, hitherto "a fountain shut up and a book sealed." The chaste and nervous elegance of the style, and the liberal and truly philosophical cast of thought and sentiment, are what no one need be surprised with, who has read some of his previous writings: but this performance is every way a more elaborate one than any of those, and of higher pretensions,—pretensions which we have no doubt the world will pronounce to be justified in the result.

The faithful *Kaleidoscope*[2] quotes from the *Literary Gazette,* again tells the story of its reprinting of the *Sketch Book,* and gives a long extract from an advance copy of the new book. The *London Weekly Review*[3] says that it should not have supposed Irving suited to historical composition, but he has risen to his subject. The story is well told, the characters are admirably painted, and while the book is somewhat too long it has few needless reflections. It "unquestionably entitles its author to rank among the ablest historians of the age."

More formal reviews, when they appeared, naturally dealt with content and scholarly quality rather than with style. The article in *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*[4] is chiefly informational, with long extracts from Irving. A paragraph of criticism at the end is commendatory, complaining only of a few Americanisms. The *London Magazine* for the same month[5] is far less favorable in its review. It objects at some points to Irving's view of Columbus, and it questions his fitness for the task he undertook.

Mr. Irving has here written an agreeable book; somewhat too prolix, and in many places feeble; but, on the whole, four pleasant

[2]VIII (Feb. 12, 1828) 265.
[3]II (Feb. 1828) 81, 97, 115.
[4]XXII (March, 1828) 288.
[5]n. s. X, 281.

volumes, which would be much pleasanter if they were only three. The chief and pervading fault of the book is that absence of all manly opinion—that skinless sensitiveness, that shuddering dread of giving offense, by which all the former productions of this writer are marked. In a book of tales and essays this defect, though sometimes laughable, is seldom offensive, but in a work aspiring to the rank of history, it is felt strongly in every chapter.

There certainly has been no lack of research in the preparation of this work; but its result has scarcely brought anything more to light than had already been recorded, and in our own language, by Robertson and many others.

The article, which extends to forty-four pages, concludes:

With regard to Mr. Irving's publication, we question whether it was needed; and its execution, though generally creditable, is scarcely sufficiently felicitous to carry through an unnecessary work. Mr. Irving has no vigour of style, and still less of thought; and there is a *fade* tone of common-place running throughout.

The *Monthly Review*[6] thinks but little better of the biography. Of Irving and his book it says:

With generous principles and pure intellectual tastes, he unquestionably unites literary talents of no common order. . . . It is needless to say, that he has produced a very amusing and elegant book.

But beyond this sincere tribute to Mr. Irving's general merits and ability as a writer, and to the felicitous display of his style in the particular instance before us, we have no higher praise to bestow upon the results of his labour.

Continuing, it complains that the work is prolix, that the author has not made the best use of recent Spanish materials, and that he is too partial to his hero.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* for April[7] discusses at some length the question whether Columbus deserves credit as the real discoverer of America, and speaks pleasantly in a general way of Irving. The *Monthly Magazine or British Register*[8] in a long article occupied mostly with abstracts, speaks well of "this very full, and accurate, and readable piece of biography." It is concerned, however, over some of the moral aspects of Columbus's personality, and says: "We should like to see an-

[6] n. s. VII (April 1828) 419.
[7] C, 338.
[8] n. s. (April, 1828) 407.

other American, Dr. Channing, handle Columbus's character —Mr. Washington Irving is too ready to extenuate and apologize." The *Eclectic Review*[9] on the other hand, praises Irving for his abstinence from moralizing, and says: "Mr. Irving has exercised his accustomed tact in the management of his work. There is no affectation of research, though there has evidently been a careful and extensive canvassing of original materials and a diligent examination of illustrative documents."

The *Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review*[10] comes strongly to the defense of Irving. In particular, it objects to the belief that serious history cannot be expected of a writer who began as an essayist.

> That Mr. Irving will be no less successful, must be the conviction of all who impartially examine the beauties of style, the profundity of reflection, the extent of research, and the pure and lofty feeling which he has brought to a task upon the accomplishment of which we earnestly congratulate him. . . .
>
> We cannot part from these volumes without congratulating Mr. Washington Irving on the high station which he has taken as an elegant and accurate historian—a station from which it is not in the power of the ignorant or captious critic to remove him.

The *Edinburgh Review* does not notice the *Life of Columbus* until September, 1828,[11] but in the issue for that month it gives it the place of honor, and praises it with unwonted cordiality. It says: "This, on the whole, is an excellent book; and we venture to anticipate that it will be an enduring one. . . We mean . . . that it will supersede all previous works on the same subject, and never be itself superseded." Readers may, the reviewer thinks, be disappointed at the lack of Irving's ultra-finished style, but this is really a merit. The author is said to give too much detail of Columbus's early years, and to be at his best in picturing the "innocence and gentleness of the Indians." Most of the illustrative extracts are chosen for their content, but some, to show Irving's picturing power.

[9]XXIX (1828) 224.
[10]X (1828) 118, 184.
[11]XLVIII, 1. This article was reprinted in *The Extractor*, I, (1829) 211.

The fact that Irving's constituency included many uncritical readers of lighter literature is evidenced by the notices of the *Columbus* in the most popular magazines. The *Ladies' Monthly Museum*[12] gives the book a favorable, if not a very intelligent, review. The *Lady's Magazine*[13] says: "It does not appear that he has made any important discoveries, with all his zeal and diligence; yet we must allow that he has produced a work of considerable merit, which is recommended by an agreeable style, and by perspicuous and accurate details."

These casual readers were doubtless better pleased with Irving's abridgement of the *Columbus*, published by Murray in his *Family Library;* and so, for that matter, were many of the more serious critics. The *Athenæum*[14] says that there was too much detail in the early version, but pronounces the abridgement "among the most beautiful specimens of biography in any language." The *Edinburgh Literary Gazette*[15] had been disappointed, on the first appearance of the *Columbus*, that Irving had found so little that was new, and considered that the new volume was reduced to "its proper dimensions." The *Dublin Literary Gazette*[16] said extravagantly: "It combines the elegancies of the imagination with the sterling solidity of truth. Seldom has a writer, long accustomed to wander uncontrolled through the fairy enchantments of fiction, entered upon the beaten path of rigid facts with so good a grace." The *Eclectic Review*,[17] the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*,[18] and the *Evangelical Magazine and Missionary Chronicle*[19] all spoke briefly but favorably of this shorter version of *Columbus*.

The *Conquest of Granada*, which was published in London in May, 1829, contained the results of much research, and is said to be accurate in its main statements of fact. Instead of writing a straightforward history, however, Irving threw his material into the form of the supposed chronicle of an imaginary Monk, Fray Antonio Agapida. The wisdom of this de-

[12] XXVII (March 1828) 170.
[13] n. s. IX (March 1828) 145.
[14] [III] (March 13, 1830) 148.
[15] II (March 1830) 167.
[16] I (March 13, 1830) 162.
[17] IV (1830) 97.
[18] III (Mar. 13, 1830) 161.
[19] n. s. VIII (April 1830) 151.

vice was discussed by nearly every critic of the book; and the prevailing verdict was that the narrative suffered from the fact that it was neither pure history nor pure romance.

The *Edinburgh Literary Journal* in its leading article for June 6, 1829,[20] assumes that Fray Antonio is a real character and complains that Irving has fallen too much into his way of thinking, and is unfair to the Moors. Except for this mistake the review is sane and judicious, praising the style, but complaining of some monotony in the narrative. The *Edinburgh Literary Gazette*[21] objects to Fray Antonio, and says:

> The book is elegantly written and highly entertaining—still we do not think Mr. Irving's forte lies in history. . . . Nothing can be more beautiful than the Sketch Book and Bracebridge Hall, or more caustic with humour than Honest Knickerbocker. His present volumes are too highly coloured and wear too much the aspect of romance to be accredited as sound and sober truth.

The *Monthly Review*[22] also condemns the fiction of Fray Antonio. It begins its article by quoting a sentence in which Irving speaks of the conquest of Granada as "a stately and heroic drama," and carries out at length the figure of a play with much tinsel and tin armor.

> It is not a tale full of lofty and portentous meaning. . . . Mr. Irving, in fact, seems to have been afraid of his subject; he shrinks from appearing boldly in so serious a field; he shelters himself under the pasteboard shield of some fictitious historian, and like the discreet Bottom, while roaring like any nightingale, assures the ladies that he is only in jest. . . . .
>
> After this exordium, the benevolent reader will be surprised when we tell him that it appears to us exceedingly probable that he will like the work all the better for the faults we have pointed out. Inspired by the example of our intelligent and talented neighbours of France, a taste of [sic] history appears to be rapidly springing up in this country; but it is still only in its infancy, and refuses the strong meats which are adapted to its riper years. The 'Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada,' therefore, is well calculated for the present period in literature, though it will never procure for its author a place among historians. . . . We ought to say farther, that in its historical facts it is as correct as a history; and that in its scenery and incidents, it is as striking and interesting as any romance we ever read.

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[20] II, 1.
[21] I (June 1829) 71.
[22] n. & l. s. XI (July 1829) 430.

The leading article in the *London Magazine* for June, 1829,[23] is a queer, strained review of the *Conquest of Granada* by a man who has some sort of religious obsession, and who apparently mistakes the whole temper of the work. The critic complains of the fiction of Fray Antonio because the Moors were a great people, and "the awful extinction of such a people well merits to be spoken of in earnest, and not under a mountebank disguise." He concedes that the conception of Diedrich Knickerbocker was apt in the *History of New York,* but feels that a similar device was not fitting in the *Conquest of Granada.* With a complete innocence of Irving's irony he condemns the author for quoting opinions of Spanish churchmen derogatory to the Moors, and continues: "It may be thought that we are too hasty in condemning Mr. Irving—but *we* have read the whole book; and it is written throughout in that spirit of carelessness of human suffering, which of all others, we think most deserves to be condemned." Many citations are given to prove Irving inaccurate in detail, and especially to show that he tends "to produce a love of war." "He has written to represent the coldest, the most cruel, the most bloody sentiments of Superstition, as the feelings of the purest, the noblest, *the most humane* of religions." In conclusion: "Judging thus, we think we are passing a sentence almost unduly lenient, when we say that we regard this work to be written in a spirit narrow and evil."

The *Monthly Repository and Review,*[24] which had heretofore confined its notices of American books to those with a religious bearing, took up the *Conquest of Granada,* and praised it unstintedly:

> There is more spirit and power in this book than in any which Mr. Washington Irving has yet put forth. It is as good as the old ballad of Chevy Chase, and readers, whose age of chivalry is not yet gone, will find it stir their souls like the sound of a trumpet. The style is as quaint and graphic as that of the Old Chronicles which the author has imitated. The subject is, in every sense, a striking one; the materials seem to have been collected with great diligence; and the story is put together most felicitously. So well told a tale, whether of truth or fiction, we scarcely remember to have read;

[23] 3d ser., III, 529.

[24] n. s. III (July 1829) 502.

and we doubt whether any historical romance can be named which can compete in interest with this romantic history.

The varnish of chivalry has been of late pretty well rubbed off. If Mr. Irving yet loves it well, and has perhaps lackered it a little, he has, at the same time, not omitted to record the ignorant fanaticism, the calculating ambition, the covetousness, treachery, and cold-blooded cruelty, with which its shining qualities were alloyed. Nor is the antidote the worse for not being made conspicuous by the formality of a commentary, or for having only appended to it the very naive reflections of Fray Antonio Agapida.

The *Lady's Magazine*[25] speaks pleasantly of the book; and so, except for disapproval of the false narrator, does the *Eclectic Review*[26] in an article which also discusses the *Alhambra*.[27]

To the *Quarterly* for May, 1830,[28] Irving contributed an unsigned review of his own book, for which, according to his biographer, he received a check for fifty guineas. It was doubtless more common in 1830 than in 1920 for an author to review his own books, yet Irving's action seemed hardly above censure, even at that early date. His apologists excuse him on the ground that the article was requested by Murray, that it was intended to clear up certain misconceptions that had arisen regarding Fray Antonio Agapida, and that it did not directly praise the work. Why he did not print any necessary explanations over his own signature does not appear; nor is it clear why he complied so readily with this request of Murray's when he had before refused contributions to the *Quarterly* because of its hostility to America. In view, however, of his punctiliousness in other matters of literary and business ethics it is fair to assume that there were circumstances which justified his course in this instance.

The *Voyages of the Companions of Columbus* was compiled from material collected in connection with the *Life of Columbus,* and was issued in Murray's *Family Library*. The comments which it elicited were mostly brief, though in some instances they were supplemented by long extracts. Probably

[25]n. s. X (Aug. 1829) 423.

[26]3d ser. VIII (1832) 1.

[27]The number of the *Literary Gazette* containing a review of the *Conquest of Granada* is missing from the file in the British Museum, and the article has not been available for this study.

[28]XLIII, 55.

the most important review was that in the *Athenæum*,[29] which praised this "delightful book" for its "elegance, spirit, and simplicity," but objected that "it is neither biographical nor historical," and complained that "Mr. Irving's narratives want connexion." The *Edinburgh Literary Journal*,[30] the *Gentleman's Magazine*,[31] and the *Monthly Magazine*[32] discussed mainly the content, and said little of the literary workmanship. The *Atlas*,[33] and the *Monthly Review*[34] spoke pleasantly of Irving, and made little comment on the particular book in hand.

In the *Alhambra* Irving turned again to a work of pure literature, as distinguished from history or biography, and again made a popular appeal to the readers whom he had first won by the *Sketch Book*. The subject and the plan of the work were well suited to his powers; and while the fame of the collection has not, in America at least, kept quite so bright as that of the *Sketch Book*, it is still recognized as one of his most characteristic works. On its first appearance it was widely noticed, in journals of all sorts; and the praise which it received in almost every review was often mixed with little derogatory comment.

The *Literary Gazette*[35] discussed at length Irving's position in the world of letters, and spoke highly of the romance, the imagination, and the fantasies of the *Alhambra*. After long extracts it concluded: "Again and again we say this is one of the most delightful works of the time." The critic of the *Literary Guardian*[36] writes extravagantly of Irving's rank as an author, beginning: "Washington Irving is decidedly the first English prose-writer of the day." From the *Alhambra* itself he gives long extracts with short favorable comments. The *Athenæum*[37] also discusses the author in general before coming to the work under review, saying that he has "polished elegance" but lacks "simplicity and vigour"; that "His American

[29] [IV] (1831) 9, 51.
[30] V (Jan. 22, 1831) 63.
[31] CI (Feb. 1831) 143.
[32] n. s. XI (May 1831) 571.
[33] VI (Jan. 23, 1831) 60.
[34] n. & i. s. (XVI) (Feb. 1831) 244.
[35] XVI (April 28, 1832) 257.
[36] II (May, 1832) 65, 82.
[37] [V] (May 5, 1832) 283.

characters far surpass all his other delineations"; and that "We know of few who can equal him in the art of transferring living and breathing flesh and blood to his canvass." In conclusion it says: "We are not sure that the 'Tales of the Alhambra' will augment the fame of Washington Irving: they will, however, detract nothing from it, and that is high praise."

Colburn's New Monthly Magazine[38] praises both the description and the narrative in the *Alhambra,* and says: "To our taste, these are two most delightful volumes." The notice, however, seems a trifle perfunctory. Two less important periodicals, the *National Omnibus*[39] and the *Day*[40] both comment favorably on the book. The *Omnibus* describes it as "A Sketch Book, in short, resembling his former one in style, but richer in its contents." The same journal says that although Irving is just starting for America he will not remain long, because "he has been too much petted in the circles of European aristocracy."

The *Westminster Review*[41] treats Irving and his new book in a manner far different from that which prevailed in its article of a few years before. In justification of its almost unmixed praise it says: "They are greatly mistaken who imagine that the luxuries of sentimentalism—when they can be afforded, as in advanced stages of civilization, and when they are not of a kind to enervate—may not be reconciled with an enlightened view of the doctrine of utility."

The *Monthly Review*[42] devotes an article of twenty-six pages to the *Alhambra,* in which it says:

> These volumes . . . will be very soon forgotten by everybody who reads them, those only excepted who may feel an uncharitable pleasure in comparing the minor and perishable productions of a man of genius, with the early efforts of his mind, upon which his reputation has fixed its permanent character. Not one of his works has tended in the slightest manner to increase the fame which he derived from his original "Sketch Book."

[38]XXXVI (June, 1832) 242.
[39]II (May 4, 1832) 138.
[40]II (May 19, 1832) 20.
[41]XVII (July, 1832) 132.
[42]n. & i. s. II for 1832: 221.

It pronounces the work a little better than the *Tales of a Traveller,* and continues:

> Though upon the whole a mediocre affair, there are here and there some sketches in these pages which remind us of the hand of the master. . . . If upon the whole the reader will be disappointed, it will be because he sees that the author evidently still possesses the same power to charm which he originally exhibited, though he has not thought fit to exercise it with the same industry. He has got into idle, lounging, dreaming habits, which render him rather too careless of his literary fame.

Of Irving's Spanish writings in general it says:

> Neither have we the means of calculating the number of volumes which he may even now be meditating upon the literature, antiquities, mountains, manufactures, laws, and wines of that romantic land, for he seems to have the art of splitting into a thousand forms a collection of matter, which other travellers would be contented with cramming into one journal.

After all this adverse criticism it is surprising to find that the passages chosen for illustration are mostly of a sort to be praised, and that the final effect of the article is not one of hostility.

The *Royal Lady's Magazine*[48] prints a review of the *Alhambra* in which Irving is credited with almost every possible literary virtue. Internal evidence shows that it is clearly copied, without acknowledgment, from some American source.

The reviews of separate works of Irving already quoted will give a good idea of the British estimates of the author; and some references to Irving will be found in the chapter on *The Attitude of Great Britain toward the Intellectual Life of America.* Several classes of comments on Irving the man and on his work as a whole may, however, be noticed and illustrated here.

When the *Sketch Book* and the republished *Knickerbocker's History* first attracted attention in England the author was welcomed in some quarters with an effusiveness almost amusing, especially as it was often accompanied by the expression of surprise that so civilized a writer could come out of America. An excellent example of an enthusiastic article of this sort is

[48] V (Jan. 1833) 30

found in the *London Magazine and Monthly Critical and Dramatic Review*[44] which says:

He is, in truth, a surprizing young man; a profound thinker; an acute observer; a humorous narrator. Generally speaking, his taste is pure; his style vigorous, often poetical; his irony unsurpassed; seldom tedious, never cloying; rich, without surfeit; humorous, without coarseness; and philosophic, without pedantry. To say this of an American, is no small measure of praise. . . .

We could pass months in his company, improving as the time went on, and anxious for it being prolonged, that we might enjoy the continuance of such a feast of reason and a flow of soul. . . . Carrying ourselves in idea to that America of which he is a native, we must rejoice at the intellectual growth to which this child of her soil has attained, and glory in the progress which literature has made, and still continues making amongst our neighbours.

Similar uncritical praise was frequently bestowed throughout the next ten years, sometimes by periodicals of the better class. The *Literary Museum*[45] says in a review of *Salmagundi:*

We confess that we regard Mr. Washington Irving with a very evil eye. We owe him a grudge, firstly for being an American, and presuming to write in the very best and purest style of the English language; secondly, that he has dared to rival our standard writers, in wit, humour, pathos, and characteristic description; thirdly, lastly, and worstly, that not content to remain in his own country (where we suppose he had as much honour as falls to the share of any prophet), he has come over here, reaped a rich harvest of laurels on our native soil, robbed us of our birthright, and contrived to have his name inserted in the scroll of fame as the first essayist of America, and in the very foremost rank of those of Britain.

The *European Magazine* for March, 1825,[46] has as its leading article a *Memoir of Washington Irving, Esq.*, which contains many mis-statements, some of which seem to have been made for the purpose of showing the author to better advantage. The writer is especially anxious to save Irving from the social taint of being a tradesman:

Some uninformed, or—what is worse—*half*-informed writers have stated rather incorrectly that Washington Irving was formerly engaged in commerce. The fact is this. Having a deep interest in the estate of some relatives of his, who were unfortunate in their specu-

[44] II (Dec. 1820) 577.
[45] II (Dec. 20, 1823) 805.
[46] LXXXVII, 197.

lation, he quickly repaired hither from the continent, not only to advance his pecuniary claims, but to give the falling firm whatever support it could receive from his personal exertions, at such an overwhelming crisis.

In the criticism which follows the biographical sketch the writer says: "Mr. Irving has been styled 'The Goldsmith of his age,' but we should rather call him 'the Campbell of prose.'" This comparison, which was also made by other English reviewers, is carried out at some length.

The return of Irving to pure literature with the publication of the *Alhambra* in 1832 gave occasion for another series of flattering comments. The *Literary Gazette*[47] said: "What Columbus was to the American continent, Washington Irving has been to American literature. . . . England owes him a deep debt of gratitude, and so does America." After speaking of him as being the first to awaken kindly feelings between the literary circles of the two countries, the reviewer continues:

We must remember what he found Transatlantic literature, and compare that with its present position. Ten years ago we should have asked "Can any good thing come out of Galilee?" Now we look to American literature and feel that it only wants time to take its stand by our own. One circumstance, too, we cannot but especially mention,—the liberal and enlightened tone Washington Irving has always taken in speaking of the two countries. . . . There never was a writer whose popularity was more matter of feeling, or more intimate than the one whose pages are now before us; perhaps because he appealed at once to our simplest and kindliest emotions. . . . The pathos of his serious is as irresistible as the comic of his lighter ones. If the definition be true, that the distinction between wit and humour is, that humour is closely allied to pathos, humour is the characteristic of our author; and if to this we add, that wit smacks of bitterness, which humour does not, we shall still more clearly describe the style of the author of the *Sketch Book*. With him, the wine of life is not always on the lees. An exquisite vein of poetry runs through every page.

A week later the *Literary Guardian*[48] went still further in an article that may stand as the last and the most extreme example of this sort of criticism:

[47] XVI (April 28, 1832) 257.
[48] II (May 5, 1832) 65.

Washington Irving is decidedly the first English prose-writer of the day. To false, narrow-minded, national pride, this conviction may be unwelcome; but no less certain it is, and unwillingly though it may be allowed, allowed it must be. What a tantalizing consideration, that a state quarrel about the tax on a pound of tea, and a state quarrel, too, in which we had no voice, should have cancelled for ever our compatriotism with such a genius as this, and fixed to one of the choicest pillars of our literature, the standard of a foreign rival, nation! Why, when they separated the growing offspring from the mother land, could they not take from them the language as well as the name of Englishmen, and so save us from the reproach of this anomaly? Such might be the "whim-whams" of a churlish, narrow-minded worthy, but to the liberal man, proud of his mother-tongue, and no less proud of his brother flesh, how glorious the bright bond of union, the imperishable link of fame which thus unites the father-land with the offspring colony! Emulation, fair and above board, is all we would run counter to such renown; and the liberal, good-natured manner in which Mr. Irving invariably treats of his ancestral territory, must remove the possibility of unkind rivalry, or illiberal opposition. . . .

England boasts many great names in her literary annals, and a mighty host of good men and true now flock under the standard of genius within this one little island. Not a few of them are pre-eminent in their several lines; some for poetic fervour; some for beautiful imagery; some for elegance; others for strength and nervousness, of language; some are admirable for their conception and originality of material; some for the exquisite polish of their working-up; some in history; some in fable; some in epic, and others in essay, claim the palm of excellence; but in none are each and all of these qualifications so eminently united as in Washington Irving.

It was frequently complained that Irving followed English authors too closely, that he was un-American—that is, not expressive of pre-conceived notions of American social crudity. The author of an article on *American Poetry* in *Blackwood's*[49] diverges somewhat from his subject to remark:

Geoffrey Crayon is an American born, and has written with a taste and elegance, 'tis true, not often rivalled even in England: but, that for a great deal of his perfection he is indebted to a long residence in this country, few will deny. His life of Campbell is written in very bad taste; and the History of New York, in spite of some humorous traits, is often both very indecorous and very dull.

Had English critics a meditated design of deteriorating American literature, and of emasculating it of all originality, they could not have pursued a better course than the one they have done, of laud-

[49]XI (June, 1822) 684.

ing firmly the "Sketch Book," and recommending it as a model to the author's countrymen. . . . The beauties of Irving become rank defects, when we consider him as one of the aboriginal writers of a country.

The *Retrospective Review*[50] says in the course of a very rambling criticism of *Arthur Mervyn* that Irving "is, indeed, a very agreeable writer; but he has scarcely the *power* either of Charles Brockden Brown, or Mr. Cooper, or of the author of *Koningsmarke*. He is almost too polished for a native of the woods and savannahs. . . . Mr. Washington Irving is, perhaps, the best of [the imitators of Addison]; but we should scarcely call him a very masculine writer."

The idea that Irving's style is not expressive of America is again put forth by *Bolster's Quarterly Magazine*[51] in a note prefixed to the reprint of a sketch of Thomas Campbell, originally compiled by Irving for a Philadelphia edition of the poet.

We cannot avoid observing that Mr. Irving's pellucid and polished style, so honourable to his country, since it gives so favourable an idea of her literary *existence*, and so widely different from Brocden [sic] Brown's undiluted and inartificial vigour and truly republican *raciness*, seems too softly bland, too *courteously* beautiful, to belong to a sturdy American. It may not be improper to hint that a monarchy would be found more congenial to the exercise of his talents.

An example of the review which ascribed Irving's fame to incidental causes rather than to his merit is found in the *Monthly Magazine or British Register*:[52]

We hardly know of any writer who is so universally read, and so little censured; he seems to have bought golden opinions of all men, though we think he has given them plenty of dross for their gold, or, to say the least of it, mere tinsel. But so the fact is: the Americans admire him because he is an American; the Scotch and Irish, because he is not an Englishman; Mr. Murray, because he writes what will sell; and the English, because it is the fashion.

The author of an article on *America and American Writers* in the *Athenæum*[53] is unpleasantly personal in his reflections on Irving:

[50] IX (1824) 304.
[51] I (Feb. 1825) 28.
[52] LVIII (Oct. 1824) 261.
[53] [II] (Oct. 1829) 637.

"Knickerbocker's History of New York" was an honest and manly attempt to found an American literature. . . . What may not grow from a beginning so prosperous! And what has grown? What has become of Knickerbocker himself? Sertorius deemed it a better thing to be a private man in Rome than a king elsewhere. Mr. Irving thinks it is better to be a private man out of his own country than a king in it. The reputation of a second-rate essayist, or a twelfth-rate historian, here, is worth more to him than that of a creator in America! Do we regret that a man of genius should adopt such a rule of life? Do we regret that he does not prize the God given strength above every other enjoyment, and that he is content to sacrifice so much of it, as every man must do who deserts the soil where it was meant to be exercised, and to become often feeble, mawkish, effeminate? Do we regret that he had not strength of mind to hold fast in the vocation to which he was evidently summoned, and on which he so nobly entered, even though he could see no present fruit of his labour, and though he had no society, as here, with which to sympathize, cheered on by the inward reward of his labours, and in weaker moments, by a distant glimpse of immortality? Deeply, most deeply, do we regret it! But on whom should the blame rest? Who taught him the lesson? Where did he learn that literature is a mere article in the market to be bid and bargained for like any other—a commodity which it was hoped he would make staple in America, the price of which was the crowns of the publisher, or the smiles of the mob. His country told him so; it was infused into him with his republican milk; he was bound by every maxim of the American polity to believe it! And believing it, we believe there are not many countries, save his own, in which persons will be found to blame him for preferring the smiles of the mob in May-fair to those which would have greeted him in the saloons of New York.

Besides the reviews which are so one-sided as to suggest partisanship, there were a few which seemed to attempt a purely judicial estimate of the author and his works. One of these, in the *European Review*[54] after saying that Irving has developed a style impossible to a man with wholly English or wholly American training, continues:

It partakes much of the mixed origin of the American people—of Dutch painting, superstitious legends, and ghost stories. It has not a little of the wildness of American scenery; and it occasionally displays traces even of the bold and savage disposition of the Indians,—to whom, and their wrongs, Mr. Irving, whenever he has occasion to advert to the subject, is much more disposed to do jus-

[54] V (1824) 124.

tice, than we fear is the case with the majority of his countrymen. In as far, again, as his style and manner are English, they have more analogy to the antithetical wits of Queen Anne's reign, than to the writers of the present day.

The *Quarterly*[55] in an article already quoted, considers Irving's chances of success as a novelist:

It may be doubted, perhaps, whether Mr. Irving would succeed in novels of a serious and romantic cast, requiring, as they do, heightening touches of the savage and gloomy passions. . . . But there is a class of novel for which he possesses every requisite: the art of blending the gay, the pensive, and the whimsical, without jarring and abrupt transitions, so as to take by surprise the stubborn reader, who resists the avowed design of making him wretched, is so rare a gift, as to have compensated in the case of Sterne, for want of plot, and digressions which often degenerate into stark nonsense; and combining as Mr. Irving does, so large a share of the indescribable humour of Sterne with a manly tone of moral feeling, of which the latter was incapable, we are convinced that moderate labour and perseverance might enable him to make material additions to our literature in the style to which we allude.

Judicial also, though less favorable in his verdict is William Hazlitt, in *The Spirit of the Age, or Contemporary Portraits,* (1825) where he appends a brief discussion of Irving to an essay on Lamb.

Mr. Washington Irvine's [sic] acquaintance with English literature begins almost where Mr. Lamb's ends,—with the Spectator, Tom Brown's works, and the wits of Queen Anne. He is not bottomed in our elder writers, nor do we think he has tasked his own faculties much, at least in English ground. Of the merits of his *Knickerbocker* and New York stories, we cannot pretend to judge. But in his *Sketch-Book* and *Bracebridge Hall* he gives us very good American copies of our British essayists and novelists, which may be very well on the other side of the water and as proofs of the capabilities of the national genius, but which might be dispensed with here, where we have to boast of the originals. Not only Mr. Irvine's language is with great taste and felicity modelled on that of Addison, Sterne, Goldsmith, and Mackenzie; but the thoughts and sentiments are taken at the rebound, and as they are brought forward at the present period, want both freshness and probability. Mr. Irvine's writings are literally *anachronisms*. He comes to England for the first time; and being on the spot, fancies himself in the midst of those characters and manners which he had read of in the

[55] XXXI (March 1825) 473.

Spectator and other approved authors, and which were the only idea he had hitherto formed of the parent country. Instead of looking round to see what *we are* he sets to work to describe us as *we were* —at second hand. . . . Instead of tracing the changes that have taken place in society since Addison or Fielding wrote, he transcribes their account in a different handwriting, and thus keeps us stationary, at least in our most attractive and praiseworthy qualities of simplicity, honesty, hospitality, modesty, and good nature. This is a very flattering mode of turning fiction into history, or history into fiction; and we should scarcely know ourselves again in the softened and altered likeness, but that it bears the date of 1820, and issues from the press in Albemarle street. This is one way of complimenting our national and Tory prejudices; and coupled with literal or exaggerated portraits of *Yankee* peculiarities, could hardly fail to please. The first essay in the *Sketch-Book*, that on National Antipathies, is the best; but after that, the sterling ore of wit or feeling is gradually spun thinner and thinner, till it fades to the shadow of a shade. Mr. Irvine is himself, we believe, a most agreeable and deserving man, and has been led into the natural and pardonable error we speak of, by the tempting bait of European popularity, in which he thought there was no more likely method of succeeding than by imitating the style of our standard authors, and giving us credit for the virtues of our forefathers.

In the *Plain Speaker*[56] (1826) Hazlitt remarks with a gratuitous display of feeling:

A splendid edition of Goldsmith has been lately got up under the superintendence of Mr. Washington Irvine [sic], with a preface and a portrait of each author. By what concatination of ideas that gentleman arrived at the necessity of placing his own portrait before a collection of Goldsmith's works, one must have been early imprisoned in transatlantic solitudes to understand.

A man of Hazlitt's experience surely knew that matters like this are usually ordered by the publisher.

[56]*Collected Works*, VII, 311n.

CHAPTER V

COOPER

The second American writer to attract particular attention in England was James Fenimore Cooper. In many critical journals from 1822 to 1833 he occupies even a more prominent place than does Irving—partly because he was a more prolific writer, and partly because his works, at least his frontier stories, were more unusual, and to the popular mind better representative of America. Moreover, during a great part of this time Cooper was in Europe, where he was unfortunate enough to gain the reputation of being somewhat blatant in his expressions of Americanism; so that an element of personal and political hostility was sometimes injected into the criticism even of his non-political works.

Cooper's novel *Precaution* was published in America in 1820. It was the first of his writings, great or small, to be given to the press; and at the time he was more than thirty years old, and wholly unversed in the ways of authorship. *Precaution* was a story of English society life, purporting to be written by an Englishman, and conveying the moral that persons about to marry should consider particularly the religious faith of their future partners in life. It belongs to a class of fiction now long out of fashion. Cooper's biographer, writing nearly forty years ago, speaks as if it were a failure from the first. Yet it had a remarkable history, which is not fully explained. The story, as has been said, was written as if by an Englishman, and was published anonymously in New York. It was reprinted by Colburn in London, also, of course, without an author's name. There is a tradition that the London publisher believed it to be the work of an English lady of rank. How this could well have been true, if the book were reproduced from a copy with an American imprint, is not easy to see; but whatever the pub-

lisher knew, none of the English reviewers of the tale seems to have had any idea of its transatlantic origin. *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*[1] said:

> This work will please both young and old. The former will like it because it is full of marriages, and the latter because it inculcates, in every page, the value of *precaution* in entering on the matrimonial state. . . .
>
> As, however, it is always more agreeable to commend than to censure, we will gladly leave our examination of the author's style, to enter upon his delineation of character—in which we think him extremely happy, and likely to become still more so, when the habit of writing shall enable him to express his conceptions with facility equal to their spirit. . . .
>
> The Jarvis family, the Challertons, and the Moseley's are all well drawn, and sufficiently distinguished from each other, without any unnatural attempts at forcible contrast. The incidents keep up an equal, if not a very forcible degree of interest, and altogether, the author displays talents for novel-writing which will undoubtedly secure him the approbation of the public, if, in his future works, he can divest himself of a certain formality of style, which perhaps is, in the present instance, occasioned by too great an anxiety, that none of his "usefulness" shall be lost for want of being set forth with, what he may conceive, becoming sententiousness and diction.

Colburn's Magazine might be suspected of partiality; but the *Gentleman's Magazine*[2] gives equal commendation:

> This is a spirited performance although not equally so throughout; as a work of entertainment it claims a distinguished place amid this species of publications. It is no small praise to say, that it will repay the attention requisite to its development; for, in the multiplicity of characters to which we are introduced some confusion and obscurity must arise; yet these characters are well sustained; and upon the whole, the story is conducted with ease and consistency through various scenes in domestic life, all tending to prove the great importance of early education, in cultivating religious and moral principles.

The *Monthly Review Enlarged*[3] is less favorable. The reviewer says: "Although the plan of this novel may be regarded as good, yet it is not sufficiently developed to be useful." He further complains that some of the incidents are improbable,

[1] III (March, 1821) 132.
[2] XCI (April, 1821) 345.
[3] XCV (June, 1821) 211.

and that there are errors in English, some of them "daring defiances of common grammar." The charges against the English may be explained by the fact that the proof-reading on the American book was execrable, owing perhaps to the author's inexperience; so that Cooper himself said, in his preface to the second edition, that whole passages were rendered unintelligible. But this English criticism raises a more interesting question than that of stylistic purity. Cooper's experience in England before 1820 had been limited to a few days of shore leave in London when, in preparation for a commission in the navy, he was serving as a common sailor on an American ship anchored in the Thames. How was it that while the American visitor today is often perplexed over minor matters of rank and usage in the English social system, this inexperienced writer could manage his company of nobles, gentry, clergy and military men and make no blunder that would betray to Englishmen themselves his alien origin? In this respect, at least, *Precaution* was an achievement; and it is also interesting as one of the few American works that was reviewed exactly like any English book.

With the *Spy*, Cooper began his long list of novels with American settings. The *Spy* was a tale of the American Revolution, and as such naturally showed the British troops and their commanders in a light not always flattering. This fact seems, however, to have militated little against its popularity in England. It was published there in 1822, but a few months after it appeared at home, and was widely reviewed.

Colburn's New Monthly Magazine[4] lists the *Spy* under "New Publications," and gives it as "By the author of *Precaution*," but makes no comment. A little later the *Monthly Censor*[5] speaks with great fairness of its treatment of matters on which an Englishman might well be sensitive:

> The period to which this novel refers is one of the most unfortunate and least honourable to Britain, in modern history; to America it is the reverse; and as the work is apparently the production of a native of the latter country, with a due share of national partiality, the English reader will not always fully enter into the feelings of the author, and will hardly forgive the preference which he shows. The tale is well chosen for the purpose of conveying an idea of the

[4] VI (April, 1822) 173.
[5] I (June, 1822) 114.

character of the warfare, and the habits of the republican army. It abounds with variety of incident; and possesses the higher merit of inculcating no principles except those of honour and morality. We know not whether its portraits of American manners be correct; they are certainly not very inviting.

At about the same time the *Monthly Literary Register*[6] prints a curious review which, almost without exception, praises the novel for the things which later critics have pronounced weakest.

With some of the characters in this novel we are particularly pleased. The laughter and liberty-loving Frances is equal to most of the fair forms which have been held up to our admiration by some of the best writers in this class of literature. The quiet portraits of Mr. Wharton and Miss Jeannette Peyton are well drawn. . . . There are scenes of great pathos and sentiment in the book. There is likewise a pleasant sprinkling of the gay and humorous—for which we are principally indebted to the company of a Scotch doctor of medicine, who is the surgeon of Major Dunwoodie's troop, Betty Flanagan, (the widow of a trooper,) who follows the camp, and an American Serjeant Hollister. These personages are evidently favourites with the author, and, when such is the case, they can hardly fail to be so with the reader. . . .

The martial descriptions naturally occurring from the scene of the story are well given. . . .

It is likewise no small praise to add, that the best interests of virtue and religion are practically advocated in its pages. The sketches of American scenery and manners are touched with an able hand; and the style throughout is light and agreeable. . . . Some of the dialogues, however, are too long—the Doctor, for instance, is with us too often: . . . there is this fault, that we see no distinct hero in the piece. . . . This general fault, however, is redeemed by the talent of the author; and we sincerely recommend THE SPY to the acquaintance of our readers.

The *Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review*[7] predicts increasing popularity for the book in Great Britain, and says the author "has proved himself a worthy successor of the author of 'Carwin' and 'Edward [sic] Huntley.'" It continues: "The *Spy* is truly a national tale, and is founded on some events which occurred in that noble struggle by which America became independent." Furthermore, "It possesses no ordinary

[6] I (June, 1822) 121.
[7] IV (July 6, 1822) 421.

merit," and "in the interest of the plot, the vigour and liveliness of its description, and in the correct delineation of the various characters, the *Spy* is one of the best novels that we have met with."

The notice in the *New Edinburgh Review*[8] illustrates the condescending manner of criticism which applies different standards to English and to American writers.

> This publication has two claims to our notice—it is an American work of fancy, and it is a tale of America. Its absolute merit might not otherwise have attracted our attention; for it is as well to say at once that it must not be measured by the gigantic standard, of such compositions, appealed to in this country. But we should have hailed it, even had it possessed less merit than it does, both because it is a lively picture of American life, and because it is another offering to the muses, in a country where *that* culture is too new to have as yet greatly improved national manners and sentiments, or shed much of its benign influence either on domestic or foreign relations. The "Sketch Book" has roused us, on this side of the water, to a new interest in the progress of transatlantic talent, taste, and genius. From internal evidence, we can judge that "the Spy" is by a different hand, and we are glad of it; for we love to see, not only the proofs multiplied of the intellectual and moral exaltation of the American people, but the channels diversified for the kindly flow of that genuine sympathy between the mother country and her forisfamiliated offspring, for which a generous rivalry and cordial intercourse of genius and taste is but another name. It is, therefore, we should hold American *failures*, [sic] even worthy of our attention, and every attempt entitled to our critical aid and indulgent judgment.

After a summary of the story, and long extracts, the article proceeds with a searching analysis of the author's qualities, which was probably not intended to be unfriendly. It decides that the story is not very interesting, but adds: "We are, nevertheless, disposed to ascribe to it a very considerable share of merit, and, although in some places it is rather forced, upon the whole, it carries the reader agreeably along from its commencement to its conclusion." It considers that "The author appears, however, to care less about a representation of American manners, than an exaltation of American character," though it concedes that "The picture, if overcharged, will at

[8] III (Oct. 1822) 345.

least serve the purpose of a standard for the American character in the future, and, we may add, we could not wish our own countrymen likewise a better example." Cooper is said to be unfair in the portrayal of English characters. There are serious defects in his plot, and "None of the events chosen are of a striking kind"; "there is not one grand passage in the three volumes." There is also "a considerable deficiency in poetical thought." Of Harvey Birch, it is admitted, "The conception is new." Finally, "Had not the Scotish [sic] Novels led the way, it would never have been imagined."

The *Ladies Monthly Museum*[9] begins a review: "This is an American novel, a species of literary commodity which a few years ago was very rare, and, at the same time, very worthless. But the case is now materially altered." Continuing, it compares Cooper with Smollett, as was often done in discussions of the sea tales, and praises his work, but complains:

> In almost all the productions of American intellect, which it has fallen to our lot to examine, there has been a certain coarseness both of sentiment and expression, indicative of the general state of society in the country in which they originate. This forms the principal drawback on the merit of these volumes, which, though not equal to the fascinating narratives of Mr. Washington Irving, will not suffer from a comparison with those of his coadjutor, the author of Koningsmarke.

Later references to the *Spy* occur incidentally in articles on other subjects, and in reviews of groups of Cooper's novels. John Neal, in his comments on American writers in *Blackwood's*[10] is characteristically off-hand, saying: The *Spy*—the most popular novel ever produced in the country, by a native, is very good—as a whole: but rather too full of stage-tricks and clap-traps. The disguises; the pathos; the love-parts; the heroines—are all contemptible. In other matters, it is a capital novel." The *British Critic*[11] in a long article on eight novels by Neal, Paulding, and Cooper, calls the portrayal of Colonel Wellmere ridiculous, but adds: "With the exception of this piece of bad judgment, Mr. Cooper, though touching on inflammable matter, has not over-stept the limits of that rea-

[9] Imp. Ser. XIX (March, 1824) 158.
[10] XVI (1824) 415.
[11] II (July 1826) 406.

sonable partiality to his own country which he may fairly be allowed to feel." The reviewer especially commends the portrayal of Harvey Birch, saying with astuteness: "An inferior author would not have avoided making him much too gentlemanly for his business; but Mr. Cooper has kept him strictly down to his humble rank, and yet rendered him the most interesting person in the book."

A later edition of the *Spy* in Colburn's series of *Standard Novels* called forth a number of comments, mostly brief. The *Monthly Review*,[12] in a notice of several volumes of the series, says of the *Spy*: "Though unequal in its style and interest, it, nevertheless, deserves a place among modern standard novels." The *Atlas*[13] says:

> In some respects 'The Spy' is the best of COOPER'S novels. It presents a constant succession of dramatic, or rather melo-dramatic interest, and the series of events and mysteries with which it teems is kept up with unabated excitement to the last page. But it was ill-written. The manner of the author was occasionally stiff, and the dialogue was over loaded with uneasy expletives. In this edition those faults have been pretty generally amended, so that we have the original story in all its excellence, pruned of the deformities of style with which it was confessedly chargeable.

No collation has been made to show whether the new Colburn edition had been amended in any particular, but it is probable that there were no changes other than ordinary proofreader's alterations in punctuation, etc. The notice in *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*[14] contents itself with praising the typographical form of the book. An article on the *Water-Witch* in the *Spirit of Literature*[15] speaks of the *Spy* as the only novel in which Cooper has successfully handled humor, and adds:

> In the "Spy" Mr. Cooper found the secret of his strength. It lies in being Yankee to the back bone. His own countrymen, of course, like him the better for it; the French, Germans, and other *continentals*, take pleasure in it; and it is no disrecommendation with the English. His occasional abuse of the latter has the same

[12] n. and l. ser., Vol. II for 1831; (May) 145.
[13] VI (May 22, 1831) 348.
[14] XXXIII (Jan. 1831) 254.
[15] I (Oct. 30, 1830) 425.

effect. There is, perhaps, no more salable commodity in the world than abuse of the English.

The reviewer somewhat amusingly characterizes Birch as a man of low morals because he was guilty of deceiving the British.

According to the traditional account of its origin, the *Pilot* grew out of a discussion between Cooper and a group of friends over the identity of the Great Unknown. Cooper was insistently for Scott; his friends maintained that Scott could not have written the technically nautical parts of the *Pirate*, which had just appeared. Cooper, on the other hand, argued that the *Pirate* was just the sort of sea novel that a landsman would write; and to show how an experienced sailor might handle his material he wrote a novel himself. That he succeeded in producing a story very different from the *Pirate* is indicated by the fact that English critics of this book seldom compared him with Scott, but rather with Smollett—whom he may resemble in vividness, but not at all in plot, purpose, or temper.

The *Pilot* appeared almost simultaneously in England and America. The memory of John Paul Jones, who, though never named, is obviously the hero of the tale, still seemed opprobrious to many Englishmen; yet, as in case of the *Spy*, few critics allowed prejudices of this sort to warp their judgments of the work. The *Literary Museum*[16] in one of the earliest reviews of the *Pilot*, passes a friendly, but on the whole a very sane judgment:

The work, though blending history and fiction together, is drawn with so vivid a pen, as to approach nearer the former than the latter; and if not equal to the works of the author of Waverley in beauty of delineation, it is scarcely inferior in point of interest to the best of that favourite author's productions. There appears to be a freshness in Mr. Cooper's writing which we seldom meet with (nor can scarcely expect) in the present day when the fields of literature rarely present an uncultivated spot. We do not compare Mr. Cooper with our favourite Smollett; but it is no mean praise to say, that in many points he approaches nearer to that powerful writer than any author of the day. Like Smollett, his forte lies in sketching the stronger passions of our nature, and especially those which predominate in the character of seamen. His writings exhibit far more in-

[16] III (Jan. 31, 1824) 61.

vention, than accuracy or judgment in filling up; he is consequently not so successful as Mr. Washington Irving in beauty of style and purity of diction. But he is at the same time exempt from the coarseness of some of his countrymen.

The *Literary Gazette*[17] is faint in its praise, apparently not because the critic wishes to damn the book, but because he does not quite know what to make of it, and feels safer in being non-committal. He thinks it "will do credit to this class of literature in America"; and he finds "with a good deal to censure, much to praise. The story, for example, is altogether improbable; but some of the characters are admirably drawn." He finds the character of the Pilot, however, extravagant; and he remarks: "It was to be expected from an American writer, that all the Americans who figure on his pages should be heroes; and so they are." Long Tom, whom he designates as "the lower class hero of the piece," is "not unworthy of the pen of Smollett." In conclusion, the reviewer says: "In defiance of probability and many blemishes, there is so much force and originality in these volumes, that we dare say they will float for some time on the tide of public favour before they sink into Davy's Locker."

The notice in *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*[18] is almost wholly favorable. It characterizes the story as "a fine sea-piece, painted with a bold and vigorous pencil, [which] does great credit to the writer's powers, both of description and sentiment," and continues: "Although he has chosen the same element for the subject of his sketches which has furnished Smollett with so many happy delineations, yet there is nothing of the copiest in Mr. Cooper's pages." The only unsatisfactory character is the Pilot himself; "there is too much *Byronism* about him, if we may be allowed the expression." Long Tom is pronounced worthy of Scott.

The *Monthly Review Enlarged*[19] speaks of Jones as a pirate, and complains that the book tends "to perpetuate feelings of national animosity." The literary criticism is not, however, unduly biased:

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[17] VIII (Jan. 31) 77, and (Feb. 7, 1824) 83.
[18] XII (March 1824) 123.
[19] CIII (March 1824) 330.

The main object of the work is to display the character of that celebrated marauder, which is drawn and supported with skill; . . . The other characters are also ably delineated and spiritedly maintained, but, though a love-episode is introduced, the whole is such a decided naval picture consisting of so much actual nautical operation and manoeuvre, that we apprehend it will not be acceptable to the generality of novel-readers. For ourselves, however, though the writer defies the critics as mere *lubbers*, we can assure him that we have perused it with professional relish, and hail him as a thorough *seaman;* but we must add that if the manners and discipline of his officers be correctly represented as American, they are not such as prevail in the British navy.

Two years later[20] in the same journal a reviewer of the *Last of the Mohicans* incidentally remarks: "His *Pilot* is unquestionably the best romance of nautical adventure which our times have produced; and there is one scene in that tale—a sea-fight—which, if he had never written another line, would alone distinguish him for a writer of powerful description."

The *Universal Review*[21] is slightly patronizing and slightly oracular. The last sentence of the following paragraph suggests the question whether the reviewer knew of the *Spy* and the *Pioneers:*

Mr. Cooper, an American, who has been engaged in the sea service, is the author of these novels; and they are among the best productions of the kind, which that new land has sent forth to redeem its literature from the stain of mediocrity. Several of the scenes are well wrought; and some of the characters ably drawn. . . . Smollett is evidently the author's prototype, and we may give him the highest praise he could hope for, when we say, that in some instances he approaches his model. Whenever he lands, however, he is out of his element.

The *Lady's Magazine*[22] also makes comparisons with Smollett, but says, "yet the American writer is not a copiest, or a servile imitator." As was not unfrequent, it regards Long Tom as a far more successful character than the Pilot. The *British Critic*[23] in an article already quoted in connection with the *Spy*, likewise praises Long Tom, as well as the thrilling sailing pass-

[20] n. s. II (June, 1826) 122.
[21] I (May 1824) 382.
[22] V (Aug. 1822) 445.
[23] II (July 1826) 406.

ages, and finds the Pilot himself unsatisfactory. A reviewer of the *Water-Witch* in *Spirit of Literature*[24] pronounces the plot of the *Pilot* bad, but approves of Long Tom.

The appearance of the *Pilot* in Colburn's *Standard Novels* elicited brief notices from the *Atlas*,[25] the *Gentleman's Magazine*,[26] and the *Monthly Review*.[27] The two first named are perfunctory, and the last is indifferent:

> We are certainly no admirers of the "Pilot," and we candidly confess that we have made many attempts to read it, but never could succeed. We know others who have been placed in a similar predicament. But still the "voice of fame" has lauded this work to the skies; and though we cannot admit that, in this instance at least, it has been "unerring" it has convinced many readers that the "Pilot" is a capital novel.

In view of the relative importance of the *Pilot* among Cooper's works, and the interest in a story of the sea that might naturally be expected of Englishmen, the criticisms of the romance are a little disappointing, both in number and in seriousness.[28] Scott's comment in a letter to Miss Edgeworth[29] dated February 24, 1824, though not published at the time, is interesting:

> I have seen a new work, the Pilot, by the author of the Spy and Pioneer [sic]. The hero is the celebrated Paul Jones, whom I well

[24] I (Oct. 30, 1830) 425.

[25] VI (March 20, 1831) 188.

[26] CI (1831) 609.

[27] n. and i. ser. Vol. II for 1831: 145 (May).

[28] The *Hive* III (1824) 324, prints one of the sea-fights from the *Pilot*, crediting it to "An American"; the *Drama*, n. s. I: 271, mentions a dramatization of the *Pilot* acted at the Adelphi theatre, London. This notice implies that it was a poor piece. Scott notes in his diary for Oct. 21, 1826 (Lockhart, *Life of Scott*, p. 640): "Hurried away to see honest Dan Terry's theatre, called the Adelphic, where we saw the *Pilot* from the American novel of that name. It is extremely popular, the dramatist having seized on the whole story, and turned the odious and ridiculous parts, assigned by the original author to the British, against the Yankees themselves. There is a quiet effrontery in this, that is of a rare and peculiar character. The Americans were so much displeased, that they attempted a row—which rendered the piece doubly attractive to the seamen at Wapping, who came up and crowded the house night after night, to support the honour of the British flag. After all, we must deprecate whatever keeps up ill-will between America and the mother country; and we, in particular, should avoid awakening painful recollections. Our high situation enables us to condemn petty insults, and to make advances towards cordiality. I was, however, glad to see Dan's theatre as full seemingly as it could hold.

[29] Lockhart, *Life of Scott*, p. 520.

remember advancing above the island of Inchkeith with three small vessels to lay Leith under contribution. . . . However, the novel is a very clever one, and the sea scenes and characters in particular are admirably drawn; and I advise you to read it as soon as possible.

Of the five "Leatherstocking Tales" on which so much of the fame of Cooper rests, the *Pioneers,* the *Last of the Mohicans,* and the *Prairie* appeared before 1833. The *Pioneers* had been published by Murray in 1823, a little earlier than the *Pilot.* The *British Magazine, or Miscellany of Polite Literature*[30] recalls the success of the *Spy* and comments on the promptness with which Murray has published this work, before saying:

Putting Geoffrey Crayon aside—who, by the way, is as little of an American in all his writings, save one, as we ourselves—the author of the Pioneers is the most original and the best author that the United States of America have produced. Besides possessing many requisites which fit him for the vocation of a novelist, he has had the discretion and the good taste to seek the materials of his tales in those scenes and characters of his native country which have been hitherto unexplored, and which add to their intrinsic attractions the rare charm of perfect novelty. . . . In Mr. Cooper's descriptions we are at once presented with characters and habits so probable, and so like to the modes into which such society as that of America would most probably fall, that their authenticity is believed at once, and their singular originality is in the highest degree amusing. The scenery of the remote settlements is too extensive and too monotonous to give much room for pleasing description, but the inhabitants of those districts are full of variety.

The usual charge of indebtedness to Scott appears in this form:

It is in every respect an imitation of the author of Waverley; and if Mr. Cooper is beneath the Great Unknown in information, in polish, and in skill, he approaches him nearer than any of his other imitators, in originality of subject, and in the spirit with which he has executed his task.

The article on the *Pioneers* in the *Literary Gazette*[31] is of the sort which that periodical often devoted to American works, with faint praise expressed, and much condemnation implied. It says that "Vivid pictures of American scenery, customs and

[30] I (April, 1823) 65.
[31] VII (Oct. 18, 1823) 661.

people, give the *Pioneers* an interest which is not to be found in the tale itself. . . . It is rather as a series of animated sketches, which would do credit to any tourist's note-book, than as a novel, that the work before us is entitled to commendation." "Some of the characters," the critic admits, "are very well drawn," and "are touched with much comic power"; and some of the scenes "are excellent in their humour." Among the selections included in the article are the descriptions of such erratic characters as Ben Pump, Remarkable Pettibone, and Dr. Todd, introduced by the remark: "We must add to these passages two or three portraits, not likenesses, we trust, for the credit of American countenances, just as a sample of this author's taste for painting the human face divine."

A very rambling review in the *Newcastle Magazine*[32] says of the *Pioneers*: "This is one of the most interesting novels we ever read; and considering that many months have not elapsed since the *Edinburgh Review* asked in a tone of sarcastic triumph, 'Who reads an American book?' it is one of the most remarkable specimens of literary proficiency that ever crossed the Atlantic to be republished and admired by the mother country." It predicts that the *Pioneers* will be more valued than the *Spy* "in proportion as its subject is more peculiarly American"; and objects only to a few Americanisms.

Neal, in his *Blackwood* notes on American writers[33] devotes a few scrappy comments to the *Pioneers*, characterizing it as "a heavy piece of repetition in all the best characters: some noble scenes; and a pretty considerable share of lead. Leatherstocking is true—we have known such a fellow." The *British Critic*[34] in its discussion of a group of American novels mentions the *Pioneers* as "the work which English taste seems generally to distinguish as the best of Mr. Cooper's series of novels," and says "It has secured for him, by tacit consent, an admission to those rights and honours of our own body corporate of literature, of which no other American except Washington Irving can boast." Later in the same article the reviewer says that the *Pioneers* with its frontier life,

[32] III (Jan. 1824) 35.
[33] XVI (1824).
[34] II (July 1826) 406.

imparts a dignity to the ordinary occurrences of life, which the Germans, with Goethe at their head, in vain attempt to transfer to an old country full of butchers, bakers, and gens d'armerie, and frowzy plebian indulgences.

In an infant state of society like that described in "The Pioneers," the character of the old hunter stands out, as it is intended to do, in bolder relief than any of the other persons, including the beautiful and high-spirited Elizabeth Temple herself. Like Birch the pedlar, and Tom Coffin, he is the real hero of the scene in which he appears; and, indeed, the points of resemblance between the seaman and the backwoodsman are numerous, in spite of their totally different vocations. Both are original conceptions of men engaged in hardy and adventurous pursuits, but as undebased by the contact of their species as was Adam in his primitive simplicity.

Though the *Pioneers* seems to have been widely read in England, the *Monthly Magazine or British Register*[35] in a notice of a second edition remarks on it as a work "very little known in this country, but written as everybody knows who attends to these matters, by the author of the *Prairie*." The article continues: "The story is quite a subordinate matter, though always directly subservient to this main purpose—to exhibit the progress of a 'clearing' "; and says that "The attempts at humour are of the Smollett cast, and not unsuccessful." In 1832 the *Kaleidoscope*,[36] which had reproduced so much of Irving's work, gave a long cutting from the *Pioneers* with a favorable but unimportant note on Cooper.

A nominal review of the *Water-Witch* in the *Spirit of Literature*[37] discussed briefly each of Cooper's novels that had appeared. It considered the *Pioneers* as less successful than the *Spy*, though it could give no satisfactory reason for the inferior ranking. It said: "This tale contains more sketches of the manners and customs of America than all the rest of these novels put together; and we cannot but regret that the want of patronage and experience drove the author back to the 'blood-and-thunder system.' "

On the appearance of the *Last of the Mohicans* in 1826 the *Literary Gazette*[38] was for once thoroughly friendly toward an American book:

[35] n. s. IV (July 1827) 84.
[36] n. s. III, 313.
[37] I (Oct. 30, 1830) 425.
[38] X (April 1, 1826) 198.

This is not the first time we have had to express our very cordial approval of Mr. Cooper's productions; and the volumes before us will, we think, do anything but diminish the just reputation of the American novelists. Never was the character, the original and interesting character, of the native Indians so well, so truly, and so vividly drawn as in his pages. . . . The narrative part of the present work is wrought up with unfluctuating interest; but certainly the skill with which the characters are drawn and developed, is where the author's talents have been the most strikingly successful.

The article concludes: "If unabating interest, vivid portraiture of character, most admirable scenic description, if these are criterions of talents, we may then most cordially recommend the *Last of the Mohicans* to our readers."

The *Panoramic Miscellany: or Monthly Magazine and Review*[39] classes the *Last of the Mohicans*, perhaps inadvertently, under "Domestic Literature." It remarks that the Indian furnishes admirable literary material, and says:

The author of the present work appears to have been fully aware of this; and, in availing himself of the knowledge derived from history, tradition, and personal observation, has presented the world with a work abounding in originality. In his preface, indeed, he disclaims all pretence of invention, and professes his work to be "a mere narrative." But, however, [sic] this may be, or in whatever proportions fact and fiction may be mingled, it is, at any rate, a narrative so well worked up, that the narrator is entitled to claim all the merit of authorship. . . .

We consider these volumes, therefore, as supplying a desideratum, not only in *novelist*, but in historical literature.

Hawkeye, the writer of this article pronounces "a masterpiece of delineation seldom equalled."

The *London Magazine* for May, 1826,[40] attacks Cooper in three or four pages of cheap and slangy ridicule which, judging from internal evidence, were probably written by John Neal. A short sample will be sufficient:

The "Last of the Mohicans" is clearly by much the worst of Mr. Cooper's performances. He has for several years past littered annually, and in fecundity at least, if in no rarer quality, has proved himself a genuine descendant of his great English father, beyond the salt-water lake.

[39] I (April 1826) 533.
[40] n. s. V 27.

The *Monthly Review*[41] in a long article which will be quoted elsewhere, says of the *Last of the Mohicans:* "These adventures are conceived with vivid invention, and the circumstances are told with amazing animation and force of description." The chief defect is that "The second volume resembles the first, and the third is a repetition of the second"; and "The *denouement* is altogether rendered needlessly *tragical.*" The *New London Literary Gazette*[42] speaks of the increasing fame of Cooper, and pronounces him, while not equal to Scott, superior to most of his imitators. Of the *Last of the Mohicans* it says: "Whoever reads this beautiful tale cannot fail to admire it." The *Liverpool Repository*[43] is strongly impressed by Cooper's respect for religion. It remarks that he perhaps excels Scott in giving "information and instruction," and that he does not bandy about Biblical texts as Scott sometimes does.

The reviews of the *Prairie* were not very numerous, or, on the whole, very important. The articles in the *Monthly Magazine or British Register,*[44] the *Liverpool Gazette,*[45] and the *Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review*[46] all consist mostly of selections. They speak of the interest inherent in the material Cooper has chosen, and compliment him on his success in handling it. The *Literary Chronicle* says:

> The author of the Spy and the Pilot is of a school all his own, both by the ingenuity of his narrative and the beauty and freshness of his descriptions. His great excellence, however, is in the touches with which he gives prominence to the features most peculiar to the people he characterizes, or the scenes he describes.

In direct opposition to the view of Cooper's characteristics taken by the *Literary Chronicle* is the opinion expressed in the *Monthly Review,*[47] which says of the romances: "Their prevailing defect is in their dramatis personae.—They have no moral characteristics, and their physical peculiarities, aided by costume and artificial manners, shew them like men in a mas-

[41] n. s. II (June 1826) 122.
[42] I (Aug. 25, 1827) 182.
[43] I (July, Aug., 1826) 384, 448.
[44] n. s. III (June 1827) 650.
[45] XI (June 2, 1827) 340.
[46] IX (1827) 291, 345.
[47] n. s. V (July, 1827) 426.

querade." Dr. Batt is especially condemned. The same article finds defects in the plot of the *Prairie,* and thinks the whole rather flat, though it approves the portrayal of the Indians, and the descriptions. A writer on *Tales of Indian Life* in *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*[48] discusses Chateaubriand's *The Nachez,* and Cooper's *Prairie.* Of Cooper he speaks admiringly, but with discrimination, saying, "He has small portion of that sympathy with the beautiful, none of the delicacy, none of the humour, none of the chivalrous grace, which belong to the novelist of Scotland; but his pictures of scenery are more vast, more vivid, more true"; and, "He is not [Nature's] priest, but her secretary and copiest." The critic further praises Cooper's descriptions, and complains of his lack of humor. Another writer in *Colburn's,* the author of the sketch of Cooper in the series "Living Literary Characters,"[49] says that "A large proportion of the critics have decided in favor of 'The Prairie' as the finest of all the American novels." Other incidental references to the *Prairie* in *Colburn's,* perhaps from the same hand, take a similar view. The *Spirit of Literature*[50] in a review of the *Water-Witch* pronounces the *Prairie* very bad in all respects.

The *Spy,* the *Pilot,* and the three *Leatherstocking Tales* already mentioned are the early romances of Cooper which have best endured the judgment of time. Some of the tales which now seem unimportant received even more space in the critical journals. Those which appeared before 1833 were *Lionel Lincoln,* the *Red Rover,* the *Borderers,*[51] the *Bravo,* the *Heidenmauer,* and the *Headsman.*

Lionel Lincoln, which came out a little before the *Last of the Mohicans,* was an historical novel of the Revolution, and was planned to do for Massachusetts what the *Spy* had done for New York. It was, relatively, a failure in America, and neither its political implications nor its literary merits were likely to win it friends in England. Within a few months of its appearance it was reviewed in the *Literary Gazette,*[52] the

[48] XX (1827) 77.
[49] XXXI (1831) 356.
[50] I (Oct. 30, 1830) 425.
[51] This was the title given in England to *The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish.*
[52] IX (March 5, 1825) 149.

Nepenthes,[53] and the *Monthly Critical Gazette.*[54] All these notices renew the comparison between Cooper and Scott. The *Literary Gazette* accuses Cooper of having too good an opinion of himself, ridicules him for his display of patriotism and for his presumption in speaking of Lexington and Bunker Hill as "battles," and pronounces the plot improbable. The *Nepenthes* criticises the lack of truth to nature in the character-drawing, but on the whole commends the book, describing Cooper as "the nearest representative of the Great Unknown that has ventured to tread in the same line." The *Monthly Critical Gazette* begins by saying that Cooper "is as popular among his countrymen as Sir Walter Scott *has* been in Great Britain," and after granting that the *Spy* and the *Pilot* show genius of the very first order continues: "We lament exceedingly that he has been induced, from any motive whatever, to commit a sort of suicide upon his own literary reputation, by smothering upon this occasion the original genius with which nature has gifted him, in order to become a servile copiest of what has ever been considered and proclaimed by us to be a bad model." The reviewer further charges the romancer with rekindling political animosities against Great Britain. John Neal, in an article on *Late American Books,* in *Blackwood's*[55] is severe in his denunciation of the tale. The reviewer of the *Water-Witch* in *Spirit of Literature*[56] thinks the plot of *Lionel Lincoln* is bad on the whole, and says: "It is singular enough that the author, all throughout most zealous for the honour of his country, makes in this novel an idiot and a madman two principal actors in the cause of American independence. Pretty supporters, truly!" *The Gentleman's Magazine*[57] gives a new edition in Colburn's *Standard Novels* a brief notice, with a little praise for Cooper in general rather than for this particular book.

The *Red Rover,* the second of the sea tales, was a worthier piece of work than *Lionel Lincoln;* and indeed some modern critics would insist that it belongs in the same class as the *Pilot.* The earliest English notices seem to be those in four

[53] I (March 12, 1825) 68.
[54] II (April 1825) 457.
[55] XVIII (Sept. 1825) 317.
[56] I (Oct. 30, 1830) 425.
[57] CII (Sept. 1832) 629.

London journals[58] which bear the same date, December 8, 1827. The *Literary Chronicle* says the work "will exalt the reputation even of the author of the *Pilot*"; though it holds that Cooper has no power except in sea tales; "His landsmen are weak and shadowy creatures." The *New London Literary Gazette* is on the whole friendly. It decides that the new work has beauties of the same order as those of the *Pilot*, but not in the same degree. It pronounces the heroes and heroines unnatural, though the subordinate characters are well sketched; and it thinks the nautical descriptions over-done. Both the *Literary Gazette* and the *London Weekly Review* devote more space to Cooper's work in general than to the book under review. The former thinks the *Red Rover* superior to the *Pilot*, in spite of the fact that the ending of the story is as bad as it could well be. The *Weekly Review* says: "The *Red Rover* is one of the best novels of the present day, notwithstanding that the plot is defective, and the principal characters are commonplace"; and "The author of Waverley may have written better, but he has also written worse tales than the *Red Rover*." A notice in the *Lady's Magazine*[59] is perfunctory and unimportant; it inclines to be favorable. An article in the *London Magazine*[60] is somewhat patronizing, but praises Cooper for his pictures of the sea and his sailor characters. Its final judgment is that the *Red Rover*, as a story, "is undoubtedly a puerile affair . . . ; but the portions of it which are good at all, are truly admirable displays of power." The leading article in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* for August 29, 1829[61] discusses seven of Cooper's novels, and ranks the *Red Rover* as the best of all. The *Monthly Magazine or British Register*[62] praises with some extravagance, pronouncing the book "the work of a master-hand," and saying that the descriptions of the storm and of the sea-chase "have never been equalled."

The American novelist is Sir Walter Scott's perfect equal in very many respects. For the most part they both of them act wisely

[58] *Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review*, IX, 770; *New London Literary Gazette*, I, 417; *Literary Gazette*, XI, 787; *London Weekly Review*, I, 419.
[59] n. s. IX (Jan. 1828) 13.
[60] n. s. X (Jan. 1828) 101.
[61] II, 170.
[62] n. s. V (Feb. 1828) 187.

and warily; they work on their own grounds, and keep within the limits of their own experience. . . . . He [Cooper] could not have written the tales of Scott, nor could Scott have written those of Cooper. Sir Walter has indeed ventured, and in the opinion of numbers talked learnedly of storms and battles; but it must be a grudging, or a timid, or a despicable spirit that refuses to admit Cooper's superiority.

The criticisms of the *Water-Witch,* the next of the sea tales, may well be considered in connection with those of the *Red Rover,* though the *Borderers* intervened between the two books. The tone of some of these criticisms is accounted for by the fact that Cooper's controversial writings and utterances had come into notice in England, and critics who were influenced by personal and political considerations approached his romances with an adverse predilection.

A long review in the *Athenæum*[63] is devoted largely to Cooper's work in general rather than to the *Water-Witch,* which it fears "will not realize our readers' expectations." The article in the *Spirit of Literature*[64] also gives more space to other works of Cooper than to the one that is being reviewed. Of this it has a poor opinion. It calls the *Water-Witch* a mere 'doppelganger' of the *Red Rover;*—which, to be sure it describes as "certainly a first-rate novel"; makes much of Cooper's tendency to repeat himself; attacks the moral ideas of the chief characters in the story, as regards smuggling; and accuses the author of introducing English characters for the mere sake of making them wicked. Indeed, the work is, in the view of the writer, "one which will lower Mr. Cooper's fame, and which is wholly unworthy of the public patronage."

The review in the *Literary Gazette*[65] is very typical of that journal. It begins by saying that "A very romantic but interesting narrative, a mystery well kept up, and two or three exciting scenes written in Mr. Cooper's best manner, will ensure 'a wet sail and a flowing sea' to the *Water-Witch* on the tide of public favour." It complains, however, as did several other reviewers, that "The whole mummery of the *Water-Witch* . . . . . carries absurdity to its extent." After remarking that

[63] [III] (Oct. 23, 1830) 658.
[64] I (Oct. 30, 1830) 425.
[65] XIV (Oct. 23, 1830) 685.

smugglers are really very debased persons, but Mr. Cooper makes his smugglers gentlemen, it continues, in explanation: "We believe the secret of this lies in the commerce they injure being British." Further extracts will show more clearly the tone of the review.

In an American writer, a predilection for his own land, a wish to uphold her excellence, is not only justifiable—it is commendable: but let this be done in good faith, and not by false, malicious and underhand attacks on another country. In every page Mr. Cooper's hostility to England breaks out: her religion, her laws, her loyalty, her national pride, are incessantly held up for ridicule and insult.

When historical personages are depicted, we are now accustomed to look for historical accuracy; and we see no reason why Queen Anne should have a cousin conjured up merely to be abused. . . . We think Mr. Cooper's sneers at a country which he may thank for all his literary success, are equally contemptible and ungrateful. We have only one question to ask—If, as he asserts, America has taken the lead in the march of improvement, what brings him on this side of the Atlantic? We quote his own words and ask, "Under a system broad, liberal, and just," as that of America, how does it happen that an American author brings out his work with an English publisher, and looks to an English public for fame and profit?"

The *Edinburgh Literary Journal*[66] says of the *Water-Witch:*

Many of the characters in this novel are, taking them as individual sketches, admirably conceived. The Alderman, the sailing-master in the cruiser . . . . are splendid and masterly portraits. The *Water-Witch* too is a most beautiful contrast to the ship of the *Red Rover*. . . . .

Still, with all these recommendations, we must say that there is a want of originality and of pervading depth of feeling in the texture of the story. The involvement of the plot is an arbitrary decree of the author—it does not seem to spring necessarily from the workings of human passions. . . . . The great charm of this novel, as in others of the author's best unquestionably derives itself from his unequalled conversance with the power and presence of the great waters—from the magical sway he exercises over the spirits of the sea. This is a department of literature which he has struck out for himself, and in which he knows no equal. . . . .

Let him only seek to people his water-borne palaces with beings as real as his elements. Let him be on the waters what Sir Walter is on the land.

[66] IV (Nov. 6, 1830) 290.

In conclusion: "Take him for all in all, Cooper will ever rank among the best novel-writers of the age."

The *Atlas*,[67] after a comparison between Cooper and Scott says that all the sea novels of Cooper are much alike, and goes on:

> Still there is a fascination in the descriptions of the deep, and the arts of nautical life, that cannot be resisted. Although the *Water-Witch* is a counterpart of the *Red Rover*, it is nevertheless perused with new pleasure. The power with which the scenes on the waste of waters are depicted, and the living interest with which Cooper invests every particle of a ship, as if it were all an intelligent being, cannot be excelled, and has never been reached by any author with whom we are acquainted. For these qualities his novels will live with the language, for we may look in vain elsewhere for pictures so vivid, so faithful, and so intelligible.
>
> When we last had occasion to speak of this gentleman, we observed that he had considerably improved in the art of managing his plots. Here is a fresh proof of it. The plot of the *Water-Witch*, destitute as it is of novelty, is cleverly contrived. It is sufficiently well put together for giving a purpose to the sea scenes, which is its principal value; and it is not deformed by those vulgarisms and perplexities in relation that spoiled the *Spy*, which is the best of all his novels, dramatically considered. . . .
>
> The parting scene on the beach is highly dramatic, and well wrought. We cannot close these volumes without expressing our admiration of the regularity of the narrative.

The superstitious machinery of the story is pronounced rather cheap, but the criticism closes on a note of commendation.

The *Monthly Magazine*[68] agrees with several other critics that the *Water-Witch* is much like the *Red Rover*, but says: "The novelist of the seas—produce what he will in the shape of tales—must always be readable; not that he ever makes a good tale, but because he paints his own element, and all that floats upon it, so admirably."

In the *Family Magazine*[69] *Camden* (an American novel) and the *Water-Witch* are discussed in "The Literary Coterie," a dialogue after the manner of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. *Camden* is preferred, because the author "is not so anti-English as

[67] V (Nov. 14, 1830) 747.
[68] n. s. X (Dec. 1830) 699.
[69] II, 281.

Cooper, who paints every Englishman in black, keeping all his gay colours to bedeck his favourite Americans."

But the *Water-Witch* is a work of much higher pretensions than *Camden*, and, as the scene is laid in the early part of the 18th century, when the interests of America and England were united, . . . our *amor patriae* is not offended, as it is in the *Spy*, the *Pilot*, &c., by unjust allusions to the land we love. The story too is interesting, the incidents are well-selected, the characters well drawn, and the scenes on the ocean—Cooper's own element—are spirit-stirring and exciting in the highest degree.

A review in the *Gentleman's Magazine*[70] seems, so far as can be judged by internal evidence, to have been written by some one who was ignorant of the American authorship of the book. The patriotic conclusions drawn from the tale are in amusing contrast to the remarks of some other critics. "Greater actions," the writer observes, "are to be found among the British sailors during one single war, than in the whole Iliad"; and in particular: "In incident this novel has frequently all the grandeur of an epic poem. . . . . No critic in regard to this fine novel, can be addressed with 'Cease rude Boreas, blustering railer,' but long before he has gone through it, he and all readers will break out involuntarily with 'Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the waves.'" An article on *American Life and Manners* in *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*[71] praises the *Water-Witch* along with a half-dozen other American works.

The *Wept of Wish-ton-wish,* or as it was named in England the *Borderers,* was not from the first one of Cooper's most popular works, though it had elements of strength. Reviewers of the book who were well-disposed toward the author spoke mainly of his earlier writings, while others made comparisons to the disadvantage of the tale. The *Athenæum*[72] pronounced the two first volumes of the *Borderers* Cooper's dullest, "and yet his capacity for being dull is not small"; in the last volume it found some merit. Of the characters it said: "All the civilized beings introduced into this novel are feeble, tame, and unsatisfactory," though "In his Indian characters

[70] CI (Aug. 1831) 152.
[71] XXXI (1831) 42.
[72] [II] (Oct. 14, 1829) 642.

Mr. Cooper is as successful as ever." Two years later the dramatic section of the same journal[73] noticed the *Wept of Wish-ton Wish,* as played at the Adelphi theater in London—evidently without knowing that the book from which the play was adapted had already been reviewed under another name. The critic said: "It is to be hoped, for the sake of those who have read or may hereafter read the novel, that what remains is better than what is abstracted. The story may have been clearly told in the book, but in that case the dramatist has got into a terrible tangle in winding it off."

The *Edinburgh Literary Journal*[74] calls the *Borderers* the least successful of Cooper's works, though it finds a few things to praise. The *Lady's Magazine*[75] says the author "evidently improves in his progress, and every new work from his pen is therefore read with avidity," but refrains from more specific comment on the book in hand. The *Ladies' Museum*[76] says in somewhat similar fashion that "the last one is certainly quite as powerful and entertaining as any of its predecessors." *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine,*[77] which in view of the fact that the house of Colburn was publishing so many of Cooper's works might be suspected of favoritism, praises the author in general, gives a summary of the *Borderers,* but makes no comparison with other tales. In a later article[78] on *American Life and Manners* which considers several American works of fiction, *Colburn's* praises the *Borderers* with the rest.

One result of Cooper's stay of seven years in Europe was the production of three novels, the *Bravo,* the *Heidenmauer,* and the *Headsman,* the scenes of which were laid in Venice, Germany, and Switzerland respectively. The first of these, the *Bravo,* attracted much notice in England, partly because it was, after *Precaution,* the author's first venture in the treatment of an European scene, partly because Cooper's political and controversial writings were making him a topic of discussion. Some of the reviews, among them those in the *Literary*

[73] [IV] (Dec. 3, 1831) 788.
[74] II (Oct. 17, 1829) 271.
[75] n. s. X (Oct. 1829) 512.
[76] II (Nov. 1829) 290.
[77] XXVII (Dec. 1829) 508.
[78] XXXI (1831) 42.

Guardian and the *Athenæum*, complained of the advance puffing of the book; but if the *Bravo* received more commercialized criticism than was usual, the fact is not evident at this distance in time. One of the early favorable notices is that in the *Literary Gazette*.[79] The reviewer thinks that change of scene has been, on the whole, a good thing for Cooper. He draws an interesting comparison between Cooper's response to Venice and that of Byron, saying that Byron saw the glories of the city, while Cooper saw the other side. Of the *Bravo* itself he remarks:

> The interest is most dramatically excited and sustained, and the scenes invested with that vivid reality which constitutes the great charm of Mr. Cooper's narratives. . . . .
>
> Mr. Cooper indulges in divers political digressions, whose whole and sole object is to prove that everything went wrong in the world till America set the example of right. . . . What can induce him to linger on this side the Atlantic? To be sure, that is no business of ours; all we have to do, is to assure our readers, that among the many productions of Mr. Cooper's prolific pen, few are more vivid in interest, or more original, than the Bravo.

The *National Omnibus*[80] also comments on Venice as a field for romance, and says: "We are quite inclined to rank the 'Bravo' among the best of his productions, if not to call it the very best." The *Literary Guardian*[81] in a rather unimportant review, also commends the book highly, though it finds fault with certain mannerisms, and complains of the puffing in other journals. Another relatively unimportant and slightly flippant notice in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*[82] is less favorable. It says: "The ocean-child must back to his sea. Like his own *Tom Coffin*, he cannot keep his feet upon land." A long article on the *Bravo* in the *Athenæum*[83] is devoted mainly to a discussion of Cooper in general, and will be quoted elsewhere. It pronounces the new romance inferior to all the author's earlier works, describes the character of Jacopo as "unnatural and improbable," and complains that the book was made more

[79] XV (Oct. 15, 1831) 657.
[80] I (Oct. 21, 1831) 137.
[81] I (Oct. 22, 1831) 51.
[82] VI (Oct. 1831) 251.
[83] [IV] (Oct. 22, 29, 1831) 688, 702.

for the moral than for the story. *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*[84] is even more extravagant than usual, calling the *Bravo* "one of the finest, and we hope one of the most natural portraitures of humanity, that novelist ever drew; a picture that we can only contemplate with admiration and tears; and that has no parallel that we recollect in the wide world of romance, not even in Harvey Birch, whom, in his destiny, he most resembles." The article continues:

> Everything in Venice is new to him—and what is the result? Why everything is new to us; that we read, or rather devour, every sentence of the three volumes, every syllable of each description and digression, as if we had never heard a word about Venice before. . .
>
> Some of the historical and political details will be the dull parts of the work in the general eye; but they are valuable, and necessary to the effect to be produced. Let us honestly avow, in conclusion, that in addition to the charm of an interesting fiction to be found in these pages, there is more mental power in them, more matter that sets people thinking, more of that quality that is accelerating the moral movement of the world, than in all the Scotch novels that have so deservedly won our admiration.

The following paragraphs indicate the judgment of the *Monthly Magazine*[85] on the purpose of the book, and its artistic quality:

> Mr. Cooper writes like a man—that is, with a direct and intelligible object. His fictions spring from facts, and mingle with realities. All his scenes are essentially historical—the spirit of them is truth, while the details are imaginary. He makes that use of the past for which alone it is worth reverting to—teaching the world to eschew crimes by showing their odious consequences. Venice was a republic in name, and, detestable as the principles on which it was administered were, Mr. Cooper is anxious none of the detestation which attaches to its history shall be thrown upon his own America, because she too is a republic. Never were two things, indeed, under the same name so utterly unlike. . . . .
>
> Mr. Cooper is as much at home on the lagunes and canals of Venice, as in the harbour of New York, and the scenes furnish him with abundant opportunity of describing matters connected with his *native* element. . . . Mr. Cooper's only want is a little gaiety—something to cheer the sombre, and lighten the general *weight* of his execution.

[84] XXXIII (Nov. 1831) 485.
[85] n. s. XII (Nov. 1831) 561.

The *Westminster Review* for January, 1832,[86] devoted to the *Bravo* a twelve-page article which is interesting because of the philosophical and political bias with which this periodical approached any work. It began by saying that Cooper had succeeded best in portraying free life, and had hitherto failed utterly with urbane life; hence the title and the scene of the new book would cause it to be viewed askance. He has, however, notwithstanding some defects of plot, made this story of Venice one of his best works, by his manner of treatment.

Whenever he conducted us into towns, and to the habitations of what were intended to be civilized men, we found our preconceived notions of American refinement realized—and those were not favourable to the supposition, that he could succeed in delineating the complicated mechanism and fastidious delicacies, which distinguish the manners of the inhabitants of an Italian city. . . . Literature scarcely contains at once so genuine and perfect a character as the Trapper in the Prairie. . . . The scenic descriptions of Mr. Cooper's tales of the sea, are superior even to those contained in his woodland narratives, and, notwithstanding its glaring deficiencies when he intrudes into the drawing-room and the society of women, we yet prefer the "Pilot" to any of his [sic] successors. Long Tom and the Ariel contribute to this partiality. . . . Nature in sublime and unadorned simplicity, is where Mr. Cooper reigns. Those who do not love to watch the workings of men's hearts when uninfluenced by conventional forms, actuated by genuine honesty, and the dictates of unsophisticated, as well as uneducated, humanity, can take no pleasure in Mr. Cooper's delineations of character. Nor can any enter warmly into the interest of his stories, who do not love the many forms of the visible universe. . . .

Fortunately he has redeemed himself, and the "Bravo" stands side by side with the "Mohicans," the "Prairie," and the "Pilot," and may even claim to pre-eminence among them.

. . . His narrative is based upon passions, not manners; upon the eternal feelings of the human heart, which do not change with climate, and are independent of the modifications of society. . . . The Bravo displays all the energy, all the singleness of purpose, and a greater grandeur of design, than is usually painted by its author. We also trace a greater degree of refinement and grace, in those portions of his work, where these qualities were before found to be painfully wanting; which we, with our Trans-Atlantic prepossessions, are willing to attribute to his visit to our old world. He seems half afraid of this himself. We commend,

[86] XVI, 180.

as infinitely laudable, his desire to recommend his volumes peculiarly to his own countrymen. He evidently feels that they will be startled and displeased that he, their national author, should desert his native continent, and turn his back on the America which fostered his early talents. He presents his book therefore to his countrymen as a picture of social misfortunes and political crimes, which could never have birth under a free government, and bids them read, believe, and hug themselves in their happier state.

Of the technical qualities of the novel, the reviewer remarked: "Most of Mr. Cooper's stories . . . narrate an escape and a pursuit, either complicated or single . . . and the 'Bravo' is distinguished by similar traits." Among the faulty parts are the conversations, some of which are "needlessly spun out and trivial," and others are "involved and tedious dialogues." "Some of the minor parts of the story also are treated in the most slovenly manner, so that the author does not seem to have understood his own intention, and by no means renders it clear to his readers." A still more serious defect is "the melodramatic colouring which is too often adopted, and a use of words which destroys the force and elegance of the expressions. An 'eye' is called an 'organ,' a 'hand' a 'member.'"

The *Heidenmauer* is probably a work of less intrinsic merit than the *Bravo,* and it was less widely discussed in Great Britain. The *Literary Gazette*[87] and the *National Omnibus*[88] praise it most highly, the former saying: "Certainly Mr. Cooper loses no attraction on new ground." On the other hand the *Literary Guardian*[89] finds that "Mr. Cooper is by no means so successful in European land stories, as he is in American and sea life." The *Athenæum*[90] is still less favorable, saying:

'The Heidenmauer' has been puffed until we sicken at the very name, and, on examination, it turns out to be but indifferent. Cooper is a powerful writer, but his power is limited; and he is nothing if not on the ocean or in the wilderness. His 'Bravo' fell still-born and 'The Heidenmauer,' if alive beyond the hour, will be but a rickety bantling.

[87] XVI (July 14, 1832) 435.
[88] II (July 20, 1832) 226.
[89] II (Aug. 4, 1832) 250.
[90] [V] (July 28, 1832) 485.

Perhaps the best review of the *Heidenmauer* is to be found in *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*.[91] A part of this article which deals with Cooper's merits and limitations will be quoted in another place. The *Heidenmauer* is said to fail because "The story flags and is uninteresting. The characters are dim and undefined as those of a magic lanthorn. The long yarns with which the story is continually interrupted are neither valuable in themselves nor in their place where they stand." This is not because Cooper is off American ground—human nature is the same everywhere; but "He has laid hand to work without sufficient preparation; in the second place he has attempted to make of the novel what it never can become." Again, "He does not know and he does not *feel* Germany. . . . It is not that the American imagination cannot reflect back European modes of feeling; it is only that it has not been long enough in contact with them to catch their impress." The scope of this particular tale is considered unfortunate because interest in a novel arises "out of the collision of individual minds. The rise and fall of opinion, and the fate of empires. . . . are too cold and abstract to interest in detail." Fault is also found with Cooper's ultra-Americanism, and with an element of coarseness in his work: "We can make great allowance for our friends of the United States considering the provocation they have received; but Mr. Cooper's exaggerations really begin to grow as offensive as Mrs. Trollope's." The main thesis of the article is that the *Heidenmauer*—which is called "Mr. Cooper's worst"—is not worthy of the author.

The *Headsman* was published in 1833, and doubtless continued to be reviewed after the close of that year, at which date this study ends. *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*[92] ranks it ahead of the *Heidenmauer*, and worthy of a place beside the *Pilot* and the *Prairie*. The *Monthly Review*[93] in an article on four "Novels of the Season," says: "There are many powerfully written scenes in these volumes, to which the fine fancy and command of expression which characterize the author have communicated a peculiar feature of attraction."

[91] I (Sept. 1832) 660.
[92] XXXIX (1833) 229.
[93] Vol. III for 1833, p. 530 (Dec.).

The *Athenæum*[94] finds some things to commend, though it says: "We are not without our suspicion, that in pleading the cause of love as a leveller, and of hereditary right in the executioner of Geneva, he is supporting the cause of liberty, and satirizing hereditary titles of all kinds." The article concludes:

> The beauties of the narrative are numerous: all is earnest, tender, and impassioned: and the characters of Maso and Aldeheid, have the original and natural air so strongly impressed in all the productions of the author. The fault is in the conception of the story: the taint of the headsman's occupation can neither be sweetened nor purified; it lies like a nightmare in the narrative; and gloss it as Cooper might with love, and all that, the public would have pronounced Aldeheid degraded, had she married into a family such as that of Balthazar.

In contrast to the opinion just quoted is the democratic view taken by a writer in the *Metropolitan*.[95] This critic finds many things in the book to praise, yet he says that Cooper

> misses a great victory. He had the power, equally with the first captain of the age, of reading the world "a great moral lesson"; but we fear that he has been too much a sojourner in the old world, has become fascinated by its antique prejudices, and its feudal pomp; and, renouncing those healthy associations, the spring-tide growth of his young, glorious, and great country, has truckled to worn out and despicable tastes, and feared to wed the supposed Headsman's son, who is an heroic personation, to the lady of his love, until he had recourse to the common-place expedient of making him the son of a great prince, and thus sparing his autocratic readers the misery of contemplating the solecism of a *mésalliance*. "Oh, what a falling off was there!" . . . We did not expect this from an American, and least of all from American Cooper.

The reports of British travelers in America, the British reviews of such reports, and the reaction in America to both the reports and the reviews offer material for a separate study, which might be as long as the present one, and which would reveal even more of excited feeling and international bitterness. It is to such a study, rather than to this, that Cooper's *Notions of America, Picked up by a Traveling Bachelor* might properly belong. The book, which appeared in 1828, was written to correct false impressions of America which Cooper

[94] [VI] (Sept. 7, 1833) 593.
[95] VIII (Oct. 1833) 36.

found prevalent in Europe, and particularly in England. Real English travelers had so often printed false and misleading descriptions of America that Cooper determined to create a fictitious English traveler who should tell the truth—as Cooper saw it. The plan was doubtless unwise, as was Irving's use of an imaginary narrator in the *Conquest of Granada*. Moreover, Cooper was rarely conciliatory in manner, and the book contained many passages that might well irritate Englishmen. There are plenty of indications that many Englishmen were irritated. Cooper's biographer says,[96] "Cooper's attack was never forgotten or forgiven. From this time there was a distinctly hostile feeling manifested toward him in many of the English periodicals." Yet a candid examination of the reviews that have been found in the course of this study shows that Cooper's defenders, or at least those who were determined that he should have fair play, were quite as numerous and as persistent as his detractors. The controversies aroused by the book were largely on political and economic matters; and a partisan journal was almost committed in advance to the view it should express. Though the *Notions* was reviewed at least as widely as any of the novels, and was seriously discussed in periodicals which, like the *Edinburgh Review*, ignored the author's fiction, its purely literary characteristics elicited relatively little comment.

One of the earliest and most hostile reviews appeared in the *Literary Gazette*,[97] written probably by Jerdan. It said:

> The title of *Notions*, though vague, is nevertheless, not misapplied to these volumes, if we allow, as we must allow, their author to be the very pink of notional writers. [Quotes in footnote Johnson's definition of *notional*.] . . . The Notions themselves are certainly pretty considerable specimens of bursting inflation, overweening vanity, and measureless boasting. We have often and often censured the propensity for this silly indulgence, so common in the English character; but the arrantest egotism and rankest braggartism of John Bull, are modesty and diffidence when compared with these qualities in his offspring Jonathan.

Much of the article was devoted to ridicule, which now seems

[96] Lounsbury, *Life of James Fenimore Cooper* (American Men of Letters series) p. 106.

[97] XII (June 21, 1828) 385.

weak and flat. Interspersed are passages which show something of bitterness, like the following: "But we are firmly persuaded that every sensible mind in America will feel disgust and contempt for the nonsensical farrago of eulogy and panegyric contained in these two volumes"; or this: "Let Mr. Cooper stick to his novels and romances, if he does not wish to discredit the land of his birth, and make himself a common laughing-stock."

It may have been that the *London Weekly Review*[98] loved the *Literary Gazette* less rather than that it loved Cooper more, but in its next issue it entered whole-heartedly into the contest:

> It is by no means surprising that the Literary Gazette, which considers it complimentary to term a man a "jacobite" and "a high churchman," as the case of Mr. D'Israeli, should lose no opportunity of calumniating and libelling a writer of liberal principles. We therefore trust that Mr. Cooper will regard the attack of this slavish and malignant publication as a compliment, and as a sure sign that he has effected his purpose. But we acknowledge that, in many respects, he lies open to attack. His very title is objectionable, as containing a *slang* term, which (in the sense in which he uses it) good taste has long ago banished both from polished composition and discourse. He has been injudicious, also, we think, in the form into which he has chosen to throw his work. . . . To make the matter worse, he has had the misfortune to imagine himself capable of humour. . . . To complete the catalogue of his imperfections, his style is coarse, affected, and obscure; and his remarks frequently exhibit considerable conceit and arrogance. In spite of all this, Mr. Cooper's book is the best book that has yet been written on America. Our readers have not now to learn that we ourselves possess liberal principles, and have, consequently, a leaning towards all liberal writers; but we trust we have never shown ourselves blind to their defects, or been disposed to exaggerate their merits. . . . It certainly is not in itself a perfect picture of American character, society, manners or scenery; but it furnishes the reader with materials which will enable him to come to a tolerably correct conclusion upon each of those subjects, and in the meanwhile will amuse him exceedingly.

The reviewer returns to the article in the *Literary Gazette*, which he assails for its display of prejudice and of literary ignorance.

[98] II (June 28, 1828) 404.

Reviews which followed in rapid succession made widely varying comments, though few were wholly and bitterly condemnatory. The *Monthly Review*[99] regards it as natural that Cooper should uphold his country, but thinks his device "vain and shallow." The *Notions,* however, "is certainly one of the best *apologies* for the United States which has yet been published." The critic makes a point of Cooper's writing, or rather having his imaginary narrator write, as a nobleman to persons of title, and says: "There is, if we may say so, a strong spice of aristocracy in his democracy." The article concludes:

> His volumes contain, as we have seen, a great deal of information, and a vast quantity of exaggeration. They are prosy, and often very dull. . . . . Most of the letters are, in truth, dissertations, in which the perfections of the United States are viewed through a magnifying glass, that gives to a beetle the dimensions of an elephant. The defects of the country, and of its institutions and habits, are all either concealed or palliated; and a vapouring, puerile tone is held on every national and disputed point, which, however, is too absurd to injure the great and growing community, whose cause he has so indiscreetly advocated.

The *Lady's Magazine*[1] is pleasant, though not obsequious in its comments. One paragraph runs:

> The writer is Mr. Cooper, the novelist, whose defense of his countrymen has exposed him to severe attacks from the Tories of Great Britain. He is undoubtedly a partial and prejudiced advocate; but these zealots are the last persons who ought to blame him; for what men, in any country, are more partial and prejudiced than *they* are? We confess that we do not admire the general character of the Americans; but we wish to see fair play.

The *Christian Review and Clerical Magazine*[2] prints a long and heavy article, the writer of which did not, apparently, know the author of the *Notions,* or even recognize it as the work of an American.

> The work which has furnished us with these extracts, is, we strongly suspect, the production of a foreigner of distinction at present resident in England. It is evidently not written by a native of this country, as both its style and general tone of sentiment have

[99] n. s. VIII (Aug. 1828) 465.
[1] n. s. IX (Sept. 1828) 467.
[2] II (Oct. 1828) 450.

all the peculiarities which distinguish the works of continental writers on men, manners, and politics. . . . Its author is . . . a determined admirer of whatever seems opposed to the old fashions of European states. He loves sentimentalism. . . . It may be read with pleasure, and a certain degree of profit, but must not be taken as a guide in a close examination of American concerns.

The critic gives the unknown author credit for genuine interest in the welfare of mankind, but thinks him misguided.

Colburn's New Monthly Magazine[3] naturally adopts the liberal point of view. It opens its article by attacking the critics who were politically prejudiced against America, saying: "For years past, every high Tory publication, from the *Quarterly* down to *Blackwood,* has laboured to increase the spirit of dislike to America, among the partizans of their own man-degrading doctrines. . . . These remarks are prompted by the injustice which has been dealt out to the author of the present work, by that class of publications to which I allude. Every paragraph that displays the writer's patriotic vanity, or that is obnoxious to censure, has been selected and strung together as a specimen of the whole work—as genuine criticism!" The reviewer takes up the faults that have been charged against Cooper, admits some, extenuates others, and concludes: "We possess no other work from an authentic source, which contains so much truth about America."

The *Westminster Review*[4] begins a twenty-page article by saying: "Of the literary merit of Mr. Cooper's work, we cannot but remark, in passing, that the style is very bad." It accepts the author, however, as a high authority on the state of affairs in America, and its comments on the content of the book are favorable. A brief notice of the *Notions* in the *Eclectic Review*[5] is non-committal and unimportant. A review of the *Notions* and Basil Hall's *Travels in the United States* in the *Baptist Magazine*[6] is friendly to Cooper, though it is clearly prejudiced by the fact that the United States has not an establishment. The *Edinburgh Review* had also grouped together Halls *Travels* and the *Notions* in an article which appeared in

[3] XXIII (1828) 164.
[4] X (1829) 51.
[5] 3d ser. II (1829) 389.
[6] XXII (Jan. 1830) 23.

June, 1829. The writer evidently was annoyed by Cooper's manner, and resented American boasting, though his attitude could hardly be described as hostile. He remarks that novelists rarely succeed in dealing with facts; and calls Cadwallader, the American friend and adviser of Cooper's travelling bachelor, "about the most disagreeable personage we ever came across, either in life or upon paper." It should be remembered that the *Edinburgh* had noticed none of Cooper's novels, and that this article is in no sense a *literary* review.

It is, indeed, noticeable that Cooper's novels received little attention from several of the more solid and of the more conspicuous periodicals. The *Edinburgh Review,* as has been said, had no article on them before 1833. The same is true of the *Quarterly,* which, however, said incidentally in a review of Scott's *Lives of the Novelists*[1]:

> If we except two or three of the works of Mr. Cooper, we do not believe that any of these imitations [of Scott] will be remembered a few years hence; and yet we are far from considering that American writer as the ablest man that has imitated the great novelist of our time. His superiour success is owing to the superiority of his materials; he has employed a style of delineation which he could never have invented, upon a fresh field, and which [sic] is of still higher importance, on a field of manners and feelings familiar to his own observation. His *Spy, Pioneers,* &c., may be classed thereupon, though *post longum intervallum,* with Waverley.

The only conspicuous comments on the romances in *Blackwood's* were brief notices in Neal's articles. Neal was also undoubtedly responsible for one criticism in the *London Magazine,* which journal also contained a rather unfavorable review of the *Red Rover.* It is hard to account for this neglect, for all incidental references go to show that Cooper was accepted as a real fact in the literary world—not merely as the author of temporary "best sellers," but as a phenomenon of interest, and probably of permanent importance. No doubt different causes operated in different periodicals. The ponderous articles of the *Edinburgh* were rarely devoted to single novels, as were the notices in the literary weeklies; and no important collective edition of Cooper called for a summary discussion. Moreover,

[1] XXXIV (Sept. 1826) 337.

Cooper was more of a storm center of criticism than was Irving, partly because his work came more directly into comparison with that of Scott, partly because his personality was less genial, and he showed less tact in his reference to international affairs.

Great divergence of opinion is noticeable in the comments on separate works, as is shown in the preceding pages; an even greater divergence, if possible, may be seen in the opinions regarding the author's qualities and the significance of his work as a whole. Among matters for perennial discussion by critics were Cooper's alleged imitation of Scott, his intense Americanism, the indigenous American qualities of his work, and the question whether he was at his best on the frontier or at sea. Several general comments, arranged approximately in the order of their publication, may show the nature of the first reception accorded Cooper, and the development of British feeling toward him. Before proceeding to these, however, a comment in a private letter from Miss Mitford,[8] dated March 5, 1824, though not published at the time, may be given as of interest:

> Pray have you read the American novels? I mean the series by Mr. Cooper—"The Spy," &c. If you have not, send for them, and let me hear the result. In my mind they are as good as anything Sir Walter Scott ever wrote. He has opened fresh ground, too (if we may say so of the sea). No one but Smollett has ever attempted to delineate the naval character; and then he is so coarse and hard. Now this has the same truth and power, with a deep, grand feeling. I must not overpraise it, for fear of producing the reaction which such injudicious enthusiasm is calculated to induce; but I must request you to read it. Only read it. Imagine the author's boldness in taking Paul Jones for a hero, and his power in making one care for him! I envy the Americans their Mr. Cooper. Tell me how you like "The Pilot." There is a certain Long Tom who appears to me the finest thing since Parson Adams.

In a long article, nominally a review of *Arthur Mervyn,* but better described by the running title "American Literature," the *Retrospective Review* for 1824[9] said: "Mr. Cooper, the author of *The Pioneers,* is a young man of high and undoubted talent. There is a freshness and vivid beauty in some of his

[8] *Life of Mary Russell Mitford,* edited by Rev. A. L. L'Estrange, II, 177.
[9] IX, 304.

scenes, which may challenge competition with *any* writer of the present day. He is much more dramatic than Brown; but he has not the same power over the passions, and scarcely the same burning and impetuous strength of narration. . . . The fault of both writers is that they make too much for *points.*" On a later page the reviewer quotes a passage from the *Pioneers,* and comments: "If there be a scene of more interest than this in any of the novels of the present day, we can only say that we do not know it."

John Neal, in his *Blackwood* article on American Literature in 1824, devotes little more than half a page to Cooper.[10] He first compares Cooper's work with his own:[11] "There are *Neal* and *Cooper*—both of them have stolen [Brown's] catamounts, and played the devil with his Indians. *Neal,* however, is content with 'catching the idea'—and working it up, till it scratches his own fingers. But Cooper—so far as he can—steals the broom ready made!" Later he says, in the note-book manner in which much of the article is written: "*Cooper*—novelist: formerly a midshipman in the United States Navy . . . style without peculiarity—brilliancy, or force—very much improved of late; considerable dramatick power; very fine talents in filling up a picture:—imitates the great Scotch novelist —not so much in any one thing—as altogether." In conclusion: "Mr. C. is a man of sober talent—nothing more. There are no fine individualities about him."

The *Monthly Review*[12] presents well a common view of Cooper's relation to Scott, and his use of native American material for romance.

The "American novels" have rapidly been acquiring a character quite as distinctive of its kind as that which our great northern magician has created for the narrative fiction of his country. Doubt-

[10] XVI, 415.

[11] These articles by Neal are of course, in one sense, not at all British criticism. They were, however, printed in a prominent British periodical, and were written as if by a British critic. The fact that the author's real nationality must have been evident, when joined with his apparent familiarity with American writings, and the editorial endorsement implied by publication in *Blackwood's* must have made the articles influential in molding public opinion. In more than one instance later reviewers in other journals may be detected in the act of displaying as their own bits of misinformation clearly stolen from Neal.

[12] n. s. II (June 1826) 122.

less, but for the example of the author of Waverley, we should never have heard of the American historical tale; and nothing would be more absurd than to imagine any equality of inventive genius, between the gifted spirit who has originated the most delightful class of modern romances, and the most successful of his imitators on either side of the Atlantic. But very considerable praise is still due to more than one of the American novelists for the tact and good judgment which have led them to borrow no more than the rules of their art, and to apply them to the fabrication of materials which were their own proper and incontestible possession. It is their peculiar merit to have seen, that the neglected records of their early colonial and of their later national history abounded in a wild and unusual cast of romance; and that by their hands alone could these be wrought up and blended appropriately with the colourings of native habits, costume, and scenery. All this they have assumed for a sufficient fund of curiosity and interest; and it constitutes also a sufficient, as it is their only, title to originality. They have boldly undertaken to sketch the manners and characters of their ancestors, but a generation or two removed, either as colonists contending in desperation for property and life against the encroaching Frenchman and the fiercer Indian, or as citizens proudly struggling for national rights and republican independence. These sketches none but themselves would desire to select, or would be free to execute with dramatic keeping and accuracy; and yet even to them the subjects have every facility of fiction. For in America a single age of revolution and independence has changed the whole aspect of society, and thrown back the occurrences of a mere half century past into the distant obscurity and romantic light of antiquity. . . . The style and expression of their paintings are those of the author of Waverley: but the subjects, and characters, and grouping of their stories, are their own. Their productions are not mere bungling copies of their great master, but rather pieces executed only after his best manner and often with a free and spirited design.

The *British Critic* for July, 1826[13] in an article from which comments on some of the separate romances have already been cited, discusses matters similar to those considered in the preceding selection:

If not superior in natural genius to the author of "Seventy-six," Mr. Cooper far excels him in all points of judgment and good taste. Possessing a new and a wide field of interest in the manners and legends of his native country, and the strongly marked features of the wild tribes who are now gradually disappearing from its forests,

[13] II, 406.

he has succeeded in preserving a character of originality, while forming his style almost professedly on that of the author of 'Waverley.' Like him, Mr. Cooper discards all unnecessary sentiment, and makes no more use of love than is necessary for the conduct of his plot. . . . And generally speaking, he appears to have caught from the study of the Waverley novels that vigorous and manly tone of feeling, which perhaps is their most peculiar trait, and to have learnt to apply those principles of contrasted light and shade, of mirth and gravity, which most truly answer to the checkered character of human existence. . . . We cannot bestow too marked praise upon a style of writing, which, without the slightest tinge of callous optimism, exhibits the real stuff that human life is made of, and tends to keep the reader in love and charity with his own kind. Such is the peculiar merit of "Arthur Mervyn," a tale on which we have already remarked; whose tone of sentiment, so unusual in a disappointed man, we hope Mr. Cooper will continue to follow under happier auspices.

The *London Weekly Review*[14] begins a criticism of the *Red Rover* with a long and would-be profound discussion on the methods of story-telling, and comments on Cooper's technique:

We have been led into these remarks by the volumes before us, in one or two passages of which the peculiarities of the egotistical style of novel-writing are carried to an extent almost ludicrous; . . . In one place, near the beginning, in the midst of the battle incidental to the commencement of business, he stops the narrative to assure his readers that he (Mr. Cooper) is not partial to drinking spirits in the forenoon! But there is also another sort of egotism, perhaps in courtesy we ought to designate it by the venerable name of patriotism, which pervades the work. The tale is essentially American; it is not addressed to the human, but to the Yankee mind. In throwing off the old prejudices of Europe, our transatlantic brethren should beware of fettering themselves with new ones; liberality, when all on one side, is illiberality.

The *Literary Gazette*[15] says in an article on the *Red Rover*:

The most original, as well as most interesting of transatlantic writers, Mr. Cooper is, if not quite the founder, at least at the head of American romance. If we except Brown, whose genius, from his early death, was but a tree of promise too soon destroyed, but who at least opened the rich veins of the mine which others were to work; and the unknown author of Logan, Seventy-six (which contained some most vivid sketches of scenes during the American

[14] I (Dec. 8, 1827) 419.
[15] XI (Dec. 8, 1827) 787.

war,) and Brother Jonathan, three of about as extraordinary works as ever appeared—full of faults, but still full of power; if we except these, there is no rival near Mr. Cooper's throne. Three of his novels, the Pioneers, the Last of the Mohicans, and the Prairie, are as valuable for their historic accuracy as they are interesting in point of detail—the Indians, those Romans of savage nations, the semi-barbarous back-settlers, and the gradual steps of civilization, were drawn with the hand of a master.

The estimates of Cooper in the *Literary Gazette* were, it may be remarked in passing, very various, though it was inclined, on the whole, to speak well of the novels. It praised highly the *Bravo* and the *Heidenmauer;* its review of the *Water-Witch,* already quoted, was more inclined to be carping in tone, though it commended the tale for many things. Its review of the *Notions of the Americans* will be recalled as very bitter; and in an article on the works of several other American writers[16] it goes out of its way to remark that "the noise and hammering of the great American *Cooper* has begot a sort of prejudice against the country, which unreflecting people fancy to be filled with literary Parolles resembling this exceedingly rabid Yankee."

The fact that the firm of Colburn and Bentley became interested in the publication of Cooper's novels gives rise to the suspicion, perhaps unfounded, that the lavish praise of the author in *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine* may partake somewhat of the nature of puffing. The *Magazine* prints in the department "Notes of the Month":[17]

Cooper the Novelist.—There is more fancy and originality in Cooper than in four-fifths of the novelists of the time. The power of making so much of such simple materials: the truth and freshness of his pictures; the thrilling interest which the reader feels in his descriptions; the very reality of the tempest and battle, in which we seem to be partakers at the moment,—are some marks of the excellence and genius of the writer. . . . How long the world tolerated the unfaithful representations of similar subjects from writers who know nothing of them . . . Cooper has mingled with the war of the elements he describes, and shared in combats; and he has only told us what he saw and felt—this is everything.

[16] XII (Aug. 23, 1828) 530.
[17] XXII (1828) 387.

The next year[18] in a review of the *Borderers* it says: "To talk of Mr. Cooper's merits as a novelist, would be nearly as antediluvian as to commemorate Sir Walter Scott's. His title to rank in the first classes of the historico fictitious literature of the day is every where admitted, and nobody, of course, dreams of disputing claims so satisfactorily and so recently established." The article concludes: "One of Mr. Cooper's main excellencies is the effective delineation of the frank manners and figurative style of the Indians, and here he is *δείνοτατος ἑαυτον*." In 1831 *Colburn's* devoted the fourth of a series of sketches of "Living Literary Characters" to Cooper.[19] The writer considered Cooper especially fortunate in that Scott had popularized the novel, and that America furnished the best of subjects. He continued:

> No writer of the times has taken a wider range in his view of human nature, or looked more deeply into the heart. Few know better how to seize the strongest point of interest, and no one can work it out more judiciously. If his plots fail in carrying you irresistibly along "on the wings of the wind," his skill in the delineation of character is sure to work its charm and fascination about you.
>
> . . We never met with novels—(and we have read all that were ever written since the creation of the world,)—of a more absorbing character, or more fatal to the female propensity of skipping the digressive portions. Every word of Mr. Cooper's narratives is effective or appears so while you read—and yet he does not scruple to describe an object, in the most elaborate and uncompromising terms, three or four times over in the same work, if it be necessary that the reader should have an accurate outline of it before his eyes. There is a profusion, but no waste of words, in his style, which is, "without o'er-flowing, full." It is clear, varied and distinct. . . . All is action, character, and poetry. You see, in the images, which he conjures up, every accessory of the scenes, however insignificant. . . . His characters are of all classes, and if not equally well-drawn, impress us, at the first glance, with a conviction that they are drawn by an acute observer of life. His characters . . . are all picturesque persons, and have some mark and likelihood about them. . . . There is scarcely one character of any rank or importance that does not present some indication of this deep knowledge of our nature in the finest of its forms; and there are many in the range of his productions, that are conceived in the

[18] XXVII (Dec. 1829) 508.

[19] XXXI (1831) 356. The authors previously treated in the series were Scott, Mrs. Norton, and the author of *Paul Pry*.

very spirit of that knowledge. And as it is difficult to select instances from the cloud of creatures,—composed alike of the high and the humble, the stern-featured and the humorous,—that comes floating upon our recollection, we would instance a whole class, and refer to the refined power and delicacy which he has displayed in his delineation of the female character. There is at times (let it be said with reverence) an almost Shaksperian subtlety of perception in his female pictures—a majesty, and yet a gentleness, not unworthy of the highest mind, while contemplating the holiest objects that Nature has fashioned.

The leading article in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* for August 29, 1829,[20] after speaking of the difficulty of the British in understanding and dealing fairly with America, discusses at some length Cooper's relation to his literary material:

The objects which there present themselves to an author's eye, the passions likely to be awakened in his breast, are *as yet* of a kind more likely to call forth and afford materials for minds like that of a Fielding, a Smollett or an Akenside, than for genius of a higher order. . . .

We do not mean to assert that Cooper is a kind of Fielding or Smollett. He is a denizen of his own age, as they were of theirs. . . . Cooper has all that nationality, the want of which is so often alleged as a reproach to American literature. His reflections, it is true, are such as might be made by a native of any country of European descent; but how can nations, sprung from one common stock, formed by the influence of science and literature, possessed by them in common, and owning one common religion, fail to have a close family likeness? When we say that he is national, we mean that his characters are the growth of America; that the mountains and streams which he describes, the forests that rustle in his pages, all the phenomena of earth and air, are American; that his principles, feelings, and prejudices all lead him to embrace, on every occasion, the cause of America. His language is copious and easy; but we may add, that the structure of his sentences is not infrequently careless and incorrect.

The *Athenæum* was never especially well disposed toward Cooper, and in its frequent expressions of dislike for America and American institutions it sometimes chose him as a sad example. In an article on *America and American Writers*,[21] from which comments on Irving have already been quoted, it says:

[20] II, 170.
[21] [II] (Oct. 1829) 637.

All the world admits that he is a copyist; only some of the world are pleased to say that though in the works themselves his imitation is very evident, yet in selecting the subjects of them he has shown great *originality*. Yes, precisely the same originality as the settlers whom he is so fond of describing, displayed in choosing one bit of the wilderness for their log-houses, instead of another. Originality consists, we apprehend, in creating good things, talent of selection in finding places to put them in. It is the substance of his thoughts, therefore, and not the scite of them which must determine Mr. Cooper's claims to a high order of excellence.

The same article goes on at length to discuss "the distinction between belonging to a school, and being the plagiarist of its founder"; and shows its animus in the remark: "Nor should we care to examine minutely whether this be the case or not, if the disputant had no farther end than to prove Mr. Cooper a great novelist. But when it is endeavored thence to console the Americans with the notion that they have in them all the seeds of a great literature, it is but a part of common honesty to unmask the deception." The critic then takes the unusual ground that Scott did not inspire Cooper, since *"we do not think it possible* that he can exercise the sort of influence which this opinion supposes." Scott does much for the reader, "but we never met any one who affirmed that these emotions, or descriptions, or characters had begotten any new ones."

The review of the *Water-Witch* in the *Athenæum*[22] says that, "Mr. Cooper is decidedly and deservedly a popular writer. He and Mr. Irving are the pillars that support the infant fabric of American literature." It praises especially his treatment of the sea, but considers that he is not so good on land; and points out further weaknesses: "In short, when Mr. Cooper holds communion with nature, either on the ocean or in the desert, he maintains his ascendancy; but the instant he mingles in artificial society, and would depict manners rather than nature, he falls from his 'high estate.'" Again, "The attempt to give point to dialogue, and pungency to expression, by employing monotonous exclamations, is puerile, and betrays the weakness of an author's graphic resources."

A long review of the *Bravo* in the same journal[23] has much to say of Cooper's attitude toward America:

[22] [III] (Oct. 23, 1830) 658.
[23] [IV] (1831) 688, 702.

We rejoice in her increasing wealth and spreading splendour—we rejoice, too, in the paintings of her Leslies and her Newtons, and we open the books of her Channings, her Irvings, and her Coopers, as gladly as we do the works of British hands. Nor do we love her children the less, that they vaunt a little of the surpassing charms of their mother—we are very national ourselves, and we love to see it in others. All feeling and impulses nevertheless have their limit, and so must nationality. In what Mr. Cooper manufactures for the American market let him consult the taste of his customers, and be as fiercely national as he pleases; but it is a little too much to bring his prejudices and caprices to the market of London. We are far from thinking such conduct is pleasing to the Americans themselves; they could not but take it much amiss were an English author to write bitterly against them, and print his satire in Boston or New York; and such author would probably be gouged by a Kentuckian, scalped by a half-blood, or have the merits of a new rifle tried on him by a backwoodsman. We are thinking now more particularly of Cooper's *Notions*, as he called them of a *Traveling American* [sic], though in almost all his works the same unwelcome sentiments abound, and induce us to imagine that the author is a compound of the eternal grumble of John Bull, the selfishness of Sandy, and the "slang-whang-slick-away-to-eternal-smash" school of the hot-blooded Yankee.

With these very serious drawbacks Cooper is, nevertheless, an author whom we love: he has a fine conception of character—a true eye for the picturesque—and an art in employing his many-coloured materials, at once striking and original. His heart is alive to all emotions, whether of heroism or pathos—of tenderness or of sorrow. In naval pictures he is much too minute for our taste; yet there is a truth and clearness which get the better of all dislike, and in the result he triumphs. If he is great at sea, he is still greater when he has his foot on his native shores: in the American wilderness he is without a rival.

The Ladies' Museum,[24] though it is not a periodical noted for its criticisms, has in its review of the *Borderers*, well anticipated later judgments on Cooper's excellencies and limitations. It commends his power in painting the Indians and the sea.

But when he quits these scenes, which no novelist but himself has successfully trodden, his deficiency as a painter of manners becomes evident. He is awkward in a drawing-room, and of polished life he knows but little. His humor is particularly dull, and his wit is by no means exciting. . . . His novels, however, are always read with interest—they relate to untried scenes, and the

[24] II (Nov. 1829) 290.

last one is certainly quite as powerful and entertaining as any of its predecessors.

The *Atlas*,[25] in a review of the *Water-Witch* returns to the comparison between Cooper and Scott, saying: "There is an air of pretension and effect about Cooper's novels, which contrasts strikingly with the ease and simplicity of Sir Walter's. . . . You cannot read Cooper without admiring his genius—when you read Sir Walter all your sympathies are engaged on behalf of his fictitious personages. This is a distinction between a genius that is universal, and, as it were, unconscious, and one that is circumscribed, and by that fact enabled to make a greater display of its triumphs."

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine[26] in a long article from which specific criticisms of the *Headsman* have already been quoted, attempts to summarize many of Cooper's characteristics.

In attempting to present us with a quiet landscape he is apt to be diffuse; he darkens council with a multitude of words. . . . But in portraying nature in her hour of storm, he is unequalled by any author of the day. He is inspired, carried beyond himself. . . . We know not in the whole range of literature so vivid and true a picture of the stormy sea and its power as in the loss of the Bristol ship in the Red Rover, none so engrossingly exciting as in the preservation of the American frigate off a lee-shore in the Pilot. . . . The mistake of the top-sail of the British man-of-war for a cloud, and the sombre emerging of the hull from the mist, is one of the most overpowering instances of the moral picturesque we have yet met with.

There are two ways of scanning human character—by acute analysis; or by a delicate tact, wedded to a ready imagination, which jumps at the conclusion, nine times out of ten, with as much success as the other. The latter is the faculty most suited to the historical novelist. . . . Within a limited range Cooper's tact in catching the distinctive peculiarities of human character is unsurpassed. His long Tom Coffin, and his Master Fid, and his thousand and one "Niggers," are delightful as they are original. Harvey Birch, Hawk's-eye [sic], Mrs. Flannagan, his soldiers and marines, and his Dutch Padroons, are real existences. But, when we ascend in the scale of humanity, we find this intuitive power fail, and that of moral analysis, which few men possess to such a degree of clearness and power, is laid under requisition by our author to supply its place. His Washington is the finest and truest

[25] V (Nov. 14, 1830) 747.
[26] I (Sept. 1832) 660.

picture of that man of men we have met with. . . . Still it is but a portrait. It wants the vitality which the genius of Cooper has bestowed upon the characters which bustle around it. . . . Still more unlucky are his attempts to portray the female character in its loveliness. His sense seems dead. There is not one of his lovely women—always excepting "the Wept of Wish-ton-Wish," who is not positively repulsive.

CHAPTER VI

POETRY

American poetry from 1815 to 1833 attracted less attention in England than did American essays or American fiction during the same period. This was, if the judgment of time may be trusted, deservedly true. Except for songs and fugitive pieces the only poems written between these dates which are now read are those of Bryant.

Bryant has never gained a great following in England; and although he was recognized in America, even by 1833, as the peer of Irving and Cooper, he held no such position abroad. The amount of his verse written in these early years was relatively small, and the quality was not such as to appeal to the English temper, or to satisfy critics who looked for something "distinctly American" in every transatlantic production. Before Irving kindly aided in bringing out a small volume of his poems in London in 1832, he was known to Englishmen only by scattered pieces, either in collections of American poetry, or fugitive in the periodicals. *Specimens of the American poets; with Critical Notices and a Preface,*[1] London, 1822, which contains selections from Pierpont, Paulding, [Halleck], Dabney, Maxwell, Bryant, Eastburn, Sands, and a group of lesser writers, gives high praise to Bryant, and says of *Thanatopsis*: "Without any intention to overrate the excellence of these lines, it may be confidently asserted that there are few pieces in the works of even the very first of our living poets, which exceed them in sublimity and compass of poetical thought."

Many reviews of this collection comment on the poems of Bryant that it contains. The *Literary Gazette*[2] credits him

[1] From a review in the *Kaleidoscope* (Liverpool) it appears that this was edited by a son of William Roscoe.

[2] VI (May 18, 1822) 306.

with more genius than any of his contemporaries. The *Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review*[3] says: "The 'Ages,' by Bryant, is a masterly sketch, and displays the marks of an eminently poetical mind; and in some of his other pieces there is great beauty and sublimity." The *Monthly Magazine, or British Register*[4] reprints four of the selections from Bryant, with the comment: "We have no hesitation in assigning to him the superiority over all his countrymen of whom we have any knowledge." The *Monthly Review Enlarged*[5] finds an odd master for Bryant, but praises him: "Mr. Bryant's poems exhibit much genius; and, if instead of remaining a servile imitator of Lord Byron's style, he would allow his own powers free scope, we think that he gives promise of finer poetry than any that America has yet produced. His *Thanatopsis* is a masterly sketch." The *Kaleidoscope*[6] reaffirms the common judgment that "Bryant is, without a question, before all his poetical compeers; and in the *technicalities* of structure, not less than the felicity of his thoughts, and the majesty of his moral, defies all competition on the other side of the Atlantic. His poem of the *Ages* ought to immortalize him *cis, ut cetera;* and his *Thanatopsis* has all the sublimity of Young, without his excess of antithesis." *Blackwood's*,[7] which makes the *Specimens* the excuse for a long article on *American Poetry*, says: "William Cullen Bryant is no mean poet. And if he be a young man, we should not be surprised at his assuming one day or other a high rank among English poets."

No separate review of an early American edition of Bryant's poems has come to hand, but a notice of *Poems*, by Sumner Lincoln Fairfield, in *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*[8] concludes: "Why does not Mr. Bryant, to whom this volume is dedicated, favor the public with some more of his beautiful poems? The small collection which he lately gave to the world was so very creditable to himself and his country, that we should be sorry to find him laying down the lyre."

[3] IV (May 18, 1822) 312.
[4] LIII (May 1822) 313.
[5] C (Jan. 1823) 28.
[6] III (Feb. 4, 1823) 249.
[7] XI (June, 1822) 684.
[8] IX (Dec. 1823) 555.

John Neal, in his series of comments on American writers in *Blackwood's*[9] treats Bryant with his customary roughness:

> This gentleman's poetry has found its way, piece-meal, into England, and having met with a little of our newspaper praise, which has been repeated with great emphasis in America, is now set up among his associates for a poet of extraordinary promise. . . . Mr. B. is not, and never will be, a great poet. He wants fire—he wants the very rashness of a poet—the prodigality and fervour of those, who are overflowing with inspiration. Mr. B. in fact, is a sensible young man of a thrifty disposition, who knows how to manage a few plain ideas in a very handsome way. . . . Some lines, (about fifteen or twenty,) to a "WATERFOWL," which are very beautiful, to be sure, but with no more poetry in them than there is in the Sermon on the Mount, are supposed, by his countrymen, "to be well known in Europe."

A general article on American writers in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*[10] contains this comment:

> Bryant, though wanting perhaps the acute sensibility of Percival, is on the whole his superior in vigour and originality. He is much esteemed in his own country. . . . Bryant is a strong, bold thinker, and evidently indulges the poet's best ambition—the wish to be more distinguished for his conceptions than his execution.

The article also quotes *Thanatopsis*, "the intellectual beauty of which would not have disgraced Byron."[11]

An article on *American Literature* called forth in the *Retrospective Review*[12] by *Arthur Mervyn* gives little space to Bryant, though it places him at the head of American poets. Its most significant comment is the following: "Mr. Bryant, who

[9] XVI (1824) 304.

[10] II (Aug. 8, 1829) 130.

[11] This article also quotes *The Gladness of Nature*, and on page 152 the same journal reprints from one of the annuals *June*, without knowing the author. Many of Bryant's poems are given in whole or in part in the reviews of the *Specimens* already cited, and many others were floating about in the periodical press. Among those that have been noticed before the appearance of the London volume of 1832 are: *Thanatopsis*, in *Monthly Repository of Theology*, XVIII (Aug. 1822) 509, (credited to Bryant and the *Specimens of the American Poets*); *To a Waterfowl*, in *Methodist Magazine*, XLVI (Apr. 1823) 275, (credited to "—Bryant, an American Poet"); *O Fairest of the Rural Maids*, in *Lady's Pocket Magazine* [III] (1827) 54, (no credit); *The African Chief*, in *Gentleman's Pocket Magazine* for 1827, p. 51 (no credit); *August*, in *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*, XXXII (1831) 447.

[12] IX (1824) 304.

stands certainly first upon the American Parnassus, copies the style of Lord Byron in his Spenserian poems, and in his blank verse reminds us at once of both Wordsworth and Cowper."

Irving wrote for the English edition of the *Poems* a highly complimentary, though not a fulsome introduction; and his name probably did much to ensure serious notices of the collection in most of the critical journals. With some exceptions in both directions, these notices were respectful, but not enthusiastic. The *Athenæum*[13] refers to an earlier review of Cheever's *Commonplace Book of American Poetry*[14] in which it had preferred Bryant to Dana, though it ranked Dana a close second; but in the later article it was content to quote in full Irving's dedication, and several poems. The *Literary Gazette*[15] says: "There is much taste, much feeling, much grace in this work; perhaps its chief fault is, that it is not sufficiently American." The *National Omnibus*[16] pronounces Bryant's the best of seven volumes of poetry which it considers together, and indulges in some rather gushing praise. The *(Wesleyan) Methodist Magazine*[17] says of the poems: "Most of them are eminently beautiful, and will be read with great delight by those who are 'wedded to immortal verse' [sic]"; and, after quoting Irving's preface: "The author has an exquisite perception of the beauties of nature; and his scenery is purely American. Few of the pieces are on sacred subjects; but those few are admirable of their kind."

The *Metropolitan*[18] devotes a long and somewhat amusing article to the *Poems*:

> We hail the appearance of this publication with satisfaction of no ordinary kind. . . . Mr. Bryant's poems have the charm of novelty. . . .
>
> We think, with Mr. Irving, that these poems are "gems," that their own merits are their best passport. The poetry of Bryant, though "essentially American," is pure as respects style: the language is that of the best writers of the English tongue, and is an excellent model for the author's countrymen. . . . The beauties

[13] [V] (March 3, 10, 1832) 143, 155.
[14] [IV] (Dec. 10, 1831) 795.
[15] XVI (March 3, 1832) 130.
[16] II (March 9, 1832) 77.
[17] LV (April 1832) 269.
[18] III (April 1832) 110.

are various and original, the defects trivial. Bryant is a name of which America may justly be proud. His volume proves to us that if the sterling spirit of poetry be evaporating here,—if that which has charmed our fathers, and been the delight of the most generous part of our existence, no longer finds admirers, or degenerates into that boarding-school sentimentality which is so prevalent at present, we may turn to a nation sprung from our own loins, for the refreshing spring to invigorate us, and find in American literature, as refinement increases there, a fount of imaginative delight unconnected with that corruption of works of fancy, the modern fashionable novel. From the wilds of America, we may extract the honey so delicious to the taste and so vivifying to the soul, which the "old country" will have ceased to furnish.

In conclusion, the critic commends "the spirit of piety," and says, quite oblivious of the fact that Bryant had been for some time the editor of a New York daily newspaper: "He who dwells in the bosom of nature sees the Deity everywhere."

The *Monthly Review*[19] takes Bryant's *Poems* as a text for a long article on *American Poetry,* quotations from which will appear elsewhere. It dissents strongly from Irving's ranking of the poems, saying: "Had that gentleman not been an American, it is quite impossible that with his excellent taste, and his undoubted acquaintance with the poetical treasures of this country, he could have sincerely entertained any such opinion." It pronounces Bryant inferior to Dana, and in some respects to Percival, and thinks the work of none of these writers is above the average of verse in English annuals. The *Ages,* the reviewer says, "flows in lines sufficiently elaborated and polished, but cold and unexciting." "The most poetical production in this volume is, beyond all comparison, the address to 'The Evening Wind.' The critical reader will, however, perceive, that the topics selected for illustration of the subject seem to have been industriously sought for: they do not appear to have arisen upon the imagination in that vein of fervid conception, which always characterizes poetry of the highest order."

Blackwood's[20] treats the *Poems* in an interesting and on the whole a judicious, though not an over-favorable review. It finds some fault with Irving's praise of Bryant. It commends espe-

[19] n. and i. ser. [XIX] (April 1832) 490.
[20] XXXI (April 1832) 646.

cially the poet's use of blank verse. As to his Americanism, it complains:

> It seems to us, that by leaving out a very few allusions to objects living or dead, not native with us, it might be read to any familiar lover of nature, without his imagination being moved to leave the British isles, and fly to America. . . . Is the scenery it paints as American as the scenery of the Task is English—and of the Seasons Scottish? If it be—then there is little difference between the character of the Old World's aspect and of the New. But we feel that there is much difference—and that distinctive—while we are reading the novels of Cooper.

The *Foreign Quarterly Review*[21] devotes to Bryant's *Poems* a seventeen-page article—the first notice of anything American to be found in this journal:

> We have reason to hail with satisfaction such creditable productions of American authorship as the volume before us. . . . In reading their [American] works we are irresistibly led to associate them with those of England; and we yield easily to the temptation of adding their literary laurels to swell that vast aggregate of glory which illuminates the annals of the English language. Yet though the American writer is in many respects identified with ourselves, there is on the other hand much that renders him distinct. . . . With respect to the author before us, we agree in opinion with the distinguished editor, that his descriptive writings "are essentially American . . ." Though a contributor to "the common treasury of the language," Mr. Bryant must still be regarded as a foreigner; and in that capacity his productions fairly bring him under the notice of this Journal—a notice more willingly recorded, because our remarks will be rather those of eulogy than of censure.

The ensuing article is sane and sound, praising the poet's best qualities, and pointing out, though with no undue emphasis, his faults.

The *Lady's Magazine*[22] is over-enthusiastic in its praise:

> How rich a treat to the reviewer, satiated by the smooth, musical verbiage, and the indefinite faults of modern poetasters, to open a volume full of genuine melody and original genius.

On the *Lines to a Waterfowl* it makes this interesting comment:

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[21] X (Aug. 1832) 121.
[22] Imp. ser. I (Dec. 1832) 271.

When this noble burst of melodious rhythm, natural picturing, and true religious feeling [To a Waterfowl] was first given to the mother-country, by Hone's fine taste in his Every-day Book, it created a sensation in the reading world. It was anonymous; and the question went round—"Who is the author?" Many ascribed it to Moore; but the absence of all flimsy sentiment and garish trickeries soon invalidated such appropriation. Cooper afterward headed some of the chapters in his American novels with quotations from this poem, and appended to them the name of "Bryant." Yet, in the face of this acknowledgment, Cooper was, by many persons, considered the author; nor was the matter fully settled till Washington Irving, this last summer, edited Cullen Bryant's poems, which conclude with this exquisite gem.

Of Bryant's contemporaries, few if any poets aroused more comment in England than did James Kirke Paulding. Paulding's collaboration with Irving in *Salmagundi* helped to make him known after the author of the *Sketch Book* was in the public eye; and the *Backwoodsman* satisfied English notions of what an American poem should be, at least so far as subject is concerned. As early as August, 1819, the *British Review*[23] said in the course of a long discussion on American literary conditions in general: "But the most recent, as well as the best specimen of American poesy is unquestionably the 'Backwoodsman' of Mr. Paulsen [sic], to whom the transatlantic critics have awarded the highest place among their native poets. His versification is uniformly smooth, and animated with glowing sentiments of liberty, according to the *American* model." The *New Monthly Magazine*[24] coupled the *Backwoodsman* with a burlesque American review of a poem (probably imaginary) entitled "T'other Side of Ohio, by J. Oldfield"; and assumed that Paulding wrote his poem to show prospective American emigrants that the frontier was not a paradise. It pronounced it "One of the most favourable specimens of native poetical ability that we have yet been presented with by transatlantic genius." The *Kaleidoscope, or Literary and Scientific Mirror*[25] introduces a selection with the following note:

[23] XIV; 48.
[24] XIII (Feb. 1820) 143.
[25] II (March 28, 1820) 148.

The following lines are an extract from the "Backwoodsman," a poem by Mr. Paulsden [sic], a native of the United States, to whom American critics, it seems, allow the palm of transatlantic superiority. . . . The poetry, in the passage below has a tang of Goldsmith, and is singularly free from the tumid and falsely-florid manner which has hitherto characterized the Anglo-American muses. The concluding paragraph, allusive to the silence of the American solitudes, is peculiarly forcible.

The *Monthly Review Enlarged*[26] in an article on Walsh's *Appeal from the Judgments of Great Britain respecting the United States of America,* remarked of Paulding: "'The Backwoodsman' possesses considerable merit, and is curious from the subject and the manners which it portrays." The *Monthly Magazine or British Register*[27] has some praise for the *Backwoodsman,* saying that the tale, though almost too simple, is well told, and that the renegade and the savage are well portrayed.

Attention was more widely drawn to the *Backwoodsman* when it was included in *Specimens of American Poetry* (1822), though it was there accompanied by an editorial note which complained of Paulding's taste. Several of the reviews of this collection comment on the poem and its author.[28] The *Monthly Magazine or British Register*[29] which had spoken well of the *Backwoodsman* the year before, prefers Paulding to Pierpont, and says that his "work is, at all events, characteristic of his country." The *Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review*[30] passes this judgment: "Mr. Paulding is a stern democrat both in his politics and literature, and he delights in expressing himself boldly and carelessly without paying too nice a regard to the laws of taste and the canons of criticism: he, however, possesses great poetical feeling and a keen perception of the beauties of his native country. Some of his descriptions are very striking and vivid." *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*[31] calls the *Backwoodsman* "a poem which first gave the idea to Eng-

[26] XCIII (Nov. 1820) 297.
[27] LII (Oct. 1821) 226.
[28] Nearly all the reviews of the *Specimens* which comment on Bryant (see pp. 158-9) have at least a word on Paulding.
[29] LIII (May 1822) 313.
[30] IV (May 18, 1822) 312.
[31] VI (June 1822).

lish readers, that American writers could be poetical, and which abounds with vivid and poetical descriptions." The *Kaleidoscope*[32] and the *Monthly Review Enlarged*[33] in their notices of the *Specimens* speak well of Paulding. The *Literary Gazette*[34] is less favorable.

The *Retrospective Review*[35] in its article *apropos* of *Arthur Mervyn* says in its discussion of American poetry: "Mr. Paulding seems to be in high esteem with his contemporaries, and he probably deserves it. We can readily believe that he is a vigorous writer. Nevertheless, his style is at present much too laboured and artificial . . . nor is the tendency of his language extremely poetical." He protests, the reviewer complains, against copying of English writers by his countrymen; yet "the style of his own verse is essentially *English,* and not English of the loftiest character. . . . He may do much if he will: but whether he will do much while he disregards the great models in his *own* language (for what does he write but English?) must remain for the present a problem." The *Edinburgh Literary Journal*[36] notes in an article on several American literary works: "Mr. J. K. Paulding has attained considerable literary celebrity in America, but we believe he is more appreciated as a prose writer than as a poet. . . . Paulding's style is rough and harsh, but full of shrewd sense and careless humour. He is a thorough democrat, and as such affects to despise what is polished and courtly." The *Athenæum*[37] reviews the *Backwoodsman* in 1831, perhaps on the occasion of a new edition. It makes the not unusual criticism that the tale is too long drawn out by commonplace incidents; but it pronounces the strictly American parts, such as the scenes among the Indians, well done, and says: "The author of these volumes does not want either for strong sense, or powers of description."

The only work of FitzGreene Halleck which seems to have attracted much attention in England before 1833 was *Fanny;*

[32] III (Feb. 4, 1823) 249.
[33] C. (Jan. 1823) 28.
[34] VI (May 18, 1822) 306.
[35] IX (1824) 304.
[36] II (Aug. 8, 1831) 131.
[37] [IV] (Aug. 27, 1831) 549.

and since this was published anonymously in America, and appeared anonymously in the *Specimens of the American Poets,* it did not serve to introduce the author's name to England. At least two reviews of the poem appeared in November, 1821. The *Monthly Review Enlarged*[38] says:

> We have here a transatlantic imitation of Beppo and Don Juan, though the *ottava rima* is changed for the six-line stanza. The allusions to persons and places, and the satire on them are so entirely local, that we can neither appreciate them nor be interested by them; and both justice and charity, perhaps, should induce us to suppose that, from this circumstance, the poem may have more merit in the eyes of New-York readers than in those of Londoners. Certain it is, however, that we can discover no high beauty in the poetry, nor any great poignancy in the satire; though we have often met with worse versification, particularly from the servile herd of imitators.

A brief notice in *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*[39] is no more severe than the foregoing, but is written with the smugness that characterizes other references to American works in this journal at about the same time:

> This is one of the numerous imitations of Don Juan with which the press has been lately over-run. . . . The story is a mere nothing. Some of the stanzas possess wit, but it is wire-drawn, and wants originality. As a transatlantic performance, however, we wish not to judge it fastidiously; . . . We are sorry that the Americans are so early beginning to indulge in a propensity for this kind of satire. . . . An undue propensity to it has ever been the vice of *polished* nations and therefore we should not *yet* look for it in America.

The Editor of *Specimens of the American Poets* was more favorably disposed toward *Fanny,* saying: "This sprightly little poem is one of the cleverest efforts of the American Muse"; and some of the reviewers of his collection shared his opinion. The *Kaleidoscope*[40] reprints from some contemporary a review which says: "Next to Bryant, as well for his powers as for his variety, we do not hesitate to rank the anonymous author of *Fanny,* which, along with its many obvious blemishes, unites in it almost every promising *essential* to poetic excellence." An

[38] XCVI, 323.
[39] III, 579.
[40] III (Feb. 4, 1823) 249.

article already several times quoted, in the *Retrospective Review* for 1824[41] also names Bryant and the author of *Fanny* as beyond doubt the best of the American poets. On the other hand, the *Monthly Review Enlarged*[42] in its review of the *Specimens*, speaks slightingly of *Fanny;* and the *Literary Gazette*[43] takes a middle ground, pronouncing "the story poor, but the composition clever."

The moral and religious tendencies of the Reverend John Pierpont, and the fact that many of his shorter poems seemed especially fitted to drift about as fugitive verse[44] made the name of this poet well known in Great Britain, though the more serious critics never treated him as a figure of great importance. As early as February, 1819, the *Monthly Review Enlarged*[45] gave a rather unfavorable notice of the *Airs of Palestine*, objecting to the egotism and to the versification, and saying: "We are well disposed to receive an American poet handsomely: but there must be bounds even to the national courtesies of literature." In its long discussion of the state of literature in America the *British Review*[46] remarks that "The 'Airs of Palestine' by Mr. Pierpoint [sic] (who has recently been nominated minister of a Presbyterian church at Boston) have some claims to indulgence, from the benevolent motive which led the author to compose them, though we cannot assign them so high a rank in the scale of excellence as some of our contemporaries." The editor of *Specimens of the American Poets* makes the comment that "Upon the whole, Mr. Pierpont is per-

[41] IX, 304.

[42] C (Jan. 1823) 28.

[43] VI (May 18, 1822) 306.

[44] Selections from Pierpont are given in connection with several of the reviews mentioned in the text. A few of the many other poems reprinted are the *Hymn, "O Thou, to whom in ancient time,"* in *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*, XLVIII (Oct. 1825) 720; *Hymn for the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Settlement of Charleston, Ibid.* LIV (Feb. 1831) 144; *Hymn for the Bunker Hill Celebration*, in *Monthly Repository*, XX (Dec. 1825) 757; same *Hymn*, in *Christian Reformer*, XI (Dec. 1825) 392; other hymns, *Ibid.* XI: 84 and 224; *Charleston Hymn, Ibid.* XVII (Feb. 1831) 57; a *Hymn* in *Christian Remembrancer* XV (May 1833) 307. An interesting notice in the *Monthly Review*, n. & i. ser. XIV (1830) 306 (Norfolk), of *The American New First Class Book*, re-edited by E. H. Barker, Esq., of Thetford, a school textbook by Pierpont, shows that that author was known in England for other things than poetry.

[45] LXXXVIII, 207.

[46] XIV (Aug. 1819) 48.

haps one of the most *correct* of all the American poets, and if he does not attempt so much as his compeers, he generally displays more taste and judgment." Almost all the reviewers of this volume mention Pierpont, most of them with but guarded praise. The *Monthly Magazine or British Register*[47] observes that he has "a very florid and ornamental style, varying from the old school of poetry only in some occasional flourishes, which cannot be considered as an improvement." It dismisses the selection from the *Airs of Palestine* with praise, "if the admission may be tendered as praise of an American poem, that it might pass undetected for good English currency." The *Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review*[48] echoes the editor of the *Specimens:* "There is considerable harmony in his versification, and he is considered the most correct of all the American poets . . ." The *Monthly Review Enlarged*[49] reverses its earlier judgment, to the extent, at least, of finding no fault. *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*[50] and the *Kaleidoscope*[51] both speak pleasantly of Pierpont, while the *Literary Gazette*[52] calls the *Airs of Palestine* a "dull poem," though its versification is "the best that America has furnished." The *Athenæum*[53] complains that Pierpont is not represented in Cheever's *Common-Place Book of American Poetry,* which it is reviewing. John Neal, in his *Blackwood's* comments on American writers says of Pierpont: "He is in the rank of Beattie, Campbell, and all that class."

The *Yamoyden* of Eastburn and Sands was given in the *Specimens of the American Poets* as by "J. W. Eastburn and his friend," and none of the reviewers of the book supplied the missing name. In connection with the poem the editor remarks: "One principal cause of the incorrectness of style, and want of polished taste which the American poets display, may doubtless be discovered in the very early age at which they are accustomed to present their publications to the world." The

[47] LIII (May 1822) 313.
[48] IV (May 18, 1822) 312.
[49] C (Jan. 1823) 28.
[50] VI (June 1822).
[51] III (Feb. 4, 1823) 249.
[52] VI (May 18, 1822) 306.
[53] [IV] (Dec. 10, 1831) 795.

Monthly Review Enlarged[54] also dwells on the juvenile and imitative character of the work: "*Yamoyden* is a parody or transfusion of Sir Walter Scott, creditable to the imitative powers of the author, then a boy, but without one gleam of originality." *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine* gives an odd mixture of inaccuracy and praise. It prefers to Bryant "Mr. Eastburne [sic] and his friend who has taken a part in the composition of 'Yamaden [sic], a Tale of the Wars of King Philip.' The stanzas of this modest anonymous assistant are replete with beauty of sentiment, and display a harmony of numbers far beyond what the generality of American writers have yet attained command of." The *Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review*[55] refuses to consider Eastburn among American poets because he was born in England.

Two years before the appearance of the *Specimens* the *Investigator*[56] had taken up *Yamoyden* in its department of "American Literature and Intelligence," and had given long extracts and much praise. Nathan Drake, M.D., in his *Evenings in Autumn* (1822) devotes two readable essays[57] to *Yamoyden*. Like the editor of the *Specimens* he does not know Sands's name, though he evidently prefers his share in the composition. He finds "the impress and animating principle of true genius; passages, in fact, of splendor and beauty which might redeem much greater defects than any which he will be called upon to pardon here." In the second essay, after long quotations he says: "The style and versification are manifestly formed in the school of Sir Walter Scott, frequently exhibiting very happy specimens of a bold, free, and yet harmonious rythmn [sic], and occasionally, as might be expected from the circumstances attending the construction of the work, discovering instances of slovenly diction, and imperfect metre." *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*[58] prints a note signed J. W. G. on the death of Robert C. Sands. It condemns Mrs. Trollope for her attempts to make the character of a New York editor odious.

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[54] C (Jan. 1823) 28.

[55] IV (May 18, 1822) 312.

[56] II (April 1821) 170; in VI: 173 Eastburn's poem, the *Hebrew Mourner* is reprinted.

[57] Vol. I, Nos. 1 and 2.

[58] XXXVII (1833) 499.

and seems to imply—though on what ground is not clear—that her "Hannibal Burns" was intended for Sands. The contributor speaks of personal acquaintance with Sands, and commends him highly as a man and a writer.

The *Specimens of the American Poets* also includes nine poems by Dabney and nine by Maxwell, and a group of fourteen pieces of miscellaneous poetry, including Allston's *Paint King*. The editor gave Dabney some qualified praise, saying "The war-songs, which are curious as specimens of American feeling, will be found very bold and spirited"; and again: "Mr. Dabney's style partakes of all the characteristic faults of his countrymen's—carelessness, roughness, and occasional want of good taste." Maxwell is pronounced a disciple of Waller. Most reviews of the Specimens have little or nothing to say of either of these two poets. *Colburn's*[59] groups them together as imitators. On the other hand an article on American literature in the *Monthly Magazine or British Register*[60] two years before the appearance of the *Specimens* had chosen both Dabney and Maxwell for especial notice, saying: "Mr. Dabney is a man of information and reading, and a poet much above mediocrity: there is a considerable depth of thought in his writings, and a freedom and ease of expression highly creditable to him: while the sentiments which pervade his poems are just, moral, and pure." Unlike other critics, this writer does not find him imitative: "Mr. Dabney does not seem to have taken any of our living poets as his models, and we hardly know with whom we should compare him: making all due allowances for his inferiority, we think he approaches nearest in style and manner to Campbell. On the whole, Mr. D. certainly merits protection and encouragement from his countrymen." Maxwell, though adjudged not quite equal to Dabney, is accorded considerable praise, and is represented by a selection which "almost equals some passages of Lord Byron in pathos." Fault is found, however, with the bombast of his patriotic poems, and with his use of "sprigh" as an Americanism. On the whole, the small vogue of Dabney and Maxwell in England seems to have been at its height about 1820. The *Monthly Re-*

[59] VI (June 1822) 269.
[60] XLVIII (Jan. 1820) 505.

view Enlarged for November of that year[61] in its long article on *Walsh's Appeal from the Judgments of Great Britain,* says: "The Poems of Mr. Richard Dabney certainly possess more originality of thought, and display more of the hand of a poet, than any other trans-Atlantic composition which we have seen"; but comments on the "carelessness and inequality which mark the composition of a young author," and on the "immature taste." On a later page the same article goes on: "We have read with considerable pleasure a small volume by Mr. Maxwell, which contains what we should call agreeable poetry, without any pretensions to the sublime, but written in an easy and lively style." The critic says of Allston: "It is certainly to be admitted that he handles his pencil with more skill than his pen, for his poems are specimens of a very fatiguing mediocrity of talent, and require no small share of patience in the perusal." This judgment of the relative value of Allston's work as painter and as poet was probably the prevailing one in England. He was on terms of close friendship with several English men of letters—among them Coleridge and Wordsworth—who seem never to have thought of him as a writer. Notices of his poems are few. The long article on *American Literature* in the *Retrospective Review* for 1824[62] favors him with some praise; it also speaks pleasantly of Dabney and Maxwell.

Percival was the subject of frequent comment in English journals, and was sometimes ranked at the head of American poets. In 1822 *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*[63] praised his *Clio,* but advised him not to imitate English writers so closely. The *Kaleidoscope*[64] quoted from "a late American paper" some high praise of the poet, and gave *To Seneca Lake* as a specimen. The *Monthly Magazine, or British Register*[65] reviewed the London reprint of Percival's poems, saying, "We have seen many specimens of American taste and genius, but

[61] XCIII, 297.

[62] IX, 304.

[63] VI (Aug.) 364; with its penchant for misspelling American names *Colburn's* calls the poet *Perceval.*

[64] III (March 18, 1823) 300.

[65] LVII (June 1824) 437.

we think this work one of the most favourable"; and adding in regard to *Prometheus:*

> There is a tinge of that religious mysticism which, perhaps for another century, must be indulged among the descendants of the gloomy fanatics who first peopled New England, and whose prejudices still restrain the free exertion of American intellect. But for this drawback, the Poems would bear comparison with the most tasteful productions of the mother country.

The *Monthly Review Enlarged*[66] says of the same collection:

> We have selected the Poems which appear at the head of this article; because, though not of equal excellence with the nobler strains of Bryant, or some of those of Bancroft, as given in the before-mentioned Specimens, they yet boast a degree of merit far superior to that of any entire pieces hitherto published on this side of the water. . . .
>
> The Doctor's poetry, though elevated with occasional bursts of true genius and passion, presents some of the most startling and terrific pictures of a powerful but fervid imagination, of contempt and hatred of mankind, of scepticism, of suicide, and of the "darkest painter's horrors," that we recollect to have ever contemplated. To some minds, in some moods, these pictures have their charms, . . . and, as they boast but too potent and dangerous a spell, we would fain exorcise the imaginations both of the poet and his readers. . . . Deeply fraught with poetry and passion as some of his pieces indisputably are, we think that in this "moody madness" of the poet's brain he has gone much too far: we fear to sympathize with him; we shiver and tremble as we read; yet we feel his power. . . .
>
> The prevailing faults of the writer's poetry appear to consist in the florid and pompous style, which is unfortunately so much affected by some of our young modern poets.

The *Edinburgh Literary Journal*[67] in a leading article on several American books, remarks that "the four poets of greatest eminence which America at present possesses, are Percival, Bryant, Paulding, and Halleck" and continues regarding Percival:

> Without possessing a mind of the very highest order, Percival's poetry is nevertheless of that kind which cannot fail to attract and please. He often *thinks* deeply, and always *feels* acutely; he has an intense perception of the beautiful—more than of the sublime—

[66] CIV (July 1824) 315.
[67] II (Aug. 8, 1829) 130.

in nature; and his style is a sort of compound of that of Shelley and Wordsworth,—the latter of which poets, we may remark in passing, seems to be a decided favourite with the Americans. On the whole, we cannot help thinking Percival infinitely superior to the great crowd of poetasters with which this country is at present infested, and are surprised that his works are not better known among us.

The *Monthly Review* in its discussion of Bryant's *Poems*[68] mentions Percival as a poet "whose range is said to be bolder and higher than that of Bryant, but inferior to the latter in all the requisites of polished diction." Neal, in his *Blackwood* articles,[69] makes the odd remark that Percival is "among poets, very much what Geoffrey Crayon is among prose writers." Percival's shorter poems were often printed in journals of all grades.[70]

Many of N. P. Willis's poems also floated about in the newspapers and magazines.[71] Formal criticisms of Willis were, however, few. The *Literary Gazette*[72] groups his volume of *Sketches* with several other American works, and pronounces his verse promising but immature. *Fraser's Magazine*[73] makes his *Fugitive Poetry* the occasion of an article which is mainly concerned with literary conditions in America. Of Willis himself it says:

Among their poets, Mr. Willis perhaps holds one of the most conspicuous stations; and by the specimens of his poems which we shall lay before his readers, it will, we are of opinion, be seen that, however commendable may be his productions, and how fair may be the prospect which they hold out for a future plentiful and rich harvest, they are not, of themselves, of a first-rate order. They are, notwithstanding, conspicuous for tenderness, and taste, and occasional bursts of passion, and a vein, narrow enough, we admit, of philosophy. They also manifest an amiable and excellent heart, as

[68] n. & i. ser., [XIX] (April 1832) 490.

[69] XVII (1824) 186.

[70] A few of many such reprints are: In *Kaleidoscope* n. s. II: 324, *The Coral Grove* (no author named); *Ibid.* (July 2, 1822) p. 412, *Lines*, ("Softly the moonlight"); *Monthly Literary Register*, II (Oct. 1822) 236, *Star of my heart; Gentleman's Pocket Magazine* for 1827, p. 212, *To a Butterfly; Ibid.* p. 333, *The Contrast.*

[71] Among those noticed are, in *Gentleman's Pocket Magazine* for 1830, p. 145, *Unwritten Poetry;* in *Edinburg Literary Journal*, II (Nov. 6, 1830) 294, *The Soldier's Widow* (taken from a London annual); *Ibid.* V (April 30, 1831) 282, *The Wife's Appeal.*

[72] XII (Aug. 23, 1828) 530.

[73] I (Feb. 1830) 8.

they contain many pictures of youth, and innocence, and beauty, and early affections. But there are, throughout, many conceits.

Six pages of selections from Willis's poetry are also in most instances praised. A writer in the *Eclectic Review*[74] thinks Willis the best of the poets represented in a new volume of selections.

J. A. Hillhouse elicited little remark in England, but when he was mentioned he was taken seriously. The notice of *Hadad* in *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*[75] is typical of that journal, even to the misspelling *Hadod*:

There are many poetical and pleasing passages in this poem, which, as a specimen of transatlantic dramatic composition we can recommend to our readers. The subject is from the Old Testament. The characters are numerous; but there is, unfortunately, that want of energetic interest and unflagging excitement so necessary in all pieces written for the stage; and in which very few in our day, in any country, have succeeded. Hadod, however, does its author credit.

In his *Essays in Autumn,* Nathan Drake, whose comments on *Yamoyden* have already been quoted, bestows extravagant praise on Hillhouse's *The Judgment, a Vision*:[76]

Like the productions of Glynn and Bruce, the poem of Mr. *Hillhouse* is written in blank verse, and with a skill in its construction which evidently proves him to have studied the best masters in this difficult style of versification with singular assiduity and success. In the grouping and management of his subject, however, he has a claim to originality, and has given to his poem a character, which, as distinguishing it from the works of his predecessors, may be termed the *picturesque.* So fully and forcibly, indeed, has he brought forth his figures from the canvass, and frequently, with such grace and beauty of effect, as to impart an interest to the subject which the general and overwhelming nature of its detail, as exhibited in the efforts of preceding writers, had altogether failed to produce.

Of an apostrophe to the Evening Star:

Numerous as have been the addresses to this lovely planet, there is not one which can compete with this, if regard be had to the awful magnitude of the occasion; and few, which, in point of execution, can be deemed more pensively sweet and impressive.

[74] n. s. X (July, 1833) 1.
[75] XXI (Jan. 1827) 7.
[76] II, 100; No. XV.

The name of Edward Coate Pinkney—often misspelled—is occasionally found in articles on American poetry, and some of his shorter pieces were reprinted. In an article on *North American Review on Lord Byron's Works, and Pinkney's Poetry* the *London Magazine*[77] attacks him, not so much for his own sake, as for the chance of objecting to praise which the *North American Review* has bestowed upon him. Of certain lines in the *Toast,* "I fill the cup" it says: "Such sheer nonsense as the stuff printed in Italics could hardly obtain a place in the columns of the most contemptible newspaper; and such unmeaning trash is quoted by the first critical journal of America with high commendation!"

R. H. Dana was another poet more often named for comparison and contrast than on his own account. The verdict of the *Monthly Review*[78] that he "has a bolder and a more poetical genius than that of Bryant" has already been cited.

Three early American poetesses, Marie Gowen Brooks, Lydia Huntley Sigourney, and Hannah F. Gould seem to have been well known in England. Of these, Mrs. Brooks was taken most seriously. Southey, it is well known, praised her highly. The *Literary Gazette*[79] gallantly reviewed her *Judith, Esther, and Other Poems*:

> Productions of a female and of a stranger! our severer judgment would be reluctantly exercised on these poems; fortunately it is not what we are now called upon to use. In this little volume there is much of sweetness, much of poetical feeling; a harvest which, weeded from the tares left by haste and carelessness, would be one, we think, of both promise and produce. [sic]
>
> We must say of them what belongs to most of the transatlantic poetry—why are they not more exclusive, more national? America has that bright heaven, that magnificent earth, which would seem to fit it for the poet's birthplace: surely there is inspiration in her rich, deep forests, her noble rivers; yet but too much of her poetry is but the echo of that from another land: this should not be. Let there be an Atlantic between their songs as between their shores; let the American bard forget the lillies, roses, and violets of the European Muses; let his lyre be devoted to his own peculiar feelings; let it seek for imagery in its native woods and skies,—and glorious will be its awaking. Still we must say of this lady, at a pe-

[77] n. s. IV. (Feb. 1826) 224.
[78] n. & i. ser. [XIX] (1832) 490.
[79] X (Dec. 9, 1826) 776.

riod when female genius is asserting itself in a way to make the proudest of the other sex tremble for their long-fancied superiority, that she seems to us to be deeply imbued with the true spirit of poetry. In composition she has a good deal to correct; in conception and imagination she is already often admirable.

British reviewers seem to have taken no hint from the pen-name, Marie del Occidente, over which *Zophiel* appeared in London in 1833, and to have been ignorant that the first canto of the poem had been published in Boston eight years earlier; at all events they make no comment on the nationality of the author. The *Athenæum*[80] was somewhat half-hearted in commendation:

There is some fancy and some pleasing poetry in this little volume—but the author wants vigour of imagination for the original flight meditated: there are, however, many graceful passages, many fine thoughts, and enough of power to induce us to wish that a theme of a domestic character, with the scene at our own door, had been selected.

The *Monthly Review*[81] was impressed by the sex of the author:

The origin of the present poem, together with its authorship, appear to be buried in complete obscurity, and we are merely enabled, from the graceful and delicate spirit which is infused into it, to conjecture that it is the emanation of a female mind.

We recommend the work as a very favourable specimen of the exalted state of cultivation which the female mind has attained in the present auspicious era.

The *British Magazine*[82] gives a brief non-committal notice, saying: "The poem will please those who like these wild mixtures of human and superhuman, classical and oriental; and the notes contain a variety of very curious and fanciful opinions, chiefly on mythological subjects, evidently derived from extensive reading."

As early as 1815 the *Critical Review*[83] speaks charitably of Lydia Huntley's *Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse*:

We understand that these Poems are the production of a very young Lady, who has acquired by her own exertions the advantages

[80] June 29, 1833, p. 418.
[81] August 1833, p. 576.
[82] IV (Nov. 1833) 554.
[83] Fifth Ser., II (Nov. 1815) 544.

of education, and by her unremitting industry (as the mistress of a Female Seminary) has rescued herself from a state of unmerited indigence, and been enabled to hold out the hand of affectionate succour to her distressed relatives. Her Poems are among the very best hitherto produced by the American Muse.

There seem, however, to have been few critical notices of Mrs. Sigourney's numerous volumes; though the *Christian Observer*[84] reviews her edition of Hannah More's Works, and pronounces her comments on Mrs. More a "little extravagant, and almost too personal." Her poems were, however, paid the compliment of frequent republication, especially in the religious and the ladies' magazines.[85] The *Athenæum*[86] in its review of Cheever's *Common-Place Book of American Poetry,* praises her for her religious quality.

A writer in the *Athenæum*[87] pays Hannah F. Gould a half-hearted compliment: "We have dipped into five and twenty volumes [of American writings] within these last ten days; and this collection of poems by Miss Gould is the only one deserving notice; and even this, small as it is, contains a great deal that is valueless." This article apparently furnished material for comments in the *Boudoir*[88] and the *Royal Lady's Magazine*[89] for the following month. Both of these echo the criticism, and print the same four poems as illustrative selections. Fugitive poems by Miss Gould are occasionally found in the less important journals.

The *Literary Remains* of Lucretia M. Davidson were solemnly reviewed by Southey in the *Quarterly*.[90] It was the opinion of the laureate that in the poems of this infant prodigy "there was as fair a promise of future excellence as ever genius put forth." Fully as interesting as the article is a letter from Southey to Caroline Bowles, August 17, 1829:

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[84] XXVIII (Jan. 1828) 45.

[85] A few instances are: in the *Kaleidoscope*, n. s. I (Dec. 19, 1820) 196, *The Creator; Christian Reformer,* XVII (Nov. 1832) 516, *The Western Emigrant; Baptist Magazine,* XXIV (Dec. 1832) 524, *The Baptism; Lady's Pocket Magazine,* (1830) p. 227, *The School; Ibid.,* (1831) p. 99, *The Rose; Ibid.,* (1832) p. 30, *The Princess of York; Ibid.,* (1833) p. 41. *The Indian's Burial of His Child.*

[86] [IV] (1831) 812.

[87] [V] (Aug. 25, 1832) 546.

[88] [I] (Sept. 1832) 381.

[89] IV (Sept. 1832) 85.

[90] XLI (Nov. 1829) 289.

I shall draw some tears from your eyes, dear Caroline, by the history of a young American poetess which I am just finishing for the next *Quarterly Review*, and have, indeed, this moment broken off, that I may not longer delay writing to you. You are a cruel writer, for you imagine tales which I, with all my love for the writer, and with all my admiration for the passages that catch my eye, cannot bear to read, though thirty years ago I should have devoured them. In my future fiction I will make everybody happy as far as I can, for the sake of making myself so while I write, and will tell no sad stories, unless they are true ones, as this is. She was a beautiful creature, who died at the age of seventeen, the victim of over-excitement, like Kirke White.

The most notable New England poets of the mid-century had made scarcely a beginning before 1833. Still, in the latest years of the period the name of Longfellow is occasionally met with, though he elicited no individual criticism. The *Athenæum*[91] prints with praise his *Hymn of the Moravian Nuns* at Bethlehem, though the editor is ignorant of the author. Two months later[92] in its review of Cheever's *Common-Place Book of American Poetry*, the *Athenæum* says:

Mr. Longfellow is an especial favorite of ours. His "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns" at the consecration of Pulaski's banner, (published in a former number of the Athenæum) is one of the most spirited lyrics in the language; and there are several others in this volume worthy to be its companions. His poems were all written, we understand, during his hours of relaxation, while a student in college; and we regret to learn that the duties of an active profession have compelled him of late to neglect the muse.

The *Monthly Review*[93] extracts from the *Literary Souvenir* some fifty lines of verse beginning,

The moons of autumn wax and wane; the hollow sound of floods
Is borne upon the mournful wind; and broadly on the woods

with the introductory comment:

We believe that we have been principally induced to extract the following lines by the consideration that they appear to have been written by a North American. It is gratifying to us to find that

[91] IV (Oct. 1, 1831) 634.
[92] Dec. 10, 1821, p. 795.
[93] n. & i. ser., XV (Dec. 1820) 562.

our kinsmen in blood and language, at the other side of the Atlantic, are making at length, some strides towards the idiomatic tone of our poetry. The author, Mr. G. Whittier, paints the grief of an Indian girl, assumed to be the last of the aboriginal inhabitants of Newfoundland.

These lines are not found in any poem included in the Cambridge edition of J. G. Whittier and dated before 1831.

Minor volumes of American verse seem to have been attractive to English reviewers, who looked on them sometimes as curiosities and sometimes as phenomena of real significance. A few representative criticisms may be cited. The *Monthly Magazine or British Register*[94] gives a notice of B. H. Judah's juvenile Byronic *Odofriede, the Outcast*: "Though strangely defective, considered as a regular and complete performance, abounding in false sentiment and exaggerated character, yet there are individual passages full of richness of fancy and poetic diction, which go far to redeem the general failure of the piece." The article speaks pleasantly of the promise of American poetry. Another juvenile volume, *Poems,* by Sumner Lincoln Fairfield, is more severely handled by *Colburn's.*[95] The *Literary Gazette* for February 21, 1824,[96] treats with long-drawn-out contempt two volumes: *Eugenia, or Early Scenes in Cumberland,* by Marshall, and *The Pleasures of Poverty,* by Solomon Southwick—animosity being shown not so much in unfairness to the poems as in paying so much attention to them. The author of *Eugenia* seems to have irritated the reviewer by laying stress on the happiness of simple life in America, and by a tribute to Napoleon. A description of a pompous banquet, quoted from the *Pleasures of Poverty* gives opportunity for this fling: "We presume that the manners and enjoyments of the aristocracy in Mr. Southwick's native land are here drawn from the life; and truly if it be so, the joys of scanty meals must be preferable to those of refined society." *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*[97] is half-complimentary, half-patronizing in its notice of *Rural Hours, a Poem,* a little gift-volume by Garit Furman: "The writer is one of those who have amused

[94] LIII (July 1822) 549.
[95] IX (Dec. 1823) 555.
[96] VIII, 115, 116.
[97] XII (April 1824) 173.

hours stolen from mercantile pursuits, and spent upon his farm, in turning into verse the most prominent scenes of rural life. We are rejoiced to find, that in so young, though great and rapidly increasing a nation, temporary relaxation from concerns which must occupy unceasingly the time of those who do not make literature an affair of life, are thus elegantly and pleasingly devoted." The *Monthly Critical Gazette*[98] reviews *The American Mariners: or the Atlantic Voyage. A Moral Poem. To which is prefixed, a Vindication of the American Character from the Aspersions of the Quarterly Reviewers.* After an introductory discussion which concludes with the prophecy that when America reaches maturity "possibly . . . she will then be ripe for splitting into more monarchies than Europe contains," the critic says:

> It is a rambling, desultory story, written after the manner of Falconer's Shipwreck. That it contains some indifferently good poetry, we will not be so unjust as to deny. It is exceedingly long, and abounds with praises of American valour and beauty, with praises of American scenery, with praises of American trees, shrubs, and plants; of everything American from the jaguar that roams the forest, to the veriest vermin that riot in the peasant's garner. Everything is seen through the distorted medium of nationality and prejudice.

The *Athenæum*[99] reviews favorably Sprague's *Ode Pronounced before the inhabitants of Boston 17th September, 1830,* and compares it with "the small weak stuff with which we are favored upon such occasions." Later in the same volume[1] the *Athenæum,* in its review of Cheever's *Common-Place Book of American Poetry,* says that Sprague's "productions are characterized by a purity of thought and simplicity of language, as rare as they are valuable." The *Spirit of Literature*[2] ridicules an article on Sprague in the *North American Review,* saying: "Mr. Sprague holds a high rank among American writers, and we think not undeservedly; but the object of this present article is to prove him a poet." The *Eclectic Review* ranks Sprague second only to Willis in the list

[98] I (Aug. 1824) 255.
[99] [IV] (Jan. 29, 1831) 66.
[1] P. 812.
[2] I (June 5, 1830) 32.

of American poets represented in a new volume of selections. In the preceding volume the *Eclectic*[4] had noticed *The Religion of Taste, a Poem,* by Carlos Wilcox, a Newport minister who had died young. The *Athenæum*[5] in its review of Cheever's *Common-Place Book of American Poetry,* praises and quotes from Wilcox's descriptive poems.

No account can be given of the great number of poems by lesser American authors which, with and without credit, floated about in the British newspapers and magazines. The church papers and the ladies' and other lighter magazines were especially likely to maintain departments of poetry, and, as might be expected, had a penchant for short moral and sentimental pieces. The *Christian Reformer* gave space to much American verse, including selections from Bryant, Pierpont, and Mrs. Sigourney, and also such pieces as "On the Death of Two Lovely Twin Sisters, who died within a short space of each other at Exeter, New Hampshire,"[6] and "Address to the Evening Star, by Richard Nisbit, a lunatic in the Pennsylvania Hospital."[7] The *Lady's Pocket Magazine* also gave many short American poems, chosen, on the whole, from the better authors. The *Kaleidoscope* was less discriminating in its choice. The *Monthly Magazine or British Register* published at intervals from 1816 to 1820 "Collections from American Literature" which, though more largely prose, contained a good number of poems. A little later the *Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review* contained a similar department, "Americana." Others among the many periodicals that printed considerable American verse were the *Investigator,* 1820-21, the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* 1825-1832, and the *Imperial Magazine.* The *Christian Observer*[8] prints a communication on American sacred poetry and illustrates by some thirteen specimens. Other American poems were often sent to editors by persons who chanced to have them in their possession. Thus, the *Spirit and Manners of the Age*[9] prints *Recollections* by Willis Gay-

[4] X (July 1833) 1.
[5] IX, 180.
[6] [IV] (Dec. 1831) 812.
[7] IX (July, 1823) 241.
[8] X (April 1832) 132.
[9] XXVIII (Feb., April, 1828) 98, 252.
[9] n. s. II (Dec. 1829) 938.

lord Clark, with a note: "The above poem is the production of one of the most distinguished poets of America. It has been kindly forwarded for insertion in 'The Spirit and Manners of the Age.'"

Collections of American poetry other than the *Specimens* already several times referred to elicited no great amount of comment. Kettell's *Specimens of American Poetry* was reviewed in the *Literary Gazette*[10] and the *Edinburgh Literary Gazette*.[11] The latter says: "Certainly the Americans are not a poetical people; are they too prosperous, too calculating, or what is it that hinders them? These volumes do not possess, generally speaking, poetry of even a fifth rate order; but there are some entertaining biographies, and they give a very exact idea of the state of literature in America." The *Christian Remembrancer*[12] gives a notice of *American Poetry, Religious and Moral, selected from the most popular Authors,* a miniature volume issued in London. It thinks that a better selection might have been made from American writers, though "the present collection is at once pleasing and pious, and is well adapted for a present to a young person. To any one, the beautiful and affecting simplicity of Bryant and Flint, the manly numbers of Willis, and the piety of Percival, have many charms; and the strains of Mrs. Hales, Mrs. Sigourney, and Mrs. Gilman are fit companions for the numbers of our Hemans and Howett." The *Eclectic Review*[13] comments on a collection of English poetry, said to be the first to include American authors. The *Athenæum*[14] devotes two articles to Cheever's *Common-Place Book of American Poetry*. It praises Cheever's intention, but condemns his lack of plan, and regrets certain omissions. In the second notice it says: "Most of the selections in this volume are of a devotional cast, and unite unaffected piety with the pure spirit of poetry. It is very creditable to the character of American literature, that, notwithstanding its narrow limits, it should contain so many examples of intellect

[10] According to the index, XIII (1829) 483. This number is wanting from the file in the British Museum, and has not been available for use in this study.

[11] I (Aug. 1829) 182.

[12] XV (May 1833) 268.

[13] 3d ser. X (1833) 1.

[14] [IV] (1831) 795, 812.

devoted to the service of religion, and no instance of genius prostituted to gild vice or ornament immorality." It concludes: "We have given sufficient examples to prove that the stores of American poetry are varied and valuable; and that many of the Trans-Atlantic bards must, ere long, take their station beside the standard poets of Great Britain."

A few British critics found occasion, incidentally, to refer to earlier American versifiers. The *Gentleman's Magazine*[15] says bombastically:

> If in Barlow's Columbiad (the only American Epic which has appeared) the description of these deadly engines of modern warfare be thought not altogether consonant with the dignity of Epic—it may here be generally asserted, that his failure in this respect is nothing extraordinary, and that whatever be the particular beauties or excellencies of that Poem, its aggregate merits are by no means such as to preclude fresh efforts upon the great and eventful subject, or damp the emulative aspirings of future sons of genius, who, allured by its splendor and novelty, shall tune their invigorated muse to celebrate at once the unparalleled circumstances which attended its discovery, and the assemblage of everything sublime in creation which America holds out to view.

The *British Review*[16] speaks with measured praise of Dwight and Trumbull. The *Monthly Review Enlarged*[17] in its article on *Walsh's Appeal from the Judgments of Great Britain*, mentions Barlow and Dwight as fairly well known in England. In the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*[18] Shepherd and North discuss American poetry:

> SHEPHERD: Ken ye onything about American Poetry, Mr. North?
> NORTH: Not so much as I could wish. Would all the living best American bards send me over copies of their works, I should do them justice. I respect—nay, I admire that people, James; though perhaps they don't know it. Yet I know less of their Poetry than their Politicks, and of them not much. . . . .
> NORTH: I have lately looked over—in three volumes—Specimens of American Poetry with Critical and Biographical Notices, and have met with many most interesting little poems, and passages of poems. The editor has been desirous of shewing what had been achieved under the inspiration of the American Muses before the

[15] LXXIX (Aug. 1819) 125.
[16] XIV (Aug. 1819) 48.
[17] XCIII (Nov. 1820) 297.
[18] *Blackwood's* XXIX (Feb. 1831) 280.

days of Irving and Cooper, Pierpont and Percival, and thinks, rightly, that the lays of the Pilgrim Fathers of New England, the poets of the Western world, are as likely to bear some characteristic traits of national or individual character, as those of the Minnesingers and Trouvers or the "Gongorism of the Castilian rhymesters of old."

North goes on to speak of Anne Bradstreet, Jane Coleman, and Ann Eliza Schuyler, giving sketches of their lives and bits of quotation, until interrupted by supper. From Anne Bradstreet he quotes three stanzas of *Contemplations*. The dialogue continues:

SHEPHERD: Oh! man, but they're bonny, incorrect, sweet, simple lines thae—and after sic a life as Anne Bradstreet led, can there be ony doubt that she is in heaven?
NORTH: In my mind none.

The foregoing comments on individual writers show fairly well the animus of British critics of American verse. Other pertinent discussions will be found in the chapter which considers the general attitude of literary England toward America. A few varied remarks on American poetry, as distinct from other forms of literary endeavor, may be in place here. They will be given in approximately chronological order.

The *British Review*[19] takes up a list of seventeen heterogeneous American books under the title *State of Literature, Religion, Slavery, Etc. in the United States of America*. The article is impartial, and shows a considerable knowledge of some things in America—in view of which knowledge blunders of spelling like Paulsen (for Paulding) and Pierpoint are the more surprising. Of poetical conditions the reviewer remarks: "In poetry, the productions of the Trans-atlantic muse are neither very numerous nor very excellent. The muse of poetry, indeed, seems with difficulty to have made her passage across the Atlantic; and not yet to have recovered her sea sickness. With the few exceptions which we shall presently state; we have seen no specimens of American genius, which in any degree make good their claim to be considered as *genuine* poesy. In fact, the state of society is not favourable to its production." The writer goes on to say that "The national songs of the

[19] XIV (Aug. 1819) 48.

Americans breath any thing but the spirit of poesy," and quotes some very bad examples.

"The Enquirer" No. XXX in the *Monthly Magazine or British Register*[20] discusses the question "What has been the Progress and Success of American Literature and Poetry?" After a general consideration of the nature and the history of poetry the writer comments on the undue deference in America to the literary judgments of England, and decides that Americans "are not of a poetical character"; perhaps because they are too mercantile. In another paragraph he concedes, however, that "In the poetical department of literature, the Americans seem to have been tolerably successful." Although in the form of a thorough and serious discussion, the article is not especially significant.

In its article on Walsh's *Appeal from the Judgments of Great Britain,* from which individual criticisms have already been quoted, the *Monthly Review Enlarged*[21] says:

> One of the great characteristics of all the American poetry which we have perused is a want of depth both in thought and feeling; and the next most striking peculiarity is the absence of all consistent taste. . . . The origin of this fault is undoubtedly to be found in the want of that more solid and classical erudition, and that more complete acquaintance with the great masters of the poetic art, which are indispensibly necessary to the formation of a genuine and correct taste. The Americans have not yet been taught to drink at the springs of learning, but fly to the shallow streams, from which they are content to imbibe a portion of the sacred fountain. They are attached, also, to every kind of lighter literature; and their minds consequently acquire a frivolity which unfits them for the exercise of any deep and powerful emotion. When their theme is American virtue or American valour, their better judgment is sure to desert them, and they burst forth with some inflated and high-sounding panegyric on themselves and their peculiar excellence. . . the naval engagements in which they have been successful seem more peculiarly to awake their lyre.

There is, the critic says, no "super-eminent American poet," partly because most American writers devote only their leisure to poetry, partly because they must contend with English as well as with American rivals, partly because the ease of print-

[20] XLVIII (Jan. 1820) 505.
[21] XCIII (Nov 1820) 297.

ing urges them to come before the public very young. American poetry has "no originality of character." It is "English in all but sterling merit, and in a few instances where some unfortunate *Americanism* escapes to declare in what hemisphere it was born. The American authors in general have followed in the steps of our most successful poets."

The Preface to the *Specimens of the American Poets* is devoted mostly to a consideration of American literary conditions in general, and to criticisms of individual poets. In poetry, "The standard of excellence is measured by English estimation." In its review of the *Specimens* the *Monthly Magazine or British Register*[22] furnishes a good example of a common sort of kindly, half perfunctory criticism:

> The poetical attempts of the Americans have hitherto been known to us only by their failure and by the severity with which our critics have attacked them, and, it must be allowed, not without reason, whenever they found a sufficient opportunity. Under all this weight of discouragement, that great nation has been as active in improving her talents and refining her taste, as in advancing her political prosperity; and she may now boast of possessing bards, whom she may present with pride and confidence to their rivals on this side the Atlantic. . . . . We may safely pronounce, that the mine from which so many beautiful and valuable materials have been drawn, must be intrinsically rich. . . . .
>
> In point of literary dependence, America seems to be still a British colony, and to draw her supplies, in a great degree, from the mother country. She has not yet thrown off the yoke of criticism; but, on the contrary, humbles herself under it, even to the discouragement of her native genius. . . . . As far as regards the English reader it [this] has an unfortunate tendency. To him the imitation of English style and sentiment, to which it inevitably leads, is vapid and uninteresting; and he asks for those demonstrations of national spirit and character, which would be regarded by the trans-atlantic critic with indifference or contempt.

Colburn's New Monthly Magazine[23] in a review of Fairfield's *Poems* repeats the complaint that so many American verses are juvenile affairs because,

> It is only in early youth, and before they become entangled in the engagements of society, that the bards of America are in the habit

[22] LIII (May 1822) 313.
[23] IX (Dec. 1823) 555.

of indulging their poetical inclinations; and it is to this cause, very principally, that we attribute the inconsistencies and imperfections which may be observed in their works.

In its long article on *American Literature* the *Retrospective Review*[24] dismisses poetry lightly: "In respect to the poetry of our friends the Americans, little can at present be said. Their verses are too like our own to call for particular mention." Some of the comments on individual authors have already been quoted.

The Monthly Review Enlarged[25] in its review of Percival's *Poems,* says:

Nothing, we imagine, can afford us a more striking proof of the rapid strides made by our trans-Atlantic brethren from independence to all the arts of polished life, than the number of good writers who have recently sprung up among them. We have taken several opportunities, in late years, to discuss the merits of some of these candidates for literary fame, and especially the poets; "*Specimens*" of whose best productions were not very long since selected and published in our own country. (See M. R. for Jan., 1823, p. 23.) There surely can be no prouder testimony to their growing merits, than that which has thus been offered to them by a nation, superlatively abounding as ours does in every species and variety of poetic excellence. . .

The first issue of *Fraser's Magazine*[26] takes N. P. Willis's *Fugitive Poetry* as the text for a careful dissertation on American Poetry:

The moral condition of America has not, hitherto, been very favourable to Poetry in general—and infinitely less so to the drama. The discovery of the country—the progress of society—the scale of their universal policy and economy, have been the result of mature deliberation and deep-searching reason. Neither fancy nor imagination—nor yet enthusiasm—have had anything to do in the past transactions of the country. . . It was only when political ferment had, in North America, subsided somewhat into a calm, that genius appeared and commenced its wanderings over the fields of tradition and romance. But tradition with the people is not of the oldest standing—at least such tradition as at all concerns them to treasure up in their memories; and their romance is not that wild —fantastic—exuberant—enthralling romance of childhood or youth,

[24] IX (1824) 304.
[25] CIV (July 1824) 315.
[26] I (Feb. 1830) 8.

but of full-grown age and of years of discretion. They lack, therefore, one grand and never-failing source of excitement possessed in so eminent a degree by the nations of Europe—the undefiled well from which the rhapsodizing sons of western song have, time out of mind, drank down draughts of inspiration. The poetry and literature of America, consequently, must owe their origin to refinement. To produce them, the public mind must be fully formed—the public taste fully developed—the public character fixed and decided beyond the possibility of change or fluctuation. Refinement always weakens the natural vigour of the brain, and tames down the floridness and the salient humours of the imagination. This may account for the backward condition of American poetry, and may explain why they have not had men, eloquent in their several capacities, gifted with fiery thoughts—dealing in the forcible expression of a pregnant fancy—fraught with energy, and the command of oratorical power.

The *Athenæum*[27] in its review of Cheever's *Common-Place Book of American Poetry* discusses the apparent neglect of American verse in Great Britain:

The Americans complain bitterly, and with some appearance of justice, that their poets have been undeservedly neglected by the people of England: this they ascribe to envy, to jealousy, to the affected contempt for everything American, once so fashionable among our literary coxcombs—forgetting that Irving and Cooper and Channing furnish indisputable proof of the respect shown to transatlantic talent. Were we disposed to follow the prevalent opinion, we might account for this neglect more plausibly by saying that poetry of every kind has ceased to be popular in England.

This explanation, however, the writer considers inadequate. He continues:

The greater and by far the better part of American poetry is of the class usually called occasional and fugitive; the unreadable 'Columbiad' is almost the only attempt that has been made to produce a standard poem; and to this cause principally must be attributed the ignorance of our countrymen on the subject.

A few weeks earlier[28] the *Athenæum* had paid tribute to American poetry in general, and had advised American poets "to forget the strains of their ancestors in this little isle."

The *Literary Gazette*,[29] reviewing Irving's edition of Bryant's poems, comments in florid style on the promise for poetry in

[27] [IV] (Dec. 10, 1831) 795.
[28] [IV] (Nov. 26, 1831) 766.
[29] XVI (March 3, 1832) 130.

America, though it concedes that the achievement is as yet small. "A world of fresh and eager thought, of deep and impassioned feeling, is to be found in the occasional poetry of the American newspapers; and there is that poetical feeling abroad, which, though born of, nevertheless precedes poetry." The review of the same work in the *Monthly Review*[30] is more serious, though not at all favorable in tone:

> The pervading fault of all the American verses that we have ever seen, is the extreme scantiness of their imagery, the want of original and vigorous thought, and of musical rhythm. They have always appeared to us to be rather the echo of poetry than poetry itself. . . . They seldom reflect the feelings of busy life, or even the domestic affections with any degree of energy. We have, it is true, amongst them many allusions to the happiness of home, and the endearing connexions which sweeten and exalt the toils of life; but we find in them no passion, no strains that touch the soul.
>
> It must be admitted that the range of American genius—that is to say, of genius which would be ambitious of producing verses strictly American—is limited within a circle which is destitute of some of the most essential elements of poetry. It is, for instance, without the associations of antiquity. . . .
>
> The American poet, supposing him always desirous of establishing an indigenous poetical literature, is altogether precluded from availing himself of classical associations. Only think of a writer representing Jupiter as paying a visit to Bunker's Hill! or Cupid playing among the groves of Connecticut! or Zephyr breathing over Schenectady! . . . .
>
> But do we say that an American is incapable, from the very nature of the soil on which he was born, of writing good poetry? By no means. We think, for the reasons already given, that, supposing an equality of genius, it is more difficult for an American to excel in that fine art, than for a European, because the former is limited to a new continent, while the latter may range at will over an old world, every step of which is "storied." So much the greater therefore should we deem the merit of the American who, notwithstanding the natural obstacles against him, has been able to climb "The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar." His misfortune is that his reputation will be always of a comparative character. . . . He may be the first, or one of the first, of his race at home, as Bryant is said to be; but as soon as he comes here to contend with our Byrons, our Campbells, our Moores, to say nothing of our elder poets, he sinks into insignificance.

[30] n. and l. ser. XIX (April 1832) 490.

The article concludes: "No poetical star has yet appeared in that hemisphere above the third or fourth degree of magnitude."

In conclusion, it may be said that contemporary American poems and American poets were generally praised as highly as they deserved to be, though not always with discrimination. Though there was an occasional prediction that America "would soon rival England in the favor of the Muses," most conservative critics decided that the outlook for poetry in America was poor. Among the reasons commonly assigned for this poverty were the commercial tendencies of the United States, the lack of background and tradition, the undue subservience to English standards and models, and the youth of most American writers.

CHAPTER VII

FICTION, DRAMA, MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS

A. Fiction

The criticisms of James Fenimore Cooper have been considered in a chapter by themselves. Among other American novelists and romancers well known in England were C. B. Brown, J. K. Paulding, John Neal, and Miss Sedgwick. The collections of shorter tales edited by Miss Mitford elicited much comment, and reviews of stray novels by American authors of trivial importance were not uncommon.

The romances of Charles Brockden Brown were republished in England and reviewed by some of the magazines in the earlier years of the century.[1] It is doubtful if they were much read at that time, and after the first reviews little was said about them until a new London edition appeared in 1822. Lockhart, in his article on Brown and Irving written for *Blackwood's*[2] at the solicitation of Scott, says that Brown's novels are to be found in every circulating library, but have never received their just deserts. He continues:

> We earnestly recommend these novels of Brown to the attention of our readers. In all of them, but especially in Wieland, they will discover the traces of a very masterly hand. . . . There are scenes in Wieland which he that has read them and understood them once, can never forget—touches which enter into the very core of the spirit, and leave their glowing traces there forever behind them.

The *New Monthly Magazine*[3] devotes an article to Brown:

> If Wieland, or Arthur Mervyn, or Edgar Huntly [sic] were now to be for the first time ushered into the world with some such magical addition as "by the Author of Waverley" on the title page, we doubt

[1] See the author's *British Criticisms of American Writers*, 1783-1815, pp. 91, 92.

[2] VI (Feb. 1820) 554.

[3] XIV (Dec. 1820) 609.

not that every reader would be in raptures with their beauties, and every babbling critic tendering his tributary stream of shallow admiration of the writer's powers. But it was the fate of those works, when first reprinted in this country, to issue from one of the common reservoirs of sentimental trash, and, consequently (as we imagine) to share in the general contempt. . . . The genius of the man certainly deserved a different destiny.

The critic shows Brown's indebtedness to Godwin, but adds:

We must, however, add, that this imitation (though inveterately persevered in throughout) is managed with all the ease, skill, and copiousness of an original manner. Certainly the English seed has not degenerated in the foreign soil in which it has fallen.

Brown's characters, it is said, are not created for the purpose of giving a picture of social life in America, but nevertheless they show many distinctive American traits.

A collection, *Carwin and Other Tales,* and Dunlap's *Memoir of Brown* apparently were published in London about the same time, and called forth a number of reviews, the first of them early in 1822. Part of the vogue of Brown at this date was no doubt due to the fact that Irving had aroused an interest in all things American. The *Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review*[4] introduces its criticism of the *Memoirs* by saying:

Whatever may be said of the genius and progressive civilization of the people of the United States, it cannot be denied that they have produced two authors, whose talents would have done honour to the brightest age of English literature; these are Charles Brockden Brown and Mr. Washington Irving.

Of Brown and his biographer it says, with oddly misplaced praise of the latter:

His acquirements, his labours, and his exemplary virtues were such as to entitle him to an important niche in the literary history of the nineteenth century. The memoir of this really clever writer and truly amiable man is written in so pleasing a style, that it must be read with interest even by those to whom the name of Brown may scarcely be known; but those who have dwelt with rapture on the simple pathos of his pen, will be glad to know something of an individual who, though he has not attracted the world's gaze in his life time, is destined to have his memory associated with the most pleasing recollections.

[4] IV (March 9, 1822) 148.

Apropos of the same work, *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine* says, somewhat extravagantly:[5]

Ormond, Arthur Mervyn, and Edgar Huntley . . . were entitled to as high a rank among the literary productions of America, in point of powerful description, truth of sentiment, and striking situations, as that which has been so willingly assigned in our own country to the numerous volumes which, under the name of the "Author of the Tales of My Landlord" have imposed a kind of obligation on the public to read them, whether they come forth in the sterling worth of original genius, or the more questionable form of old chronicles modernized, and forgotten stories revised. To Brown the praise of full originality is amply due: he pillages no records but those of his own observation, he seeks no aid from affected quaintness of phraseology, or curious adapting of ancient manners to modern comprehension. He is uniformly grand, yet simple, moral and affecting. . . . His fame will probably chiefly rest on his Wieland, his Arthur Mervyn, and his Edgar Huntley; all productions of extraordinary genius, not so much rewarded in their native country, and not so universally known in this, as they deserve to be; but the Americans are slowly beginning to find out, that taste and literature may be subjects of national pride, as well as steam-boats and navigable rivers; and Englishmen are in general ready enough to do justice to merit, when they are once convinced of its existence, whatever nation it may belong to; we therefore hope, that between both countries, Mr. Brown's posthumous fame will at least receive that tribute of admiration which ought to have been more properly rendered to his living exertions.

The article in the *Monthly Censor, or General Review of Domestic and Foreign Literature* is more perfunctory.[6]

The title of *the* American novelist, affixed to the name of the subject of these memoirs, is strongly indicative of the infant state of literature in the country in which he flourished. . . . His works certainly display considerable power of writing, and are often successful in creating a mysterious interest, but the want of the higher qualifications of a discriminating taste, a nice perception of character, and adherence to nature, render them but indifferent models, and shew the author's standard of excellence not to have been very well placed.

The *Monthly Review Enlarged*[7] gives moderate praise to Dunlap. Brown's merit, it is said,

[5] VI (April 1822) 172.
[6] I (Sept. 1822) 399.
[7] XCIX (Oct. 1822) 154.

consisted chiefly in that keen sensibility and quickness of sensation, which fitted him to describe with energy and effect, if not with nature and truth, the operation of the higher passions; and to rivet the attention of his readers by his enthusiastic and sometimes exaggerated delineations of character. His great defect appears to have been, what is often a concomitant of unpruned genius, a want of common sense in matters of taste and feeling;—or of that propriety of sentiment, which enables a writer to distinguish the nice shades that sometimes separate the sublime from the ridiculous, the awful from the disgusting, and the sensible from the sententious. This deficiency occasionally led the novelist into a stately pomposity of expression which he mistook for dignity; and into an exaggeration of sentiment, which assumed in his eyes the shape of deep feeling. . . . Another most glaring sin in this author's novels is a carelessness so extreme, as not only to strike but to offend even the rapid reader of such *kill-time* publications. Characters are introduced evidently for an ulterior purpose, but are neglected and forgotten, as in the instance of Mrs. Wentworth in "Arthur Mervyn"; inexplicable coincidences are contrived.

Other notices of the *Memoirs,* relatively unimportant, are to be found in the *Kaleidoscope,*[8] and the *Monthly Magazine or British Register.*[9] An article in *Blackwood's*[10] evidently by Neal, credits the work to "William Dunlop" but gives no significant comment.

Colburn's New Monthly Magazine[11] praises *Carwin and Other American Tales,* as it had praised Dunlap's *Memoir* the month before:

That these productions are only fragments, all who read them will regret; at the same time they will rejoice that of a writer so original, so interesting, so moral, and so instructive, even thus much is added to the productions with which he has already enriched the stores of works of the imagination.

The *Gentleman's Magazine*[12] considers together the collection and the *Memoir.*

In reviewing this production of an American Author, we cannot but feel happy that we are enabled to bestow upon it great commendation. It appears, in fact, to be a pledge of better days, a

[8] n. s. II (June 11, 1822) 390.
[9] LIV (Oct. 1822) 254.
[10] XVIII (Sept. 1825) 317.
[11] VI (May 1822) 222.
[12] XCII, 622, Supl. 1822.

sort of watery sunbeam endeavoring to break its way through the dense clouds which have so long obscured the literary hemisphere of that quarter of the globe. . . .

The fiction is undoubtedly ingenious, we should rather say extraordinary, and in many places there is spirit in the conversation, and elegance in the detail, but still there exists a vagueness, an ambiguity throughout the whole, which is far from satisfying the mind of the reader. . . .

Still, with all these drawbacks, Carwin and the accompanying Tales are well worth perusal, as the beauties certainly outbalance the defects. . . .

There are few, we are inclined to believe, who have not read with delight the former productions of this ingenious writer; to such our present commendations will no doubt appear superfluous. But to those who have not experienced that pleasure, we would recommend the present work as holding the first rank among American writings, and a respectable place among the literary productions of our own country.

The critic speaks of reading the *Memoir* with feelings of

pleasure at beholding pourtrayed the splendid progress of that Western star to the summit of knowledge and literary honours, and regret at knowing, that it had scarcely attained that height ere its rays, which else had delighted and vivified the world, were quenched in everlasting darkness; of pleasure at being made acquainted with a character so truly amiable, firm in attachment to his relatives and friends, and truly kind and humane to strangers; of regret that the life of so good a man should have been rendered miserable by ill health and pecuniary difficulties.

An interesting article in the *European Magazine*[13] is commendatory, saying: "He who can read *Calvert* without interest, has little of human nature in him"; and, "The story of Jessica is simply told, and the first indications of love beautifully portrayed." Less important, mostly favorable, notices of the book are found in the *Monthly Censor, or General Review of Domestic and Foreign Literature,*[14] and in the *Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review,*[15] which says, "These pieces alone, had Brown never written any thing else, would have stamped him as a man of first rate genius."

A long article on American Literature in the *Retrospective Review,*[16] already several times quoted, is nominally a review

[13] LXXXV (Jan. 1824) 55.
[14] I (July 1822) 235.
[15] IV (July 13, 1822) 455.
[16] IX (1824) 304.

of *Arthur Mervyn,* although the novel and its author are not reached for many pages:

Charles Brockden Brown was the first writer of prose fiction of which America could boast. . . . He grounded himself upon the manner of Godwin. . . . But Brown had no power over character: he dealt only with events: that is to say, with sickness, and death, and peril; with hair-breadth escapes from tigers and savages; with defiles and rocks, and the boundless wilderness. The hero of his tale was merely an object set up to connect these things, or make them probable. In himself he was often little better than a phantasma or a madman. . . . His talent for stirring the expectation of the reader, and keeping his anxiety alive from first to last, throughout some hazardous encounter, or mysterious event, can scarcely be paralleled in the history of fiction. His portraits also of American life are absolutely alarming:—they are bare, comfortless, uncivilized. We see the rafters, the coarse dress, the little hoard of corn, the poor cottage built hastily of logs; and on the outside we hear the howling of wolves and panthers, the rustling of the rattle-snake, and the quiet tramp of the murderous savages going on their way to execute some hideous revenge. We look for the walls of a town, and the poor-house, as a refuge against violence and want. It is not solely, however, in woods and huts that Brown luxuriates; he takes us often into cities, and makes us amends with fevers and assassinations for the forest wonders which we have left behind. . . . Upon the whole, this author may be considered as one of the best writers of romantic narrative (we give up character) that the present age has produced. There is scarcely anyone, indeed, who is so eloquent as he often times is; and not one who can excite such breathless apprehension or so sublime a solitary fast. The only incidents that can be compared with those of Brown are the scene under the cliffs in the "Antiquary" and that between the two ladies and the panthers in the "Pioneers."

Neal, in his *Blackwood* articles on American Literature[17] gave some space to Brown:

This was a good fellow; a sound, hearty specimen of Trans-Atlantic stuff. . . . He had no poetry; no pathos; no wit; no humour; no pleasantry; no playfulness; no passion; little or no eloquence; no imagination—and, except when panthers were concerned, a most penurious and bony invention—meagre as death,—and yet—lacking all these natural powers, and working away in a style with nothing remarkable in it—except a sort of absolute

[17] XVI (1824) 304.

sincerity, like that of a man, who is altogether in earnest, and believes every word of his own story—he was able to secure the attention of extraordinary men, as other people (who write better) would that of children. . . .

You feel, after he has just described a thing—and you have just been poring over the description, not as if you had been reading about it; but as if you, yourself, had seen it; or, at least—as if you had just parted with a man who *had* seen it—a man, whose word had never been doubted; and who had been telling you of it—with his face flushed.

Neal also attacked America for its neglect of Brown, saying that there had never been a second American edition of his works, but that England had taken them up, and this had led to absurd American praise: "We[18] licked him into shape; they have slobbered him."

The *Newcastle Magazine*[19] in its review of the *Pioneers* remarks that "Brown is really a noble writer"; and that the charge that he imitated Godwin "was made, we conceive, by shallow-pated persons, who are not inclined to allow anything like original merit to an American." It concedes, however, that "there are accidental resemblances, we admit,—resemblances so great, that one cannot help seeing that Brown admired Godwin; but Brown's style pleased us in many passages more than Godwin's."

The *British Critic*[20] gives one of the most thorough and judicious reviews of Brown's novels. The selections that follow dwell especially on the author's merits, but his defects are fully and fairly pointed out:

Had this attention [to American writings] been awakened some twenty or thirty years ago, poor Brockden Brown, whose works will first come under our notice, would not have pined under the neglect which is said to have been his portion in America. Though we do not feel the unqualified admiration for this writer which some have suddenly conceived, and though his productions bear marks of hasty and irregular composition, they bear the stamp of original genius. His style and notions seem very much formed upon those of Godwin, whose "Caleb Williams" was probably his model, and whom he frequently resembles in the abrupt and un-

[18] It must be remembered that Neal was writing, anonymously, as an Englishman.

[19] III (Jan. 1824) 35.

[20] II (April 1826) 53.

satisfactory nature of his conclusions, in the total absence of all humour and playfulness, and in the startling vividness with which he embodies many improbable situations.

Of *Wieland* the critic says:

There is throughout a total disproportion between causes and effects, motives and actions, situations and feelings; and the characters though in many instances ingeniously wrought up to a sort of metaphysical standard existing in the author's mind, have very little of the sound savour of reality. . . .

In spite, however, of the defects of "Wieland" and its unfinished and dissatisfying character as a whole, it is an ingenious and high-wrought specimen of the Udolphic school. Its "speciosa miracula" (in English called white bears) are of a nature which impress themselves vividly on the recollection, and are related with a startling earnestness well adapted to transfer the fears of the imaginary narrator to the minds of nervous readers. No purpose more important than this should seem to have been contemplated by the author.

Brown's other romances are reviewed in much the same way. In *Ormond,* it is said, "The petty domestic details so important to the poor, acquire, in the hands of the author, (who we fear, had cause to understand them too well,) a dignity which it is very difficult to impart." Especial praise is given to the yellow fever episode in this volume. *Arthur Mervyn* is pronounced "decidedly the best written of Brown's novels, and that in which our approbation meets with the least of drawback." The author's method is thus discussed:

And generally it may be remarked of Brown, that the wish to appear as it were an eye-witness of the actions of his characters has led him into many details, which, while they give a circumstantial air to the narrative, are quite irrelevant to the main bent of those characters, or the moral and interest of the story. Had he bestowed half the trouble on making conclusions to his tales, which he threw away upon trivial traits and descriptions, the whole would have been more perfect, and his readers better satisfied. Perhaps, however, most of his faults were those of the time, country, and class of society in which he lived, and of the circumstances of neglect and depression under which he died. Unhappy himself, he seldom cared about making a generally happy conclusion to his works of fiction; which no doubt were usually hurried to the press "unappointed and unanneled." Poor and destitute in a country where the aristocracy of wealth predominates, he could have hardly possessed those means of introduction to the higher

classes of society, which would have taught him to correct and soften down coarsenesses which after all less frequently occur than might have been expected. And accustomed as he was (we speak it more in sorrow than jest) to drudge in the spinning jenney of a magazine, he naturally acquired the habit of leaving long threads in his woof, which were to be taken up and worked upon at some more convenient opportunity which never occurred. We particularly allude to several unexplained mysteries, and rough sketches of character, which he obviously intended to develope more fully. . . . But these are slight flaws in the general texture of Brown's works, whose merit, as well as their date, will establish him as the founder of the romantic school of American literature. In the power of impressing vividly on the reader's mind whatever he chooses to describe, and in the almost intuitive knowledge of the female heart, in all its tenderness and devotion, its doubts and jealousies, and its April smiles and tears, he probably never will be excelled. Peace to his ashes! We fear that as countrymen of Otway and Chatterton, we have no right to censure the neglect which is said to have broken his spirit, and brought him to the grave in the prime of life.

The *Athenæum*[21] bestows high praise on *Edgar Huntley*, which had appeared in the series, *Standard Novels:*

It is justly observed, in the Biographical Memoir prefixed to 'Edgar Huntley,' "that to read for the first time one of Brown's best romances, is a memorable circumstance in an intellectual life." Among all the distinguished writers of whom America can boast, there is not one who takes so deep and fearful a hold of the feelings of the reader as Brockden Brown; and though he dallies too much with the improbable to satisfy the after-judgment, the first feeling on reading one of his novels is not likely to be forgotten.

Thomas Hood refers to *Edgar Huntley* in the last lines of his poem *The Fall:*

It's Edgar Huntley in his cap and nightgown, I declares,
He's been a walking in his sleep, and pitch'd all down the stairs!

Hood's familiarity with Brown is shown by a remark in a letter probably of 1823[22] in which he follows some formal phrase with the words, "as Browne [sic] the novelist, would say."

The chief prose works of James Kirke Paulding to be reviewed between 1815 and 1833 were *Koningsmarke, or the*

[21] [IV] (Dec. 3, 1831) 785.
[22] Jerrold, *Thomas Hood, His Life and Times*, p. 139.

Long Finne, about 1823-4, *John Bull in America*, about 1825, and *The Dutchman's Fireside*, about 1831. The *Literary Gazette*[23] treats *Koningsmarke* as something of a curiosity:

> A critic and reviewer is reduced to the greatest straits for food: some are absolutely starved to death, while the majority are compelled to sustain the cravings of nature on garbage and offal. . . . We, too, are obliged to travel far and wide in search of prey,—even to New York in the new world. . . .
>
> Koningsmarke is, we think, altogether the most amusing novel which has crossed the Atlantic. It is of the Knickerbocker cast, and often witty as well as humorous, though sometimes inclined to coarseness, and not always polished in style. The author is a man of talents.

Of the satires on Scott the critic says: "As they are more in sport than malice, they produce no further animadversion than a wish that the censurer would do as much and as well as the censured." The length of the citations in the article is excused with the complacent remark that "there is, perhaps, no other copy of the work in England."

The *Edinburgh Literary Gazette*[24] naively accepts the last statement cited from the *Literary Gazette*, saying as it quotes the article: "Driven to our wit's end for some new work to work upon, we gladly avail ourselves of the review of a book in a celebrated London journal; and more especially because we understand that there is no other copy of the book in these dominions, but that possessed by the journal from which we quote." Nevertheless, the *Literary Examiner*[25] reviews a London edition of *Koningsmarke*. The critic, who signs himself "Q," credits the work in some degree to the influence of Scott, says that the author cannot tell a story, and continues:

> The entire merit, therefore, consists in American village character and incident, in emulation of The Pioneers, and in occasional happy description of the wild nature and aboriginal strength of feature of the savage. . . .
>
> Upon the whole, while we can give no extraordinary praise to this production, it exhibits an occasional power of description, and still more, a considerable portion of light and easy humour, which makes it bearable and even entertaining. Walking in the track of the

[23] VII (Oct. 4, 1823) 626.
[24] I (Oct. 1823) 322.
[25] [I] (Nov. 1823) 325.

author of The Pioneers and The Spy, the power displayed, as in most cases of imitation, is very inferior. Upon the whole, however, the tone is good, and the feeling manly; and we hold it to be a good sign that the American writers are looking out for Stories, in the annals and tradition of their comparatively young antiquity, rather than attempting to delineate the factitious gentility and worn-out associations of European society, like Geoffrey Crayon. It is for every country to furnish the chief sources of its own characteristic delineations: and the productions of the late C. B. Brown, the New York History of Crayon aforesaid, and the tales of The Pioneers and The Spy, already alluded to prove that neither *material* for this branch of inventive and descriptive composition, nor adequate power to use it, is any longer a desideratum in Anglo-America.

The *Literary Museum* for October 18, 1823,[26] had also devoted a long article to *Koningsmarke,* saying:

Koningsmarke is another valuable accession to the literature of America. It is not equal to The Pioneers, either in the originality, variety and force of its characters, or in the happy description of manners and natural scenery; but it is, nevertheless, a clever, spirited, and amusing novel. . . .

Some of these sketches are very much in the style of Knickerbocker's History of New York, and, indeed, we doubted for some time whether the writer were not Mr. Irving himself. . . .

We have been considerably in doubt, whether we ought not to regard this work as a kind of ironical satire on the novels of Sir Walter Scott. . . . But there is so much truth in the delineation of the characters, that we have finally decided it is written in good faith, spite of its sneers, sarcasms, and irony. The style is very like that of Mr. Irving, in his humorous history of New York, though perhaps a little more deformed by vulgar expressions. The author is evidently used to composition, and writes with great facility. Altogether, it is a clever, amusing, and interesting novel, which does great credit to the author's talents, and to the literature of America. We hope that some of our enterprising booksellers will reprint it.

The *British Magazine, or Miscellany of Polite Literature*[27] though an unimportant and short-lived periodical, gave a review of *Koningsmarke* that is both interesting and significant:

The anonymous author before us appears to be one of those easy writers, who, with no originality either of style or sentiment, can happily catch the graces of other authors, and yet not incur the

[26] II, 657.
[27] I (Dec. 1823) 447.

charge of plagiarism; so that his tale resembles, in some degree, the works of the three writers we have mentioned [Irving, Cooper, Scott] and yet is no otherwise indebted to them than men in general are for those accomplishments, that *sçavoir vivre*, which they acquire by the observation and society of persons of wit and breeding. . . . We congratulate our transatlantic friends (if we may yet call them so) upon his appearance, and ourselves upon the good taste and good sense which has caused its [sic] republication in England. . . .

The chief fault in the novel is an excessive fondness for the ludicrous, which sometimes betrays the author into absurdities; he is, however, upon the whole, very amusing, and his work may be considered as an important addition to the small stock of American literature.

The article last quoted is reprinted without credit in the *Repository of Modern Literature*.[28] The *Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review*[29] pronounces *Koningsmarke* "the best comic novel that has crossed the Atlantic." The *Ladies' Monthly Museum*[30] is somewhat shocked by the book. It complains that "the reputation obtained by Sir Walter Scott, as a writer both of poetry and prose, seems to have excited the jealousy of the Anglo-American literati, who have made repeated attempts to lessen his well-earned fame." It refers to the *Lay of the Scottish Fiddle* as "an ill-natured parody," apparently without knowing that it is by the same author as the work it was reviewing, and says *Koningsmarke*,

seems plainly to have been designed as a covert satire on the amusing productions of the *Great Unknown*. We do not, however, mean to assert that the author of "Koningsmarke" has pursued his alleged purpose in an unwarrantable manner. His allusions to the obvious faults of "Waverley", "Kenilworth", "Quentin Durward" *et hoc genus omne*, are generally made in a good-humored tone; his satire, if not very poignant, is neither coarse nor malignant; and, if it should fail to reform the errors of the novelist, it cannot, we conceive, excite any feelings of irritation in his breast. . . .

The style is good; the characters are skilfully drawn, though somewhat too highly coloured; and the incidents, such as they are, show a strong talent for observation, and much imaginative power in the narrator. The chronological discrepancies and contempt of probability, in which the author indulges, are parts of his system,

[28] II (1823) 479.
[29] VI (April 10, 1824) 231.
[30] Imp. ser. XIX (Jan. 1824) 32.

and therefore it would be useless to point them out. Perhaps the want of originality in some of the characters may be excusable, on the same score. . . .

But we have one serious objection to make to the present work, which is that its pages are profusely sprinkled with profane expletives. Many of these indeed are unintelligible to the English reader; and appear to serve no other purpose but to raise the volume's price a shilling.' But there are others which are plain enough, and which, exclusive of their wickedness, are extremely gross and disgusting. We particularly allude to the vulgarities put into the mouth of Ludwig Varlett. If, indeed, such a scene as this be intended as a correct representation of American manners, we can only express our surprise that any person should obtrude, on the notice of the public, so disgraceful a trait in the character of the nation to which he appears to belong.

The *Monthly Review*[31] finds similar fault, saying that "the greatest objection, which we have to make against this novel, respects the continued stream of forced jocularity, amounting almost to flippancy, which runs through it; and the miserable nature of the plot. . . . A more lame, aimless, and pointless story cannot well be imagined." It concedes, however, that the author's efforts at the portrayal of American life and scenery "are by no means despicable." *Koningsmarke* was published anonymously, and even critics who were familiar with Paulding's earlier writings seem to have been unaware that he was the author. The *British Critic*[32] ascribes it to Verplanck. It praises the story on the whole, but objects to the author's habit of going out of his way to attack Scott, especially as he has in some respects imitated him. It concludes the discussion: "Having done Mr. Verplanck the justice to select for quotation the best parts of his work, we must beg to observe that a little more good taste, and a little less presumption on points to which we have already alluded, are indispensibly necessary before his writings can obtain that currency in the mother country which is confessedly the surest passport to the approbation of his own."

Though *John Bull in America* is not exactly a novel, the criticism that it elicited may well be considered here. The *Literary Gazette*[33] was favorably impressed by it:

[31] CIII (April, 1824) 442.
[32] II (July 1826) 406.
[33] IX (April, 1825) 243, 262.

This is a *genuine* and very clever *jeu d'esprit*, and we have been exceedingly entertained with it. It is written, we have reason to believe, by Mr. Paulding. . . . The gist of this new volume is to repel by ridicule such observations on America and Americans, as have appeared in so many recent travels, and been distasteful to the people of the U. S.; and, especially, to satirize the Review of Faux's Travels in the Quarterly Review—which paper, by the way, was suppressed in the American reprint of that periodical. In this design, we think the writer has been very happy. . . . But what we like best in the book is the spirit and humour in which it is begun and ended. There is no sourness or acrimony . . . he has never degenerated into spleen or abuse. Now we are not pronouncing gravely which side carries the most of truth with it, or is best sustained in its allegations, but viewing Mr. P. as an American, espousing the cause which naturally courted his aid, we are quite willing to confess that he has handled his weapons with excellent temper, and with uncommon dexterity. The caricature we consider to be perfectly fair,—his prejudices not offensive, and we promise even the most national of our readers a hearty laugh at the droll exaggerations of John Bull's peculiarities, and the grotesque incidents which arise out of them.

The reviewer was evidently greatly pleased—perhaps appeased—by the caricature of a Frenchman whom Paulding introduces.

The *News of Literature and Fashion*[34] in a well-tempered article signed "B" pronounces the satire,

A very agreeable extravagance; and written, notwithstanding its stupendous excesses in the way of story-telling, with more delicacy of humour than we are usually fortunate enough to recognize in our transatlantic brethren. The book seems to have been *excited* or created by the severity and unfairness which the author accuses the Quarterly Review of manifesting in every article it publishes relative to American literature, morals, and politics; and affects to record the observations, made after a journal fashion, of an English aristocratic traveller in the United States. Our prejudiced and unfortunate countryman is a *caricature*, we may add (looking to the title of this little work), *of course*. But there are many touches of great truth, unfortunately, and poignancy, in the drawing. . . .

Upon the whole, we can recommend our readers to undertake a perusal of this volume, as that which will amuse them heartily at the expense of a few national follies which Englishmen are always candid enough to acknowledge, and just enough to recognize, when faithfully depicted by others.

[34] II (April, 1825) 254.

The *Lady's Magazine*[35] speaks pleasantly of the work, saying that the best way to answer English sarcasms against America is by ridicule, as Paulding has done. The *Monthly Magazine or British Register*[36] briefly praises the book and the spirit in which it is written. In general, the favorable comments on the skit show the British willingness to take a joke at their own expense. Only Neal, in *Blackwood's*[37] accuses Paulding of being personally bitter because the *Quarterly* had attacked him.

The *Literary Gazette*[38] again leads the reviewers on the appearance of the *Dutchman's Fireside,* though this time it is not favorably impressed by Paulding's work. It finds the book very bad as a novel; the story old; the style "often inelegant and florid"; and what is worse, the author pokes fun at an English character. But, "we now proceed to what constitutes the merit these pages possess; they often illustrate American characters and scenes, as those only can who are familiar with what they describe." The critic then quotes at length a highly-drawn sketch of Timothy Weasel, evidently as that of a typical American. The *Edinburgh Literary Journal*[39] gives long extracts and rather meaningless comment: "The characters, though skillfully, are not very vigorously sketched, but the tale is elegantly told, and full of incident. We have perused it with much pleasure." The *Monthly Review*[40] in an article on *Recent Novels,* says:

> 'The Dutchman's Fireside' is no tale of Holland, as the reader might fancy from the title, but an attempt at a picture of early American manners, after the fashion of "The Memoirs of an American Lady" which were written by Mrs. Grant, of Laggan. If we were to say that the copy is worthy of the model from which it is drawn, we should much exaggerate its merits. At the same time, it would seem occasionally to represent, with sufficient exactness, the habits and tastes of those days, such as they prevailed amongst the emigrants, and descendants of emigrants from Holland, who dwelt on the banks of the Hudson. If the author have not converted a pebble into a gem, the fault is not so much to be imputed to his workmanship, as to the nature of the material upon which his labour

[35] VI (April 1825) 226.
[36] LXI (May 1825) 358.
[37] XVIII (Sept. 1825) 317.
[38] XV (July 23, 1831) 466.
[39] VI (July 30, 1831) 68.
[40] n. and i. ser. (Sept. 1831) p. 119.

has been bestowed. He is, indeed, open to the remark of having chosen a subject for his theme, which could hardly be expected to be much in unison with English ideas.

Colburn's New Monthly Magazine[41] gives two notices of the *Dutchman's Fireside,* the first in connection with Jones's *Haverhill.* The earlier one praises Paulding, but complains of his prejudice against the English. The second article, probably by another critic, compliments the free painting of men and scenes, and finds the work "both entertaining and instructive." *The Westminster Review*[42] succeeds remarkably in praising Paulding for the wrong things:

The author of this tale is Mr. Paulding, one of the pleasantest writers of the new world of Transatlantic English. His style is chaste and elegant: sufficiently ornamental to be agreeable, and in no point sinning in the prevailing sin of America, viz. exaggeration. Mr. Paulding is neither too elaborate like Irving, nor diffuse like Cooper, nor wild, and all but frantic, like Neal; he is just, neat, fanciful, and descriptive. . . .

In short, we may conclude this brief notice by stating, that this Tale is an exception to tales in general, and is as much worth reading for its style, its moral remarks, and vivacious descriptions, as for the interest of the narrative, the striking character of its personages, but, above all, for its correct and spirited views of Red-Indian manners and morals.

At the very close of the period under consideration *Cobbett's Magazine*[43] reviews Paulding's *The Banks of the Ohio, or Westward Ho!,* which it calls "a genuine piece of Yankey." It continues, "Mr. Paulding excels most in sketching character; he is not equal to the American novelist, par excellence, either in the sustaining of his dialogue or in his descriptions. But he has produced a very readable volume." The *Literary Gazette*[44] prints a notice of *Westward Ho* in *Harper's Library of Select Novels,* praising the work, except for the choice of insanity as a subject, and saying of the author: "Mr. Paulding is one of the most graphic and spirited writers that America has produced. He delights in the back woods, in the hardships, difficulties, and dangers of the early settlers; and what we like him

[41] XXXII (1831) 364, and XXXIII (1831) 378.
[42] XV (Oct. 1831) 491.
[43] II (Nov. 1833) 337.
[44] XVII (Aug. 31, 1833) 547.

all the better for—even though it leads to an occasional sneer sent across the Atlantic—he is enthusiastic on the merits of his own country."

Three novels by John Neal—*Logan, Seventy-Six,* and *Brother Jonathan*—were read and criticised in England between 1820 and 1830; and in the closing years of the period under consideration some slight notice was given to *Rachael Dyer,* and *Authorship, a Tale.*

The *Magazine of Foreign Literature*[45] places the author of *Logan* in the group of American writers who fail because they are too proud to form themselves on English models:

> It would be difficult, indeed, to guess what end he purposed to accomplish by his singular work. It could not be to amuse his readers, because it is unintelligible; if he wished to frighten them he has failed of his end, for he only makes them laugh. . . . We laugh not with him, but at him. His style is the most singular that can be imagined—it is like the raving of a bedlamite. There are words in it, but no sense. . . .
>
> The incidents are such as fill a sick man's dream. . . . We have taken some pains to inquire who the author may be, but without success;—it is, perhaps, as well that we are in ignorance of his name; the knowledge must be painful, as we have no doubt that the poor gentleman is at this time suffering the wholesome restraint of a straw cell and a strait waistcoat. If he is not, there is no justice in America.

The review concludes: "Absurdity is sometimes more amusing than wit; the author's folly has been a source of much mirth to us, and we trust it may contribute to that of our readers."

Very different in tone is a notice in the *Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review*[46] which considers *Logan* as a Minerva Press novel, and says nothing of the name or the nationality of the author.

> 'Logan' is a novel purporting to be written by a descendant of the celebrated Mingo chief, who relates his own history in a manner which is no bad imitation of the abrupt but startling eloquence of the much-abused Aborigines of America. The story, too, possesses considerable interest, and the work will be no discredit to the

[45] I (April, 1823) 102.
[46] V (April 26, 1823) 282.

shelves of a modern circulating library, improved as they have now become.

The same journal[47] gives an early notice of the Baltimore edition of *Seventy-Six,* in which it raises the question whether the author may not be ranked with Irving, Brown, and Cooper, and continues: "There is, indeed, an occasional abruptness in the style but the effect on the whole is not unpleasing; and 'Seventy-Six' may be considered as a work which will meet with many admirers; and which no lover of fiction should omit to read." The *Monthly Magazine or British Register*[48] is disturbed by the peculiarities of the novel.

> It is rude and boisterous; every chapter being covered with blood, or heaving with the throes of lacerated flesh. The style, too, is affectedly precipitous; and its metaphors as incongruous as those of the poets of the Lakes. In addition to the regularly formed oaths, which are very numerous, the name of God is invoked in every page; and in such a manner as to make it difficult to discover whether the author meant to pray or to swear.

The *Magazine of Foreign Literature*[49] refers to its earlier judgment that the author of *Logan* is insane:

> He is not yet in a straight waistcoat. He has written and published another novel; and a London bookseller, with that desperate sort of courage which is nearly allied to madness, has republished it here. As it is in every respect a curiosity, and by no means destitute of interest, it may answer the purpose of the latter very well. . . .
>
> The style [is] a delightful jumble of bad English, worse German, superfine Irish, and elegant American. . . .
>
> If the author would only condescend to write intelligibly, and agreeably to the rules which govern other persons, he would yet, we think, notwithstanding his eccentricities, become eminent as a novelist. . . .
>
> There are a great many things to make us laugh in these volumes; the author's coarseness is often ridiculous, and always disagreeable. The conversation which he puts into the mouths of ladies and gentlemen is of that description which, in England, is only used by costermongers and hackney-coachmen, and their fair partners. The incidents are impossible, the style inflated, and the grammar deplorably vicious: and yet, with all this, there is so much talent,

[47] V (June 28, 1823) 409.
[48] LV (July 1823) 545.
[49] I (July 1823) 308.

so much of surprisingly amusing madness, that we cannot blame it as we ought.

The *Monthly Review Enlarged*[50] is well-disposed, but not enthusiastic:

[*Seventy-Six*] relates to the unfortunate contest between this country and the American colonies which raged in the year *seventeen hundred and seventy-six.* We know not that any good purpose can be answered by recalling the events of that lamentable warfare, vividly and painfully as they are here depicted to the eye, by one who certainly must have been an actor in them; and whose sentiments are so violently anti-Anglican, and anti-monarchial, that they by no means soften the effect produced by his delineations.

Still the interest excited by this tale, and the command over our feelings which the writer exerts, are very far from trifling and ordinary. His energies are somewhat rough, indeed, but they are powerful; like much of his vast continent, not cultivated but fertile, not polished but naturally impressive; his battle pieces plunge us into the midst of them; [sic] and his hero is "every inch" a hero. . . .

The language of this narrative is often inelegant and peculiar.

Brother Jonathan seems to have called forth more comment than either of its predecessors. The *Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review,*[51] which had spoken with some favor of *Logan* and *Seventy-Six* became enthusiastic.

The work displays a vigour and pathos which are only to be found in novels of the first rank. In Brother Jonathan, there are scenes which the 'Great Unknown' might be proud to acknowledge; and the whole construction and management of the story is such as no person but an author possessing powers of the first order could have executed.

The attitude of the reviewer toward American institutions is shown in his praise of the people of New England for their devotion to freedom. He concludes: "We are sure our readers will agree with us, that there are few novels—few indeed, which display so much talent or possess such a fearful interest as *Brother Jonathan.*"

The *Lady's Magazine*[52] as usual gives many extracts and says nothing unfavorable, though its praise is not very significant:

[50] CII (Oct. 1823) 212.
[51] VII (July 16, 1825) 449.
[52] VI (July 1825) 421.

We do not expect the high features of romance in tales connected with so new an establishment as the republic of the United States: yet pleasing and striking stories may be drawn by a man of talent from the varied incidents of American life and society; and the present author has contrived, by skilful management, to keep up a continuity of interest, instead of diffusing languor over the feelings of his readers.

Colburn's New Monthly Magazine[53] recognizes the identity of the author, saying, "These volumes are, it is said, the production of an American gentleman, who has contributed a series of articles on the literature of his country to the pages of one of our well-known periodical publications." It pronounces *Brother Jonathan* better than *Logan* and *Seventy-Six*, though still too extravagant: Of the characters it says: "His heroes and heroines, though worthy citizens of the United States, possess passions, and beauty, and language more powerful, more transcendent and more lofty than ever fell to the share of creatures not born in the land of romance. . . . Upon the whole, we regard *Brother Jonathan* as a work of a very mixed character, though displaying throughout the marks of great intellectual power." The *Ladies Monthly Museum*[54] says that the "striking delineations of New England manners are interesting as well as amusing, notwithstanding their coarseness." The *Monthly Review Enlarged*[55] decides that "this novel, though published in Edinburgh, is, we have reason to believe, written by an American." It assumes that the object of such writers is "to communicate to strangers, by living pictures, a knowledge of the manners, habits, characters, and transactions of their countrymen of this present and former time." It finds that "in this work there are some traces of genius; . . . however, his work as a representation of life, is a failure." The plot is confused, the characters are contradictory and absurd; the descriptions and some of the dialogues have merit; "but the general character of the style is that of exaggeration." The *Dumfries Monthly Magazine*[56] also praises the descriptions, finds fault with the structure of

[53] XV (Aug. 1825) 362.
[54] XIII (Aug. 1825) 102.
[55] CVII (1825) 484.
[56] I (Aug. 1825) 172.

the plot and the unreality of the incidents, and assumes that Neal portrays actual American life: "'Brother Jonathan' is the first publication of the kind that introduces us to anything like an accurate and Waverley-novel-kind of acquaintance with the inhabitants of the great continent—aborigines as well as colonists."

The *British Critic*[57] in the first of a series of two articles on American novels, says that Neal "has evidently formed his style on that of Brown in his wildest vagaries."

> The characters described in Brown are downright men and women, whom, with all their weaknesses and eccentricities, we are almost sure we know or have known. Neal's dramatis personae are for the most part stalking moody spectres with glaring eyeballs and inflated nostrils, towering above the common height, and exhibiting the play of their muscles and veins through their clothes in the most trivial action; atrocious two-legged nightmares such as might have been engendered in the brains of Edgar Huntley, if he had washed down his raw panther collop with new Yankee rum, and slept in the reeking skin.
>
> His able article on American writers, in "Blackwood's Magazine," as well as much in his novels, shows him to be well worth the trouble of breaking in; and since, to judge from the conclusion of "Logan," he is so jealous of English criticism, we will content ourselves with a matter-of-fact abstract of the said novel, the first of his works, and thus let him review himself.

Later the critic speaks of Neal as a Quaker broken loose.

In the second article of the series[58] he again has much to say of Neal. The most serious fault which he finds is that the reader cannot follow the story, or make out the relations of the characters to each other. He devotes most attention to *Seventy-Six*, in which he thinks the accounts of the treatment of American prisoners must be untrue, and remarks that Neal is inconsistent with his own professions in reviving offensive matters from the war. He raises the question whether the novelist in some passages is not "bantering himself and his own style of expression." He finds Jonathan Peters "an obvious plagiarism of Carwin." Of Neal's eccentricities and improbabilities he says:

> It is provokingly unaccountable that an author of the strong sense and acuteness evinced by Mr. Neal's articles in Blackwood, should

[57] II (April 1826) 53.
[58] II (July 1826) 406.

thus persevere in outraging truth and nature; that with the power of conceiving and vividly executing characters of the stamp of the elder Oadley and his son Archibald, he should wilfully devote three huge close-printed volumes to the adventures of profligates, misanthropes, maniacs, liars, and louts, for such are the serious personages of "Brother Jonathan." We are really at a loss to divine any thing like a moral or a leading idea in the book. . . .

In the more familiar and every-day parts of the book, where nothing superfine or miraculous is attempted, the author is himself again. We are not only introduced to the wrestling matches and quilting frolics of the country, and divertingly jumbled in a stage waggon, passengers, pigs, gunpowder, hardware and all, but, which is better and more difficult, fairly seated round a New England fireside, a genial scene, we conceive, of that rough old-fashioned kindliness which marks our common origin. . . .

The *Edinburgh Literary Journal*,[59] in printing a poem, *The Birth of a Poet*, by John Neale [sic] pays this compliment:

We doubt whether sufficient justice has hitherto been done in this country to the talents of the author of "Brother Jonathan." His book is full of vigour and originality, making you feel at every page that you have to do with one who thinks freely, boldly, and efficaciously. It contains descriptions of scenery, and illustrations of the natural passions of the human heart and soul, worthy of that prodigious continent, whose hills are mountains, and whose mountains are immeasurable,—whose streams are rivers, and whose rivers are seas,—whose woods are forests, and whose forests are eternal. The verses we have now the pleasure of presenting to our readers, do credit even to the novelist.

The *Englishman's Magazine*, a short-lived periodical of little importance, gives to its review of Neal's *Authorship, a Tale* and *Rachael Dyer*[60] the title *England and the United States*. It bestows unstinted praise on Neal, who "exults in the name of Yankee, and Yankees should be proud of him." This article is bombastic enough to have been written by Neal himself. The *Westminster Review*[61] in its review of Miss Mitford's *Stories of American Life*, says, "There is no mistaking the hand of John Neal, whilom during his sojourn in England a collaborator of half our periodicals, and the author of some half hundred of unreadable romances." Some fairly severe criticism of Neal

[59] I (May 9, 1829) 386.
[60] I (April 1831) 65.
[61] XIV (April 1831) 395.

follows. The *Monthly Review*[62] describes *Authorship, a Tale* as "a common love story of our own Isle of Wight," and finds it of little moment.

There can be little question that part of Neal's vogue as a novelist after 1824 was due to his articles on American literature in *Blackwood's,* and to his comments on himself. In the opening article of the series[63] he names himself, with Brown and Paulding as one of the only three American writers who would not pass just as readily for English. He also praises himself in his discussion on Brown; and in the appropriate place in the alphabetical list he devotes eight pages to himself, in contrast to about a half page given to Cooper. Much of this discussion is given in quotation marks as the author's own judgment of himself, and it mingles some condemnation of faults with the praise. In a later article in *Blackwood's*[64] he asks the question, "Where shall we go for a North American story? Is there such a thing on earth?"; and answers in a footnote: "Yes, BROTHER JONATHAN is a real North American story; and Redwood, we have reason to believe, is another, and a very good one." Englishmen were only too ready to accept his assertion that the roughness, oddity, and turgidity of his writings were distinctive American characteristics, and that his grotesque characters were truly representative of American life. He was one of the earliest of several Americans who were heartily welcomed because they conformed to the Englishman's uncomplimentary notions of what an American writer should be.

Notices of Miss Sedgwick's *New England Tale, Redwood, Hope Leslie,* and *Clarence* were numerous, though they were often concerned more with literary, social, and religious conditions in America than with the particular work of fiction in hand. The critic of the *Museum*[65] thinks *A New England Tale* owes its existence to the example of Irving:

> We apprehend the great and merited success of Mr. Irving has contributed to produce the interesting little Tale which forms the

[62] n. and l. ser. (July 1831) p. 438.
[63] *Blackwood's,* XVI (1824) 304.
[64] XVIII (Sept. 1825) 317.
[65] I (Nov. 16, 1822) 468.

head of our present article. . . . We believe this volume to be the production of a female pen, and are disposed to class it with the admirable Moral Tales of Miss Edgeworth; to whom it is with great propriety dedicated. We do not say it is equal to the best productions of that amiable moral pilot; but the 'New England Tale' is equally well adapted for the meridian of 'Old England.' . . .

Though we perceive a few Americanisms in the language of this little work, as well as certain indications that it is a first effort; yet we have no hesitation in asserting, that the pure vein of religion and morality (without any bias of Sectarianism) which is inculcated in these pages, must insure the 'New England Tale' a favorable reception in the *family* libraries of Old England; and, we hope, stimulate the amiable author to continue her moral labors.

The *Literary Gazette*[66] finds the author's source of inspiration in Scott rather than in Irving: "Had the Scottish novelist never existed we should in all probability never have seen this tale, which, looking on him for a model is one of the best-constructed things of the sort which has been wafted to us across the Atlantic." It praises the story for its descriptions of American manners, and predicts that "though the whole is overloaded with the lecturing habit now so common to works of fiction, the volume will, we think, be extensively read in this country." The *Gentleman's Magazine*[67] considers the *Tale* especially adapted for the moral edification of "female readers":

The graphic talents of the author of the volume before us are of no common order. Her "New England" story has been extremely popular in her own Country, and we shall be greatly mistaken in our anticipations if it be not equally well received here. It has a healthy spirit pervading it, which is highly favorable to its longevity, and we can safely recommend it to our female readers as a work of good taste and sound morals; inculcating forcibly, and illustrating admirably, those difficult lessons of genuine practical religion, submission to the Divine appointments, and the necessity of sacrificing every selfish feeling and indulgence on the altar of Christian duty.

The *Monthly Literary Gazette*[68] is decidedly, if unintentionally patronizing:

We are now free to admit that it entails no discredit on the partiality which encouraged it at home. In the crowded area of

[66] VI (Nov. 16, 1822) 721.
[67] XCII (Dec. 1822) 542.
[68] II (Dec. 1822) 574.

London publication, it might, indeed, have never struggled beyond the presentation copies of a first edition—such is almost every day the undeserved fate of many of its equals; but among a people who are not yet glutted with even literary failures, and whose chief literary pride lies in books *to be published*, we cannot wonder that the respectable talent of the "New England Tale" has speedily become visible, and as speedily prized and rewarded. . . .

The style of the tale is unpresuming, yet may be justly called appropriate, and often elegant. It exhibits no disagreeable Americanisms, and the greatest fault we observed, was an injudicious and pervading transposition of the adverb from its dutiful place after the verb. . . .

Altogether, we are well pleased with the tale. . . . and we can recommend it as an interesting specimen, in its way, of the progress of American literature.

This reviewer, like many others, refers to the author as "he."

The author of an article in the *Monthly Censor*[69] is less well pleased than are most critics with the religious aspects of the tale. He lays down the proposition that fiction should be restrained by religious feeling, but that this "should be implied rather than professed." He then complains that in this tale "there is little interest to excite, or incident to amuse, but much of religious differences to harrass or perplex"; and he thinks that "if the state of religious opinion is such in 'New England' as this volume states it to be, it is at a fearful ebb indeed." In conclusion he says, "We are not willing to set the present down as a specimen of the state of literature among the descendants of our mother country on the other side of the Atlantic." *The Ladies Monthly Museum*[70] classes the *Tale* as "ethic fiction," i. e. "the delineation of the manners, character, and customs of a country or people, through the medium of feigned narrative," and says: "The fair authoress has occasionally imitated some of our most celebrated novelists; and as might have been expected, not very successfully. The most valuable, as well as the most amusing parts of her work are those which describe the manners of her native land." The *Monthly Review Enlarged*[71] regards it as "a favorable specimen of American talent and feeling," and says farther: "Some

[69] II (Jan. 1823) 112.
[70] Imp. ser. XVII (Jan. 1833) 41.
[71] CI (May 1823) 105.

objections have been made in America to its religious character, but we do not see any good grounds for such imputations"; and, "We have remarked a few *Americanisms* in these pages, but they are generally put into the mouths of the inferior characters, and cannot therefore be justly made objects of criticism." The *Literary Gazette*[72] pronounces *Redwood* a "simple but pleasing tale with much of nature and beauty," but devotes most of its review to a discussion of American literary conditions. The *Ladies Monthly Museum*[73] and the *Lady's Magazine*[74] give complimentary notices of this novel. The *Metropolitan Literary Journal*[75] also finds the story valuable chiefly for the portrayal of American life.

> We have, in the novel before us, a fresh specimen of AMERICAN LITERATURE. The Preface, which is dated so recently as June, 1824, at NEW YORK, [a proof of the quick-sightedness of our London publishers] contains some remarks worthy of general diffusion. . .
>
> The good sense and liberal sentiments of the author displayed in his preface prepared us to expect a fair and candid view of the "living" manners, and prevalent opinions of the Americans; exhibited in a tale of the present times—and we have not been disappointed. His descriptive talents have also been successfully excited, and we are made as familiarly acquainted with American scenery as with the Americans themselves.

In conclusion, *Redwood* is said to be "a work which reflects honour on its author, and does ample justice to America."

Colburn's New Monthly Magazine[76] praises the style of *Redwood,* and predicts for the author a place with Brown and Cooper. The *Monthly Literary Gazette*[77] gives hearty praise, saying that the author "proves himself to be a sensible, well-informed, entertaining, and liberal-minded companion. . . . His preface was exactly to our taste; the commencement of his tale at once riveted our attention, and charmed our imagination; and the further we proceeded together, the more we were pleased with our new acquaintance." The critic does not altogether approve the handling of the religious element; but he

[72] VIII (Aug. 7, 1824) 501.
[73] imp. ser. XX (Aug. 1824) 164.
[74] V (Sept. 1824) 475.
[75] I (Sept. 1824) 453.
[76] XII (Oct. 1824) 459.
[77] II (Jan. 1825) 183.

finds the characters "such genuine portraits of American men and women, that we become as intimately acquainted with the good people, as if we had accompanied the incomparable MATTHEWS on his late *trip to America*." The book is "one of the best productions of this class of *American Literature* that has ever appeared." One is tempted to ask, perhaps unjustly, whether the fact that Miller published *Redwood* was in any way connected with the appearance, in a periodical usually hostile to American writings, of so favorable a review.

The notices of *Hope Leslie* seem to have been less numerous than those of the preceding volumes, and less significant. The *London Weekly Review*[78] praises it: "This is a very superior novel. The scenes, characters, and events, are new and striking, and the style, though occasionally inflated, is on the whole, spirited and agreeable." The review in the *Literary Gazette*[79] consists of long extracts and rather perfunctory comment: "This is a very pretty tale, but containing material of which much more might have been made; . . . . as it is, there is evidently a want of power to manage a rich imagination." The *Monthly Magazine or British Register*[80] which credits the tale to a man, finds some slight faults with the story, but is on the whole commendatory.

Clarence appears to have been less favorably received than any one of the three earlier novels. The *Athenæum*[81] is unusually severe, and somewhat flippant, characterizing *Clarence* as "an American story, if story it can be called. . . . The authoress is also, as we are informed, of the Land of Freedom, and although not without a slip-slop sort of cleverness, we are sorry indeed that we must use the *freedom* of saying, that she ought not to have troubled herself to try novel-writing." The *Literary Gazette*[82] complains that there are "no striking characteristics," that the story is "old-fashioned," and that the author displays ignorance of English customs and manners; but admits that if it be a first attempt it shows some promise.

[78] I (Dec. 1, 1827) 404.
[79] XI (Dec. 22, 1827) 820.
[80] n. s. V. (Feb. 1828) 192.
[81] [III] (July 31, 1830) 472.
[82] XIV (Aug. 7, 1830) 507.

The *British Magazine*,[83] however, finds the story interesting, and likes the author none the less for some American prejudices. The critic of *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*[84] discovers in *Clarence* a mine of information concerning the social conditions and customs of New York:

> An American novel, and by an American lady—the first female writer among the natives heard of here, we believe, and certainly the first who makes her *debut* under the auspices of a leading publisher. . . . The tale itself, though not without interest, and often very effectively told, is a matter, of inferior consideration; for both incident and complication are of the stuff of English romances; the real value of the production—and real value it really has—lies in the portraiture it exhibits of society under new forms and new influences. It supplies at least a specimen of the manners of what is regarded as *good* society in the first state of America; presented by one, whatever may be her own station, whose every page proves her to be an intelligent and cultivated person. . . .
>
> The production is genuine American, and peculiarities of the country peep out at every turn; not of mere idiom or illiterate coarseness—there is no *guessing*, *concluding*, or *calculating*—but of terms established by custom, and not yet superseded by fashionable imitation—thus, the drawing-room and the boudoir are still the parlour, and a splendid bookseller's, a fashionable bookstore. . . . The ladies, the most refined, we observe, use a breadth of language that will not, by and by, we suppose, be more tolerated in New York than in London—"O my dear soul," cries one lady to another, where "My dear," would be as much as would escape from English lips. "I know a thing or two," says another—meaning that she had too much tact to commit such a blunder, &c. More gesticulation, or rather, a more undisciplined giving way to emotion, is indulged in—such as when, on a very slight occasion, a young lady covers her face with her hands to hide her embarrassment. Whatever want of refinement, however, may appear occasionally in phrases and gestures, there prevails a genuine reserve, and unartificial decorum, in matters of conduct and sentiment. Profligacy is not treated with levity. . . . The current literature of London and America is a common topic; but the coupling of Halleck and Bryant with Moore and Byron, as names equally well known and equally prized, sounds strangely on an Englishman's ear. The heroine is an admirable sketch—spirited, frank, active, and essentially lady-like; and indeed the tale, independently of all considerations of value arising from faithful descriptions of living characters, as a novel, is worthy to class among the best of our own.

[83] II (Dec. 1830) 471.
[84] XXX (Sept. 1830) 366.

Miss Mitford's collections of American prose tales invited many general discussions of prose fiction in the United States and occasional comments on individual stories. Most critics, as usual, valued American fiction chiefly for its revelation of American manners. The *Atlas*[85] said of the first of the collections, *Stories of American Life*:

> We are, on the whole, disappointed in this work. It certainly leaves an impression of character on the mind, but then it is vague, rambling, and crowded with evanescent traits. . . .
>
> What we complain of is, not that the American writers have herein painted their countrymen in such giddy outlines, but that they have not painted them more graphically than they have been already painted in England.
>
> . . . The issue of a patient perusal of the three volumes is, that we have read a pleasant collection of stories, of different degrees of merit, in which Yankees, and back-woodsmen, and Red Indians, are made to play their parts with no better effect, and frequently with less, than they do in our own annuals, which are concocted in the narrow ways of this muddy metropolis. The style, too, of these trifles generally betrays the want of power or of experience. . . . They are American in all senses, we cheerfully admit, and may be read for the sake of seeing how Yankees choose to describe themselves, and of showing to us mere English with what justice we are sometimes accused of caricaturing our friends in the United States.

The *Athenæum*[86] remarks toward the close of a long commentary on American literature: "We had hoped from Miss Mitford some collection that, good or bad, would be strongly impressed with nationality . . . but . . . the specimens in her herbal are all gathered from the garden—she never ventures into the bye-lane or dark tangled forest—she seeks only what is beautiful, not what is new." The *Edinburgh Literary Journal*[87] speaks pleasantly of the collection, and of the "kind and liberal spirit" in which the editor has worked. The *Monthly Magazine*[88] praises the volume as "beyond all question entitled to class with any collection of tales which fills similar volumes with our own native productions"; and adds: "Good sound sense with nothing of the lack-a-daisical runs through

[85] VI (Jan. 30, 1831) 74.
[86] [IV] (Feb. 19, 1831) 115.
[87] V (Feb. 26, 1831) 132.
[88] n. s. XI (Feb. 1831) 222.

the whole of the pieces, and in this respect they might have been written all by one person." The *Westminster Review*[89] classifies the tales according to subject:

> The American life described in these volumes is of three kinds, the historical life, or life sixty years ago; border life, that is, the life of the outer settlements; and city life which embraces pictures of manners as they exist in New York, Philadelphia, and the great towns. Sketches of the latter kind are the least interesting here, inasmuch as the manners of good English, and good American society, differ only by shades; and the departure from modes we habitually consider correct, simply communicates an impression of vulgarity or pretension. The distinctions are too minute to be an object of curiosity, and yet considerable enough to offend a fastidious reader.

The *Literary Museum and Critical Review*[90] applies a moral standard, saying: "We have heard these tales condemned, but on what earthly account we cannot divine. They are simply but chastely told; and in general their moral intention is so marked . . . that they cannot fail to be productive of much good." The critic of the *Literary Gazette*[91] finds much fault with the collection. His hostility may be explained by the presence in one of the tales of a passage which he says no English editor should have selected—a passage which compares the English and the French in the early Indian wars to the advantage of the latter. *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*[92] groups the collection with several American novels, and praises it.

The comments on Miss Mitford's second collection, *Lights and Shadows of American Life,* were of less significance. The article in the *Athenæum*[93] is non-committal, consisting mostly of selections chosen to show the peculiarities of American life. The *Literary Gazette*[94] says, "We are delighted with these volumes; the stories they contain are varied, graphic, and thoroughly American"; and mentions with especial commendation Paulding's *The Politician.* The reviews in the *Literary Omni-*

[89] XIV (April 1831) 395.
[90] I (June 1831) 72.
[91] XIV (Nov. 27, 1831) 767.
[92] XXXI (1831) 42.
[93] [V] (June 2, 9, 1832) 351, 365.
[94] XVI (June 9, 1832) 358.

bus,[95] the *Literary Guardian,*[96] *and Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*[97] are all favorable, but unimportant.

Two collection of tales for children, *American Stories for Little Boys and Girls,* and *American Stories for Children under Ten Years of Age* were generally praised for their moral teachings. Distinctly complimentary reviews of one or both these volumes are found in the *Literary Gazette,*[98] the *Athenæum,*[99] the *Monthly Magazine,*[1] the *Metropolitan,*[2] and the *Imperial Magazine.*[3] The notice in the *Atlas*[4] is pleasant, but not enthusiastic. The *Royal Lady's Magazine*[5] says: "Although we have better of native growth, they are admirably calculated to promote a taste for literature in the younger branches." The *Monthly Review*[6] stands almost alone in condemning the selections:

> We much wish that instead of editing the productions of transatlantic writers, Miss Mitford had composed tales of her own for the amusement and instruction of her juvenile friends. There are many things in these volumes which we think extremely unfit to be read by children under the age she has specified. We would refer particularly to the vulgar dialect in which some of the characters introduced are made to speak, and the coarse sentiments they are made to utter.

John Pendleton Kennedy's *Swallow Barn* was reprinted in England. The *Literary Gazette*[7] said of it: "There are some amusing sketches of American country life in these pages, which have the attraction of travel in countries little known; but as a novel they are deficient both in story and interest." The extracts chosen were descriptions of crude life in America. The reviewer in the *National Omnibus*[8] took it—or affected to take it—as the work of a British traveller in America.

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[95] II (June 15, 1832) 187.
[96] II (June 16, 1832) 168.
[97] XXXVI (Aug. 1832) 340.
[98] XVI (Jan. 29, 1831) 72.
[99] [V] (Jan. 28, 1832) 60.
[1] n. s. XI (March 1831) 338.
[2] III (Feb. 1832) 46.
[3] 2nd ser. II (April 1832) 191.
[4] VI (Feb. 27, 1831) 140.
[5] I (March 1831) 171.
[6] n. and i. ser. [XVI] (March 1831) 468.
[7] XIV (Aug. 18, 1832) 517.
[8] II (Aug. 24, 1832) 269.

He considered it "principally readable for the accounts of American habits and ceremonies" and found that "There is, however, much character and peculiarity about the author's style, with an occasional incorrectness of idiom and expression, and even grammar that almost teach us to doubt the author's acquaintance with his native tongue, or whether he is veritably a John Bull." The *Monthly Magazine*[9] while ignorant of the author's name, recognizes that he is an American.

> The work before us is written with considerable vivacity of humour by a man of no common talents, and we have derived much pleasure from a perusal of this Virginian tale, which, in addition to the enjoyment of its airiness and elasticity of style, and the pleasant variety of its characters, affords us an insight into country manners and customs in America with which we were, heretofore, but imperfectly acquainted.

The *Tales of the Glauber Spa* by Bryant, Paulding, Miss Sedgwick, and others, is the subject of an article in the *Athenæum,*[10] parts of which will be quoted later. The tales themselves are spoken of as "pretty, rather than powerful." The *Literary Gazette*[11] characterizes the same volume as "a pleasant and various collection."

After Cooper had won recognition in England, interest in American fiction was general, and many novels and shorter tales now forgotten were reviewed, often with considerable favor. Most of these were published anonymously. No author's name is mentioned in connection with any of those listed below before *Francis Berrian.* The *Literary Museum*[12] gives moderate but apparently good-humored praise to *The Spectre of the Forest,* saying: "There is a large portion of that strength of outline which distinguishes several of the late American works." The *Monthly Critical Gazette*[13] commends *A Winter in Washington; or Memoirs of the Seymour Family* for the usual reason. "It is, indeed, a very puerile fiction; and will bear no comparison with the productions of Washington Irving or Cooper. It is, besides, overloaded with the cant of religion.

[9] n. s. XIV (Sept. 1832) 348.
[10] July 20, 1833, p. 472.
[11] XVII (Aug. 31, 1833) 547.
[12] II (Dec. 6, 1823) 774.
[13] I (June 1824) 91.

. . . Notwithstanding this blemish, and some other defects, 'A Winter in Washington' is well worth perusal, as a faithful, if not lively, exhibition of American manners and character." The reviewer takes comfort in finding that life in Washington "may possibly appear to many of the luxurious inhabitants of England, as little better than barbarous." The *Monthly Magazine or British Register*[14] speaks of *A Peep at the Pilgrims* as an American novel with no uncommon incidents, but pleasant pictures of New England. The *Literary Gazette*[15] dismisses *Memoirs of a New England Village Choir* with the remark that it was hardly worth republishing in England, though it had some good qualities; and adds: "An American Miss Mitford would be a very original and delightful person." The *Literary Gazette*[16] bestows on Timothy Flint's *Francis Berrian* only a quatrain:

> O, Mr. Flint,
> The Deuce is in't;
> A Flint without fire
> No one can admire.

Mrs. Child's collection, *The Little Girl's Own Book,* is the subject of a pleasant half-column notice in the *Athenæum.*[17] The same periodical also reviewed Mrs. Child's *Mother's Book*[18] and *The Mother's Story Book, or Western Coronal,* which it ascribed to her with apparent hesitation. It said, "We have, we believe, written Mrs. Child into something like a European reputation"; and esteemed her highly. The *Literary Gazette*[19] characterized the *Legendary,* edited by N. P. Willis, as "a very agreeable specimen of American periodical tales of forests, lakes, villages, etc." and added, "Altogether, we consider the *Legendary* to be a volume of a very superior class." The same journal[20] spoke pleasantly in a brief note of *Peter Parley's Tales about Natural History*—a work which, if not exactly fiction, cannot well be classified elsewhere.

[14] LIX (May 1825) 360.
[15] XIII (Sept. 19, 1829) 615.
[16] XVII (Dec. 21, 1833) 808.
[17] [IV] (May 14, 1831) 311.
[18] [V] (March 3, 1832) 140.
[19] XII (Dec. 27, 1828) 820.
[20] XVI (Dec. 22, 1832) 809.

Short American tales were often reprinted in English peri-
dicals, and occasionally an American novel. The *Kaleidoscope*
or 1827[21] gives in installments Mrs. Rowson's *Charlotte Tem-*
le, which it not quite accurately ascribes to America. The same
ournal[22] reprints "from an American paper" *The Devil's Mill,*
story of the Hartz mountains. The next year[23] it takes from
e *Token,* by way of the *Literary Gazette, A Bridal in the*
arly Settlements. Beginning in November 1829[24] it publishes
erially *What is Gentility, a Moral Tale,* which the editor says
as presented to him by the "publisher, a very respectable
ookseller of Washington." In his judgment, "The work has
o high pretensions to literary merit, although occasional pas-
ges are to be found in it which are very well written. It is
e moral which induced us to republish it." In 1831 the
aleidoscope[25] gives in two installments *The Dead of the*
Vreck by William L. Stone, taken from the *Atlantic Souvenir.*
ince it first filled its columns from the *Sketch Book* the *Kaleid-*
scope had given much space to American writings. Though
uring the four years covered by the foregoing incomplete list
doubtless published more American fiction than any other
nglish journal it was by no means the only one to make such
lections.

A few British comments on the state of American fiction
ay be given here. They will be supplemented by many pas-
ges in the chapter on general literary conditions during the
riod. The *British Review*[26] in a long article on the *State of*
iterature, Religion, Slavery, &c. in the United States, passes
tion with the remark that "Of Novels, there are but few of
tive invention; and of these none possess sufficient merit to
aim a notice." This was before Cooper was known, and
fore the revival of interest in Brown. By 1823 the *Ladies'*
Vonthly Museum[27] could recognize the beginnings of Amer-
an fiction:

[21] VII, beginning at p. 341.
[22] VII (March 13, 1827) 291.
[23] IX (Sept. 2, 1828) 69.
[24] X, 137.
[25] XI, 223, 226.
[26] XIV (August 1819) 48.
[27] imp. ser. XVII (Jan. 1823) 41.

Old England has long furnished the novel-reading public of the United States with a supply of amusement. It is but lately that America has returned the favour in kind. Few publications, indeed, of any description have appeared on the other side of the Atlantic, which could excite sufficient interest in the breasts of Europeans to admit of their being reprinted with advantage.

America has of late, however, produced several works of "ethic fiction." A few months later the *Literary Museum*[28] went further:

It is time for us to discontinue our sneers against America. Setting aside all the other more substantial claims to national eminence, she has at length entered upon a course of honorable rivalry in works of fancy. The novels and romances published in America for some years past, if they are greatly inferior in number, are certainly not much so in excellence, to those which have issued from our own press. With the exception of Sir Walter Scott, perhaps there has been no British novel writer for some years past at all equal to Mr. Cooper, the author of The Spy, and The Pioneers. The talents of Washington Irving are well known, and though somewhat overrated, are nevertheless of a very high order.

In 1824 the *Literary Gazette*[29] said in its review of *Redwood*:

America begins to be prolific in Novels. To this branch of literature her authors seem almost exclusively to devote themselves. In history, in philosophy, with the brilliant exception of Franklin—himself a host—their labours (if they have laboured) have not crossed the Atlantic: we have seen but little of their poetry, and that little but very indifferent: Irving has redeemed their character as essayists; but it is in novels chiefly and of late, that they have been more or less interesting, as they have given the feelings or depicted the manners of a nation, certainly England's most attractive neighbour. "The Spy," "The Pioneers," were well-written sketches of character and scenery. "Seventy-Six" painted revolutionary scenes with an energy and freshness often worthy of its subject; and "The Pilot" we have but lately mentioned in terms of commendation. Redwood is another production from beyond the seas; it is a simple but pleasing tale with much of nature and beauty.

In reviewing the same work the *Lady's Magazine*[30] expressed a similar opinion:

[28] II (Oct. 18, 1823) 657.
[29] VIII (Aug. 7, 1824) 501.
[30] V (Sept. 1824) 475.

During the last ten years, the Americans seem to have made a greater progress in literature, and more particularly in works of fiction, than in the fifty preceding years. Some of their writers display considerable talent; and, if they have not the vivacity of the French, or the erudition of the English or the Germans, they appear to possess inventive powers, a respectable portion of judgment, and a keen spirit of observation and research.

The *Monthly Magazine*[31] attempts to summarize the situation in 1831:

How long, or rather how short a time it is since Americans depended wholly on reprints of our works, and now we are ready to return the compliment and reprint *theirs*. Browne [sic], Cooper, and Miss Sedgwick are the only *names* yet familiar among novel readers—for Washington Irving's subjects are almost all English —but in addition to these now pretty well known writers, the Americans have annuals, magazines, and other periodicals, which embrace some of the most popular productions of the most popular living writers in the world of the west. Verplante [sic], Paulding, Hall, Neale [sic], Barker, Willis, &c.—all men of renown, and mighty in their hemisphere.

The *Westminster Review*[32] in its article on Miss Mitford's *Stories of American Life,* philosophizes as usual:

If our brethren of the west were not formerly much given to flights of the imagination, it was because they had something else to do. Now that there are numbers of people sufficiently rich to be idle, they are letting their fancies grow; now that the nice operations of judgment are sufficiently cared for by others, the imaginative and poetical may be permitted to roam among the indefinite regions of the wild and wonderful. The progress of civilization enables Jonathan to keep his author. . . .

The great abundance of lawyers and newspaper editors in the United States, naturally throws up considerable off-shoots of poets and novelists. However paradoxical it may appear, no branch or profession is more addicted to poetry and romance than the law. .

They have already their Scott in Cooper; they have their fashionable novelist in the author of Clarence; they have had their Godwin in Browne [sic]; and the tribe of annualists is far outshone by the writers of the stories in the collection before us. . .

It is very plain, that the authors of fiction in America can never be stopped by the want of a due supply of the materials which usually form either the foundation or the ornaments of this description of literature.

[31] n. s. XI (Feb. 1831) 222.
[32] XIV (April 1831) 395.

One of the latest judgments expressed during the period was that of the *Athenæum*[33] in its notice of the *Tales of the Glauber Spa*. This article is especially frank in its recognition of the fact that English readers wanted chiefly the novel and the sensational elements in American fiction:

> The shorter, as well as the longer tale, common to Europe, has been produced by our brethren in America with considerable success. In conception, they sometimes want the higher flights of imagination which distinguish the stories of their island sires; but in dramatic life and graphic detail, we are less sure of our superiority; we have met with tales from the States which have moved us to mirth and to tears, and which still keep possession of our fancy. The volumes before us contain eight tales of various merit: some are stories of Europe and her beauty and her chivalry—others are of the great western wilderness; the latter we like most—not that they exhibit more talent than the others, but because they unfold to us new views of life and manners, and show us something which we have not before contemplated. The authors who write for the English market should consider that we are a pampered people; that we have had a surfeit of the most delicious viands; and that we can swallow no more, unless it comes to us in the provoking shape of a devilled lark, or some such savoury morsel, enough to make a dead man gape. It is upon this principle chiefly that we prefer the 'Last of the Mohicans' to all the other works of Cooper: all that it tells us is new, at least to us; it is less so, of course, to the people of the States.

B. Drama

There was little American drama written before 1833, and much of that was of a sort which might well excite ridicule. During the period under immediate consideration, almost the only important American dramatist—if indeed he deserves the name—was John Howard Payne, who was for some years a prolific translator and adapter of plays for the London stage. In October, 1817, the *Theatrical Inquisitor and Monthly Mirror*[34] reviewed *Accusation: or the Family of D'Anglade,* which he had adapted from the French. It commented on the credit really due to the skilled adapter,

[33] July 20, 1833, p. 472.
[34] XI (Oct. 1817) 289.

who coming to his work with a perfect knowledge of the demands of his national [sic] Theatre, lays upon himself the task of moulding the incongruous and the foreign, of invigorating the feeble, and inspiriting the dull, into the shape and interest that attract the tastes of England. The praise is higher, if over this there is thrown the living hue of genius, and the understanding raised and charmed by beauties unsought-for by the original author. Mr. Payne, a writer already known to the public by some excellent productions, has in the present instance increased his literary distinction. . . His arrangement of the scene is admirably *theatric*, his additions happy, and his language of a rank entirely above the usual *vulgar tongue* of translation; it is at once forcible and refined, expressive and elegant.

It would seem from the foregoing quotation that the reviewer did not know that Payne was an American. The article calls on the dramatist for some original work, saying, "Though we must admit his title to the first rank among translators, we should prefer seeing him aspire to a loftier and more difficult distinction." It also commends Payne for publishing his work as a translation and adaptation, while a Mr. Kinney, who had prepared an even less original version of the same play, had named himself as author.

It was over Payne's *Brutus,* first performed by Kean at Drury Lane early in December 1818, that there raged a short but almost ludicrously intense controversy. This was conducted largely in the *Morning Post* and other newspapers, but it extended into the magazines, and had some literary importance. In the preface to the printed version of the play Payne said: "Seven plays upon the subject of *Brutus* are already before the public. Only two have been thought capable of representation, and those did not long retain possession of the stage. In the present play, I have had no hesitation in adopting the conceptions and language of my predecessors wherever they seemed likely to strengthen the plan which I had prescribed." The real question at issue was whether the borrowings were too great to be excused even by this inclusive acknowledgment. Payne was assuredly not a great poet; and *Brutus* was very much of a mosaic of lines from other men. He was, however, a successful creator and adapter of acting plays; and while none of its predecessors had been successful upon the stage, his version had a long run at Drury Lane, was

widely played in the provinces and in America, and continued to appear from time to time in the repertoires of tragedians of distinction until late in the nineteenth century. It would seem, at this distance, that while he could claim little merit as an author in the ordinary sense of the term, he deserved full credit for being the creator of a highly successful stage piece. It would also seem that the statement quoted from his preface was made in good faith, and that there is no reason to suspect him of fraudulent claims, even though his indebtedness was greater than some casual readers at first supposed. In the controversy there was probably something of theatrical, literary, and international jealousy; and there was perhaps something of chagrin on the part of critics who at first praised the piece, and then discovered that it was largely borrowed from sources with which they might be supposed to be familiar.

The *Theatrical Inquisitor and Monthly Mirror*[35] for December 1818, though it pointed out defects, especially in unity and in the introduction of love-elements not contained in the historical story, was on the whole decidedly favorable and made no reference to borrowings. The following detached passages are significant:

> This Gentleman had not, before, produced anything which could raise our expectations of this novelty to any extravagant pitch. With the exception of a translation or two, we believe this is his first dramatic work. We had heard of him as an actor but not as a poet, and we were therefore perfectly free from prepossession in his favour, or otherwise. . . . .
>
> The grandest and most effective incident in the piece is, undoubtedly, the last, the judgment pronounced by *Brutus* on his son; in this there is something awful, astonishing; it produces precisely that kind of feeling which is termed the sublime. . . .
>
> We must give Mr. Payne credit for having accomplished this in a masterly manner. . . .
>
> The Poetry is by no means of the highest order; force has evidently been more studied than elegance or richness. . . . It is evident that the writer has not been used to poetry, and that he has attempted it here, because he dared not produce a tragedy without some show of it. . . .
>
> There is, however, considerable ingenuity in the construction of the dialogue.

[35] XIII (Dec. 1818) 449.

In the January issue, however, the same journal[36] said that when the earlier review was written the patchwork nature of the composition was not known, and commented in part:

> It is not transcribed from these in whole acts and scenes, nor always in whole speeches, but the lines which compose it are to be found in the works we have named. We do not see that this should at all prejudice the production in public estimation, or detract from the merit of the managers, in producing it. But when we see it published, and the words "By John Howard Payne" we cannot withhold our tribute of reprobation from so base a falsehood. . . . Had Mr. Payne contented himself with the merit which belongs to him, that of a judicious compiler, he would have done well; but when he dares assume that of an author, he excites contempt and abhorrence. Had he been a man who could have been suspected of such a work, it might have passed, but his own shallow capacity protects him from every imputation of the kind. The insipid translation of "*the Family of Anglade*" were a sorry predecessor of such a work as Brutus. The money he has pocketed by this barefaced and scandalous piracy and imposture let him exult over; but as to fame or reputation, he has plunged them down an abyss from which they can never rise. He may, as many other foreign quacks have done, carry the spoil out of the country; but he will carry with him the aversion and contempt of every literary character in it.

In this tirade no mention was made of Payne's acknowledgments in his preface; the reference to *The Family of Anglade* is in strange keeping with the laudatory notice of that play already quoted from the *Inquisitor;* and the comments on the quality of the verse do not wholly harmonize with those in the review of a month earlier. It may be asked whether humiliation at the discovery of unrecognized borrowings, or the discovery of Payne's nationality, had anything to do with the sudden change in tone.

A somewhat similar change was shown by the *Edinburgh Reflector* which in its issue of December 16[37] contained a long article on the Drury Lane play, evidently written by some London dramatic critic. This dismissed as unimportant the charges of plagiarism which had already been made, saying:

> We believe, however, there is a play of Voltaire's on the subject, which is acted on the French stage; and the newspapers speak of

[36] XIV (Jan. 1819) 71.
[37] I (Dec. 16. 1818) 209.

one by LEE, to which Mr. Payne, they guess, has had recourse. We must confess, with due critical honour, that we never read it; neither can we say that we discern the usual characteristics of Lee in the style of the new tragedy. If, as the town seems to understand, it is considerably indebted to other productions, we should rather think that its greatest obligations are to some French writer, though we can hardly think VOLTAIRE; for its chief merit is stage effect; the language and sentiment, with the exception of the scene in which *Brutus* exults over the fallen senate of *Tarquin*, and execrates his astonished son, have not much more ardour than originality.

The effect, however, upon the whole, is managed with great skill. . . .

The reader will easily imagine many interesting scenes out of this story, besides the one we have just mentioned; and as far as a certain theatrical tact goes, Mr. HOWARD PAYNE has shewn great taste, judgment, and feeling, in making the most of them. At present, we cannot compliment him farther, nor would we perhaps desire it if the piece is so much of a compilation as it is said to be. But he is young; and the perceptions which now enable him to dispose the materials of others to the best advantage, may hereafter teach him to see for himself.

Before the close of the month *Brutus* had been performed at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, and the *Reflector*, in its issue of December 30[38] says:

This tragedy was performed here for the first time on Monday last. We have, in a former Number, given an account of the plot, and also the opinion of a celebrated London Critic upon the merits of the piece. It is our lot to differ with this writer in the present instance, or rather, we are compelled to deal less leniently with the tragedy than he has done . . . there is such a poverty of language and of imagery throughout. . . . The author seems not entirely ignorant of stage trick, and of stage effect, but the destruction of the statute of Tarquin by Jove (i. e. the property man) is rather too much. His selection of a concluding scene, however, was very happy.

The critic now decides that the success of the play at Drury Lane must have been due almost wholly to Kean's acting.

The *European Magazine*[39] gives a flattering notice of the play, calls it "a very attractive drama," and names as the author "Mr. John Howard Payne, a young gentleman of much actual merit, and of great future promise." It makes no mention of

[38] P. 225.
[39] LXXIV (Dec. 1818) 531.

his nationality. The *Monthly Review Enlarged*[40] was less moved by the quarrel than were the theatrical journals. After quoting Payne's acknowledgment of indebtedness, and saying that the work is hardly to be considered original, it continues: "We will grant, however, that Mr. Payne has evinced a degree of judgment, dramatic conception, and power of poetic expression, which is certainly creditable to him." It decides that while Kean is largely responsible for the success of the play, Payne has done his work well. The *New British Lady's Magazine*[41] thinks the play was largely from Cumberland's, but seems to consider that Payne's acknowledgment frees him from censure, and adds: "He has, however, considerable merit in adapting the whole for the stage, as well as in the higher character of a poet, where his own conception appears." The *British Critic*[42] is severe on the play, but says nothing of the nationality of the author.

The *British Stage and Literary Cabinet*[43] in its review of January 9, characterizes the piece as "literally a lucky hit," and says, "Whether it be Mr. Payne's or Mr. Cumberland's, it is undeniable that as a stage exhibition it has great attractions." It promises, however, to investigate the charges of plagiarism. In a later issue[44] it finds Payne guilty, and passes judgment without mercy. "The fact is, that scarcely any part of the piece is his composition . . . he is the most arrant plagiarist the present age has produced." The admission of indebtedness in the preface is characterized as "equivocating, jesuitical." The critic's estimate of the play also seems to have changed somewhat:

> The language is very unequal; sometimes flowing and nervous; but often weak and prosaic. The incidents, though in one or two places trenching upon the province of melodrama, are for the most part striking, and naturally produced; nor will we deny that Mr. Payne has displayed much ingenuity in fitting together the disjointed scenes he has torn from their parent stocks—But again and again we repeat, that nothing but Kean's delightful acting would

[40] LXXXVIII (Jan. 1819) 90.
[41] II (Jan. 1819) 39.
[42] n. s. XI (Jan. 1819) 75.
[43] III (Jan. 9, 1819) 10.
[44] P. 40.

have carried it through; and that to him, and to him alone, is its success owing.

That the matter was considered of some real literary importance is indicated by the fact that a year after the newspaper controversy was at its height the *Quarterly*[45] published a slashing review of *Brutus*, saying of its author, "He appears to us to have no one quality which we should require in a tragic poet. . . . It is enough to say conscientiously, that we cannot find in the whole play, a single character finely conceived, or rightly sustained, a single accident well managed, a single speech, nay, a single sentence of good poetry." The reviewer makes no reference to the fact that Payne was an American, but at this date he could not have been ignorant of the fact. Strange to say, it was to the *Theatrical Inquisitor*[46] that a champion who signed himself "Vindex" contributed a long and spirited article entitled *Mr. Howard Payne and the Quarterly Review*. This attacks the *Quarterly* on general and varied grounds. It defends Payne's choice of subject, dramatic construction, etc., and charges that certain defects are due to the fact that the author "was cut off by the jealousy or ambition of an individual actor [Kean] from any other object but that of aggrandizing his peculiar part." It accuses the *Quarterly* of inaccuracy in charging Payne with undue obligation to Cumberland and others for merits which it itself denies that these dramatists have; points to the success of the play; and says in conclusion: "I . . . believe these critics to have been swayed against Mr. PAYNE and his production by that hireling hatred of human liberty, for which their pamphlet is distinguished. 'Brutus' abounds in excitements to democratic virtue," etc.

The *London Magazine and Monthly Critical and Dramatic Review*[47] devotes a long and serious article to *Virginia, or Patrician Perfidy, an Historical Tragedy in Five Acts*, by Payne, still in manuscript.

The work before us, by Mr. HOWARD PAYNE, is in our opinion very far superior to it [Webster's *Appius and Virginia*], and decidedly

[45] XXII (Jan. 1820) 402.
[46] XVI (Feb. 1820) 128.
[47] II (Dec. 1820) 601.

the best that has ever been written on the subject; for imagination, for feeling, for poetry, for energy, it is inferior to few plays which our age has witnessed. That it is chiefly borrowed from Webster is no objection to it; and though it may confer on the adapter a slighter claim to the laurel of Tragedy, it at least entitles him to the gratitude of those to whose entertainment or whose interest it might have conduced. . . .

Were not the partiality and senseless stupidity of the managers of our theatres fully known and frequently experienced, it might surprise us to learn that this tragedy has actually been rejected by both of them. At Covent Garden the deep rugged production of Mr. Knowles, and at Drury Lane the mawkish insipid catlap of Mr. Barlow, have both been preferred to it.

This review, like many others, does not speak of Payne as an American. Such an article on an unpublished work necessarily has the appearance of special pleading, though the magazine does not seem to be one likely to lend itself to the exploitation of a grudge.

In connection with these criticisms of plays may be mentioned a review of *Memoirs of J. H. Payne,* and *Lispings of the Muse, by Payne,* in the *British Stage and Literary Cabinet*[48] for April, 1817. At this time Payne, who was about to appear at Covent Garden, was known as an actor rather than as a dramatist. The criticisms of his acting from American papers are, the reviewer says "in one respect curious and interesting, as affording means of forming an estimate of the state of the drama and dramatic criticism in the new world; a few of them are well written, the remainder mere balderdash." The poems in the *Lispings of the Muse* are spoken of as trivial; but the author is said to have "published an edition of 'Lover's Vows' in which the best portions of the translations of Thompson and Mrs. Inchbald are connected and combined, so as to form a play superior to either."

The *Mirror of the Stage*[49] gives an account of the performance at Covent Garden of *Clari, the Maid of Milan,* but does not name the author, and makes no reference to *Home, Sweet Home,* for which, alone, the play is now remembered. The *British Stage*[50] comments on *Thérèse, the Orphan of Geneva:*

[48] I (April 1817) 74.
[49] II (May 19, 1823) 140.
[50] V (March 1821) 68.

"(freely translated from the French) altered and adapted to the English Stage, by John Howard Payne." It decides that as this was prepared solely for the stage it is hardly to be judged by literary rules, but adds: "We may, however, remark, that the translator has performed his office very respectably; and that the principal faults of the language are traceable to the original."

The *British Stage*[51] for January 1821 contains a notice of *Pocohontas,* a new play at Drury Lane:

> "Pocohontas" is called "a new American Play." Whether this means that it is the work of a Yankee Doodle, or merely has reference to the scene of action, we know not; but, if it be in verity the production of an American, it will not do much toward lessening the heavy weight of obligation which their drama is under to ours.

On the whole, surprisingly few American plays were reviewed. The *Literary Gazette*[52] made merry in rather cheap fashion over *A Tale of Lexington; a National Comedy founded on the Opening of the Revolution,* by Samuel H. B. Judah:

> But we have now before us a publication which, claiming to belong to the national drama of America, and having been highly successful in that point of view, we confess astonishes us not a little, especially as emanating from that party which rails the sorest about prejudices and misrepresentations. As the Tale of Lexington is also the *first production*** of the American dramatic school which has reached our shores, it may not be inexpedient to bestow more time in making the public acquainted with it than its merits would otherwise demand; and if we cannot help treating it less gravely than its importance as the foundation of a great nation's drama seems to require, we trust we shall be excused,—for, after all, everyone has a right to laugh at a "Comedy." . . .
>
> Of the American Shakespeare, Samuel B. H. Judah (the termination of whose name is rather tragical than comical,) the renown had not reached us when this volume was put into our hands. Who or what he is, therefore, we know not. We only know him, through his own Preface, to be the Magnus Apollo of New York theatricals, and, through his printed transit hither, the popular founder of dramatic poetry in the New World. And a new world it is in this species of writing.
>
> **We have, we believe, the only copy of this piece which has found its way to London.—Ed.

[51] V (Jan. 1821) 17.
[52] VIII (Jan. 24, 1824) 49.

As the *Tale of Lexington* was a prose drama the reference to "dramatic poetry" was wholly inappropriate. The reviewer resented unfavorable representations of British soldiers; and he interpreted the roughness and rude simplicity of the Americans, which the dramatist had emphasized for effect, as evidences against America and the American system. The play doubtless deserved most of the ridicule that was heaped upon it—or more accurately, it did not deserve notice at all. The animus of the article is the significant thing.

The *London Magazine*[53] contains an article on *American Dramatists* dated at Philadelphia and signed "S," which gives a detailed list of American plays and their authors, with considerable description and comment. Notwithstanding informational articles of this sort, and the attention given to Dunlap and other Americans who had earlier attempted the drama, *Fraser's*[54] in its article on American poetry in 1830 dismisses the drama as hardly worthy of comment. A few sentences may be quoted: "Rant and bombast are the favourite styles." "A drama called 'Rosa,' by a young printer, is indited, however, in a pure style, which for America is extraordinary." "Enough, however, for their drama. We do not commend what we have extracted: but, as Mr. Coleridge would say, they are psychological curiosities, as being produced in America."

Dunlap's *History of the American Theatre* was the subject of several reviews. The comments in the *Literary Gazette*[55] were favorable. The *Olio*[56] finds a *History of the American Theatre*—which must be Dunlap's, though no author is named—interesting because it has so much on English actors. The *Metropolitan*[57] praises the work in some oddly stilted phrases:

> We do not say that the style of the language is very ornate, yet are the remarks uniformly sensible, and evince not only much knowledge of the world, but considerable literary attainment. But, in our eyes, this work is less valuable as a record of the histrionic art in America, than as a running commentary upon the tastes and manners of the Americans themselves. . . .

[53] n. s. VI (Dec. 1826) 466.
[54] I (Feb. 1830) 8.
[55] XVI (Dec. 8, 1832) 771.
[56] X (Feb. 2, 1833) 428.
[57] VI (Feb. 1833) 42.

To all classes who may seek amusement, we can conscientiously say, that if they take up these volumes they will not find disappointment; and if they do not obtain instruction as well as pleasure, we will then assert that they have read with prejudice, if they, in return, will concede that we have not eulogized with prepossession.

The *Monthly Review*[58] devotes to the *History* a twenty-five page article, which seems to have been written to show that both English and American drama were in a bad way. It quotes one of Robert Treat Paine's prologues as worthy of Pope and Johnson, and concludes with high praise for Dunlap, "the staunch and uncompromising supporter of genuine virtue." It says little, however, on the literary quality of American plays, or on that of the *History*. Dunlap's *Life of Cooke*, the actor, had been reviewed at length in the *Monthly Review Enlarged*[59] for 1816,—condemned in point of style, but praised "as a work of entertainment." The *Meteor, or General Censor*[60] expressed great disappointment in the same biography, but did not indicate its specific faults.

C. Essays and Orations

Aside from the work of Irving, few important prose essays were written in America between 1815 and 1833 which could not well be classified under some special head—religious, political, scientific, etc. Some earlier writings of this sort were occasionally reprinted, or criticised. The *Gentleman's Magazine*[61] contains a pretended letter from Philadelphia which is in reality Francis Hopkinson's essay on *White-Washing*, with an introductory paragraph. The *Kaleidoscope*[62] prints Hopkinson's burlesque examination on a salt-box, crediting it to Professor Porson.[63]

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[58] 1833, page 151.

[59] LXXIX (April 1816) 375.

[60] London, 1817, p. 127.

[61] XCI (May 1821) 399.

[62] VIII (March 4, 1828) 296.

[63] *The Spirit of Literature* I (July 4, 1830) 204, under the heading, "Notes of a Reader" makes a virtual charge of plagiarism of the *Salt-Box Examination* against Professor Porson of Cambridge. It asserts that the piece appeared in England in the *Literary Journal* for July 11, 1818—a periodical edited by "Mr. E. A. Kendall and Mr. C. F. Partington, of the London Institution," and that it was there credited to Professor Porson, and announced as a burlesque on the Oxford system of examinations. Porson

Bits of Franklin's writings were reprinted with great frequency; and the *Letters* and the *Memoir* by W. T. Franklin which were published during this period were noticed in almost every critical journal.[64] Some of the interest in Franklin and his work was still political; but as the "many-sided" writer fits into so many categories it may be as well to consider here all the comments that his writings elicited.

The forthcoming publication of the Franklin manuscripts was announced in the *Monthly Repository of Theology*[65] which repeated the story that William Temple Franklin had been bribed to suppress the papers, and rejoiced that the report was incorrect. Reviews of the collection of *Private Correspondence* were numerous in the early months of 1817, appearing in the *Monthly Magazine or British Register*,[66] the *Literary Gazette*,[67] the *Critical Review*,[68] the *New Monthly Magazine*,[69] and the *Monthly Review Enlarged*.[70] All these praised Franklin, some judiciously, some extravagantly. The *Literary Gazette* characterized him as "a man whom we must esteem as ranking in the first classes of philosophy, literature, and politics, even in spite of political differences." The *New Monthly Magazine* says: "It would be extremely difficult to pitch upon any published correspondence of an eminent literary character, that could be put in competition, for the variety, importance, and entertainment of the contents, with the present volume."

The *Monthly Review Enlarged* says that the character of Franklin, unlike that of many public men, will bear microscopic examination.

The *Edinburgh* reviewed the correspondence in August, 1817.[71] The opening sentence of the article runs: "In one

had been librarian of the London institution, and this contains Carey's *American Museum*, which in February, 1787, had published Hopkinson's satire. The version in the Literary Journal is said to be a word for word reprint, except that the section on mathematics—which was Professor Porson's specialty—was omitted.

[64] For a discussion of earlier English criticisms of Franklin see the author's *British Criticisms of American Writers, 1783-1815*, Chap. VI.

[65] XI (Nov. 1816) 689.

[66] XLII (Jan. 1, 1817) 545..

[67] I (Jan. 25, 1817) 6.

[68] 5th ser. V. (Jan. 1817) 49.

[69] VII (Feb. 1817) 56.

[70] LXXXIII (May, June, 1817) 20, 133.

[71] XXVIII, 275.

point of view, the name of Franklin must be considered as standing higher than any of the others which illustrate the eighteenth century." He was genuinely great in different kinds of endeavor. The reviewer praises his understanding and his character, making much of the fact that he "was a man of a truly pious turn of mind." Of style, he says:

> We have said little respecting his language, which is pure, and English. A few, and but a few, foreign expressions may be traced, and these French rather than American; as for instance, *influential*. Indeed, we cannot reckon him more as an American than an European. He lived so much among us, frequenting the best society, cultivating the habits, and conversant with the authors of the old World, that the peculiarities of the New, neither as to language nor character, seem to have retained any impression upon him. Those peculiarities, moreover, have been exceedingly increased since the separation. We can offer the Americans no better advice, than to recommend to them a constant study of Franklin; of his principles and his political feelings, as well as his composition.

Almost the only unfriendly article is to be found in the *British Critic*[72] which at this time was hostile to everything American. This makes the charge that Franklin had no literary taste, that he earned his fame by the application of very ordinary qualities, and that he practiced "quackery and imposture, solely from vanity."

> In the presence of men of really superior cast, among our Burkes and our Johnsons, Franklin would have dwindled into his proper dimensions; but with the world in general, it is sufficient for a person to have pretensions, and to insist upon their being admitted; and if they happen to be literary pretensions so few are capable of instituting an enquiry. . . .
>
> He has left us some memoirs written by himself; and to say nothing of the very ordinary style of the composition, of the common places and sillyisms, with which they are distinguished, we think we hardly remember a more preposterous production. It breaks off at the time when he reached four or five and twenty, but contains 190 pages, giving us an account of the various characters of the journeyman printers with whom he, at one time or another, had the honour of working with, [sic] and other such like particulars, which nothing but a most extravagant opinion of the interest which he supposed mankind to take in his concerns, could possibly have induced him to record. . . .

[72] n. s. VII (1817) 239.

> If we except the abstemiousness of his life, and the exemplary industry which he displayed in every period of it, we really cannot bring to mind any single quality, or action mentioned by him, that is entitled to praise, while we see a great many of both which even the most charitable judges must unequivocally condemn.

The review quotes *The Whistle* and *The Handsome Leg,* and says of them:

> We think our readers will admit that although they are not such as a common-place man, such as Franklin really was, need be ashamed of having produced, yet that they are such as a man of superior talents, such as Franklin pretended to be, and we have no doubt thought himself, would have no reason to be proud of.

The *Memoirs of Franklin,* consisting of the *Autobiography* with a continuation by William Temple Franklin, contained so many tempting passages that some reviews were made up chiefly of quotations. This was true of the articles in the *New Monthly Magazine,*[73] and in the *Monthly Review Enlarged.*[74] The review in the *Edinburgh Magazine and Literary Miscellany*[75] is complimentary to Franklin, but not undiscriminating. The *Literary Gazette*[76] describes the book as "one of the most useful, instructive, and entertaining publications, that the world has received within our memory"; and finds that Franklin was

> without any meanness or lowness of style; for he is strong without being coarse, and simple without being meagre, and intelligible without being rude or unmindful of the better arts of composition. Upon the whole, few, if any, of the moderns, have so nearly approached the ancient school as Dr. Franklin, in the abundance of his matter, the depth and originality of his thoughts, the occasional playfulness of his fancy, and the variety and accuracy of his views on all the subjects upon which he ventured to appear as an author.

A dissenting opinion is expressed in the *British Review*[77] which commends W. T. Franklin for not publishing before because the letters would have caused ill feeling, and regrets that he did not suppress some passages. The critic devotes

[73] VIII, 511; IX, 239; X, 53 (1818-19).
[74] LXXXV (May 1818) 25, and LXXXVIII (March 1819) 409.
[75] II (April 1818) 351.
[76] II (March 7, 1818) 145.
[77] XI (May 1818) 381.

many pages to Franklin's lack of religion, and has much to say of his limitations:

> Self-taught in religion, he became a fatalist, a deist, a doubter of revelation; self-taught in morals, he had to learn by his own losses, that it is for the good of society that man should be honest; self-taught in science, his attention was called away from original researches, by the necessity of reaching through his own unassisted efforts, the very conclusion, at which others had arrived long before.

The *Autobiography* is said to be "the best and most amusing part of the volume, in spite of a vulgarity and coarseness of style which is not to be found in his other writings. He says indeed himself that men do not dress for private company as for a ball; but this will not be admitted as an excuse for dirt and slovenliness." The closing sentence of the article runs: "But religion and virtue—true virtue—owe him nothing."

Blackwood's[78] for February, 1822, says by way of incidental reference:

> Whatever may be our opinions of Franklin with respect to his public conduct, he certainly is one of the most original independent minds on record. In his lighter productions, we know of no one, except indeed Goldsmith, who can lay an equal claim with him to the epithet of *genuine*. The little parable of his quoted by Home, is perhaps, the only imitation of inspired writing in our language that deserves to be tolerated.

An editorial footnote, however, gives warning that "our respected correspondent is not aware, that Benjamin stole this beautiful Apologue almost verbatim from Jeremy Taylor."

The *Athenæum*,[79] the *Literary Gazette*[80] and the *Monthly Review*[81] agree that the collection of Franklin's *Familiar Letters* edited by Jared Sparks contains little of great value, though all say that anything by Franklin is worthy of notice. The *Congregational Magazine*[82] is of much the same opinion, though it finds some things in the letters to praise:

> This is a very singular little volume: though the papers it contains are very few of them of any sort of importance to the world,

[78] XI (Feb. 1822) 169.
[79] 1833, p. 495.
[80] XVII (Aug. 24, 1833) 534.
[81] Oct. 1833, p. 239.
[82] IX (Oct. 1833) 632.

they are, on the whole, extremely interesting. The fact is, they let us thoroughly into Franklin's domestic and private character. . . . They every where exhibit traits of Franklin's character, his practical wisdom and sagacity, his playfulness, his wit, his simplicity, and his benevolence. Many of them are expressed with all the simple elegance and concise energy which mark his published writings; and some of them are not unworthy of comparison even with the beautiful letters of Cowper.

Colburn's New Monthly Magazine[83] contains an article on the same collection which makes an interesting comparison between Franklin and Walpole.

C. J. Ingersoll's *Discourse Concerning the Influence of America on the Mind* was the subject of a fairly favorable notice in *Colburn's*[84] and of a panegyric in the *Westminster Review*.[85] The *Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review*[86] comments on the difficulty of ascertaining the exact truth as to America and her institutions, and thinks that Ingersoll boasts too much to be helpful.

Mr. Ingersoll is an American, and in comparing his country with that of Europe, he almost invariably gives the preference to the former. This may, to a certain extent, be excused on the score of patriotism; but, in such an investigation, the strictest adherence to the truth would be more commendable. That America is making rapid strides in literature and science we readily admit, and her institutions are certainly favourable to it; but when Mr. Ingersoll asserts that 'the American list of discoveries is quite equal to the English,' he must be aware that he is asserting what it is impossible to substantiate.

It was the religious work of W. E. Channing that attracted most attention, but his *Thoughts on the Power and Greatness of Napoleon Bonaparte* was often praised in England. The *Literary Gazette*[87] gave it considerable space in its article on *American Publications,* and said, "Dr. Channing himself is a host." The *British Magazine*[88] said on the appearance of Channing's *Importance and Means of a National Literature,* "Dr. Channing's merits have gained for him the almost unani-

[83] XXXVIII (1833) 457.
[84] XII (Oct. 1824) 457.
[85] II (Oct. 1824) 554.
[86] VI (Sept. 18, 1824) 592.
[87] XII (1828) 530, 583.
[88] I (June 1830) 467.

mous suffrages of the critical press of England." The *American Common-Place Book of Prose* was praised in the *Lady's Magazine*,[89] and more significantly in the *Literary Gazette*.[90] The latter says:

> Altogether, though many things appear in this volume which have apparently been promoted rather in compliment to their nationality than to their genius, yet are they all creditable to the talents of the country; and though the title-page proclaims this to be a "common place-book," we are bold to pronounce an opposite verdict, more honourable to the patriotism and literature of America, by declaring that it is by no means common-place. Even as an index (with examples) of between sixty and seventy authors, it must be very acceptable to the English reader.

Few American orations, aside from those with a political or a religious bearing, seem to have attracted attention in England. *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*[91] gives a very formal notice of an academic address delivered by DeWitt Clinton at Schenectady: "This is an impressive and elegant discourse. . . . The address is written in pure English style. . . . and we have perused it with much pleasure." The *Westminster Review*[92] discusses orations by Webster, Everett, and Sprague in an article headed *United States*, and quotes a number of bombastic passages in support of its theory that "violent exaggeration is the character of American literature at the present day." The *Edinburgh Literary Journal*[93] praises Daniel Webster in a long review of his *Speeches and Forensic Arguments*. The *Eclectic Review*[94] considers a bicentennial address by President Quincy as better adapted to New England than to England, where "we like a speech to be a speech, and writings to be in the tone of written composition."

[89] n. s. X (Feb. 1827) 102.
[90] XII (Dec. 13, 1829) 789.
[91] XII (April 1824) 172.
[92] V (Jan. 1826) 173.
[93] VI (Aug. 20, 1831) 105.
[94] V (1831) 292.

CHAPTER VIII

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVEL

American histories, journals which furnished the materials for history, biographies, and works of travel often touched on political matters; and judgments on them, in the years just following the War of 1812, were likely to be colored by political considerations. It is the plan of this study to ignore the endless discussions of international differences, except so far as they are significantly concerned with genuine literary criticism.

During the period under consideration there were few formal histories of sufficient importance to attract attention abroad. David Ramsay's *History of South Carolina* is pleasantly reviewed in the *Literary and Statistical Magazine for Scotland*,[1] which says: "It is considered as a standard book by the inhabitants of South Carolina, is written with much simplicity, and, from every part of it, it appears that the author deserves to be considered as an impartial historian." The criticism, however, gives the impression of being written only as a justification for the printing of the long extracts which follow. The review of Adam Seybert's *Statistical Annals of the United States of America* in the *Edinburgh Review*[2] is notable chiefly because it contains the famous query, "Who reads an American book?"

The *History of the United States* by Salma Hale, of New Hampshire, attracted more notice. The *Panoramic Miscellany*[3] gave it a friendly review. The political leanings of this journal may be inferred from the fact that it expressed the belief that England, as well as America, was better off for the independence of the United States. Whether by design or inadvertence, this review is listed in the index under "domestic" literature.

[1] I (Feb. 1817) 45.
[2] XXXIII (Jan. 1820) 79.
[3] I (Feb. 1826) 230.

The *Monthly Repository of Theology,*[4] also praises the patriotism and the fairness of Hale's treatment. The reviewer is ignorant of the author's name, but this is given later[5] by an American correspondent. The article on the same history in the *Monthly Review*[6] is notable for its warm and apparently genuine expression of kindly feeling toward America, and its condemnation of the style of the book, which is said to owe too much to English and American predecessors. The author is, however, commended for his fairness, except toward the end, where he apparently irritated the reviewer by his accounts of American exploits during the War of 1812. In this connection may be mentioned a review in the *Antijacobin Review*[7] of a book written by William Janes, a Nova Scotian, in reply to American claims of naval victories during the war. Janes mentions among American works Low's *History of the War,* and Clark's *Naval History,* and frankly characterizes the authors of both as liars. The *Athenæum*[8] gives brief and unimportant notices of successive parts of Hinton's *History and Topography of the United States.* Among books which furnished materials for the historian were Dr. James Thatcher's *Military Journal* covering the period of the American Revolution. This is criticised in the *Literary Gazette*[9] in an article that is unfriendly, and somewhat unfair in treating this personal journal as if it were a formal history.

Although few true histories were written in America during the first third of the nineteenth century, there were many biographies of importance, especially toward the close of the period covered by the present study. Two of the most important works of this sort, Irving's *Life of Columbus,* and his *Lives and Voyages of the Companions of Columbus,* have been considered in another chapter. The most significant class of American biographies was composed of those which recounted the careers of earlier American statesmen; next in importance were those which treated of American writers and other citizens

[4] XXI (Feb. 1826) 103.
[5] *Ibid.,* p. 746.
[6] n. s. L (March, 1826) 291.
[7] LII (May, 1817) 209.
[8] [IV] (1831) 359, 816; [V] (1832) 412.
[9] VI (Oct. 18, 1823) 660.

of distinction. There were also autobiographies; and a few studies, like Bush's *Mohammed,* of which the subjects were not Americans.

J. H. Sherburne's *Life of Paul Jones* was the subject of several reviews. The *Monthly Review Enlarged*[10] announced that the time had come for a fair estimate of Jones, and treated both the man and the book reasonably, though with no great admiration. The *Gentleman's Magazine*[11] maintained the more traditional British attitude, first asserting that Jones was an Englishman, and that any training that he showed must be credited to England—then proceeding to minimize his claims to fame. The *Eclectic Review*[12] also gave a brief article to this work.

The American biography which was most widely read in England was Randolph's *Memoirs of Jefferson.* This was noticed in many periodicals during the autumn of 1829 and the early months of the year 1830; and as the four volumes did not all appear at the same time many journals devoted two articles to the work. Almost all of these criticisms were concerned with Jefferson's place in history, but most of them also commented on his prose style, and on the literary skill, or want of skill, of his biographer. The *Athenæum*[13] begins by saying:

> This work (we guess) will long remain a record of the plain times of Washington and Franklin, and a monument the more lasting from its unpretending modesty to the memory of a worthy fellow-labourer with the immortal Tells and Stauffachers of transatlantic story. . . . It may knock from off the stilts of their enthusiasm some worthy souls who idolize into monsters of refined sentimentality the champions of American Independence. And it may possibly change the vein and check the pride of other disputants, who find exceeding fault with Thomas Jefferson and his compeers, for omitting to graft upon their country's constitution such blessings as the tithes, the licensing system, and the game laws.

Of a quoted passage it says:

> In tone and taste (almighty monosyllables) they cannot but grate harshly on a musical ear. In substance, too, there are one or two sentences liable to shock, and that perhaps not unreasonably, well-

[10] CVIII (Sept. 1825) 48.
[11] XCV (Nov. 1825) 427.
[12] XXVII (1827) 341.
[13] [III] (Jan. 1830) 2, 19.

regulated spirits. And there are things which, though we think them correct in themselves, are not by any means conciliatory to many a cherished prejudice.

The *Monthly Review*[14] is especially severe on Randolph:

Our time has been sadly wasted over these volumes. It is the editor's unenviable distinction that he has contrived one of the most repulsive schemes of biography that has ever oppressed the literature of any country. He has been only careful to gather up every scrap of paper that he could discover bearing the handwriting of Thomas Jefferson, and this he has religiously preserved for public inspection, without ever appearing to be conscious that it mattered whether the contents were a state dispatch or an invoice for a washer-woman. The whole is a scene of chaos. . . . Imperturbably phlegmatic, through the long night of two thousand pages and upwards, our editor never once opens his lips, and since Mr. Jefferson himself was not in a condition to tell us that he died, the abstemious Mr. Randolph cautiously declines to supply the omission.

Of Jefferson himself, however, the critic takes a favorable view:

We have never been able to discover in the men, who had the immortal honour of laying the foundation of American independence, any of those grand characteristics which would entitle them to the name of Great. They had no master intellect amongst them—no overwhelming mind capable of striking out some original path for its own illustrious and solitary career. But they possessed qualities immeasurably more estimable; they had to a man the precious virtue of true loyalty to their country; they were reared up in the simplicity in which alone genuine patriotism can thrive. . . .

As one of those admirable characters, Thomas Jefferson deserves to have his name honourably handed down to posterity.

The *Edinburgh Review*[15] is on the whole not unkindly in its treatment of Jefferson as a man, thinker, and patriot, though it points out some of his limitations. Its article is somewhat freer from underhanded insinuations than are most of its discussions of American matters at this period. Of style it says little. The *Westminster Review*[16] is characteristically enthusiastic: "This is one of the most important publications ever presented to the world. In the catalogue of the benefactors

[14] XIII (March, 1830) 277.
[15] LI (July, 1830) 496.
[16] XIII (Oct. 1830) 312.

of mankind, few deserve so high a station as Thomas Jefferson." The reviewer goes on to praise Jefferson, not only for helping to lead the Revolution, but for saving the United States from a constitution too near like that of England. *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*[17] also has high praise for Jefferson personally and politically, though it regrets that he continued so bitter in his judgments of the Federalists. It commends the tone of his *Autobiography,* and its lack of egotism.

The great concern that was felt over Jefferson's religious views was most forcibly expressed by the *Dublin Monthly Magazine:*[18]

> We know, from the testimony of a respectable American periodical (for we have not read the book ourselves,) that in these volumes he is exhibited as a disbeliever in divine revelation—nay, a scoffer of the lowest class, whose ribaldry and impiety are disgusting in the extreme. We conceive it quite a duty to warn the unwary.

Of the many other reviews of the *Memoirs,* those in the *Monthly Repository and Review*[19] and the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*[20] are distinctly favorable, though the latter complains that, in view of Jefferson's hostility to Great Britain, "We do not know that we have encountered, in the whole course of our critical experience, a work so calculated to put our partiality to the test as this now before us." The *Monthly Magazine,*[21] the *British Magazine, A Monthly Journal of Literature, Science, and Art,*[22] and the *Christian Reformer*[23] are also, on the whole, well-disposed—the last-named pronouncing Jefferson as "upon the whole, the wisest *statesman* which the United States have produced." The *Literary Gazette*[24] though not hostile, is a shade less friendly. In a second article[25] it quotes with apparent satisfaction a passage which implies that Washington did not believe in Christianity. The *Edinburgh Literary*

[17] XXIX (1830) 269.
[18] I (March 1830) 260.
[19] n. s. III (Dec. 1829) 865; IV (Feb. 1830) 123.
[20] III (Feb. 6, 1830) 83.
[21] n. s. IX (Jan. 1820) 81.
[22] I (1830) 148.
[23] XVI (1830) 20, 277, 321, 374.
[24] XIII (Nov. 14, 1829) 740.
[25] XIV (Jan. 2, 1830) 4.

Gazette[26] also speaks respectfully, but not enthusiastically of Jefferson and of his biographer. It complains, however, that "the President's style of composition is heavy and clumsy, and abounds with Yankeeisms, at least modes of expression scarcely English." In a later article[27] it is somewhat more severe, both on Jefferson's style and on his significance in history. Of the former it says: "As to reading it is about the heaviest that we have ever had the misfortune or courage to encounter"; and, "All the easy gracefulness which forms the great charm of letters between friends is wanting." In another connection it remarks: "Mr. Jefferson may have had some talents; but we have not been impressed with any great respect for his character as a citizen, or his qualities as an enlightened statesman." The *Presbyterian Review and Religious Journal*[28] concedes that Jefferson's private character may have been good, but it is very severe on his opinions, especially his religious opinions.

Another important biography of an American statesman was the *Life of Gouverneur Morris* by Jared Sparks. This was reviewed in *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine,*[29] the *Foreign Quarterly Review,*[30] the *Monthly Review*[31] and the *Athenæum.*[32] All these speak well of Morris, the *Foreign Quarterly Review* saying, "It is almost hard upon us to hold such a man as Gouverneur Morris in the light of a foreigner." Except for some praise in the *Athenæum,* Sparks's work is almost ignored. Another biography edited by Sparks, the *Memoirs of the Life and Travels of John Ledyard,* was reviewed in *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*[33] and the *Monthly Magazine or British Register,*[34] on the whole favorably, though the *Monthly Magazine* complains of Sparks's "somewhat heavy style." The *Life of John Jay,* by his son, William Jay, led to an encomium on that statesman by the *Athenæum*[35] which, how-

[26] I (Nov. 1829) 454.
[27] II (Jan. 1830) 57.
[28] I (Jan. 1832) 538.
[29] XXXVI (Aug. 1832) 337.
[30] X (Oct. 1832) 441.
[31] November, 1833, p. 445.
[32] June 15, 1833, p. 369.
[33] XXIV (Oct. 1828) 429.
[34] n. s. V (April 1828) 412.
[35] Sept. 21, 1833, p. 631.

ever, says little about the quality of the biography. In March, 1823, the *Magazine of Foreign Literature*[36] printed an exceedingly bitter partisan review of William Johnson's *Sketches of the Life and Correspondence of Nathaniel Greene.* It asserts that Greene "arrived at command in the American army as many other worthless men also did." It accuses Johnson of partisanship, ridicules his English, and concludes: "reminding our readers that this is not the production of an inexperienced or uneducated American, but that the author is one of the *magnates* of the land, we gladly take leave of this enlightened trans-atlantic justice." A few months later the same journal[37] is fair in its treatment of Tudor's *Life of James Otis,* praising the author's spirit and on the whole his manner, and speaking well of Otis. Henry Wheaton's *Life, Writings, and Speeches of William Pinkney* was the subject of an informational article in the *Monthly Review,*[38] which arrives at the conclusion that "Mr. Pinkney was a useful and industrious public character; but he had no claim to that brilliant reputation which his biographer has endeavoured to attach to his memory."

A typical example of the *Quarterly's* treatment of a man who had no political connections is found in the review of Cadwallader Colden's *Life of Fulton.*[39] This villifies Fulton in various ways, and credits the invention of the steamboat to Jonathan Hulls, who made a drawing in 1737.

A few collections of American biography were known in England. Delaplaine's *Repository of the Lives and Portraits of Distinguished American Characters* was condemned by the *Critical Review.*[40] The spirit of the article may be inferred from the objection to the inclusion of Hamilton because he was not a native of America. A *Gallery of American Portraits* by George Waterson was noticed by the *Edinburgh Literary Journal;*[41] and the *National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans* was commended in the *Literary Gazette.*[42]

[36] I (March, 1823) 51.
[37] I (Oct. 1823) 474.
[38] n. s. IV (1827) 542.
[39] XIX (1818) 347.
[40] 5th ser., V (March, 1817) 293.
[41] VI (Dec. 10, 1831) 336, and VII (Jan. 14, 1832) 21.
[42] XVII (Dec. 28, 1833) 818.

An Edinburgh reprint of *Memoirs of a Life Chiefly Passed in Pennsylvania,* a volume of Revolutionary and other reminiscences, dedicated to Dr. Benjamin Rush, was the recipient of many notices. The *Quarterly Review*[43] flayed it without mercy, casting slurs on the author because his mother at one time kept a boarding-house, and saying, "We scarcely remember to have met with an emptier pretension to literature." *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*[44] adopts a similar tone, though it is less scurrilous. The *British Critic*[45] speaks with contempt of the style of the work—which had, it must be confessed, little literary merit. The reason for the intense dislike of the *Memoirs,* is, however, probably explained by a passage from the *Literary Gazette.*[46]

> We confess, that to us the employment of many hours on the story of the American revolution and succeeding politics appears little better than a waste of time. How Mr. Higgins, or Wiggins, or Spriggins; or Wilson, Johnson, Thomson, or Robison, acted in the *Seventy-six,* are of all bye-gone facts to us the most indifferent, and we care not if they had never been ascertained and unfolded. But as a specimen of prose composition, of a pleasant and gentlemanlike style, of honourable sentiments and a sound impartial understanding, this Memoir deserves to be considered as one of the most able productions of the American press.

After quoting a passage on General Lee the reviewer continues: "The story proceeds about persons of still less mark or likelihood and not worth a *Rush,* particularly such as the dedication refers to." The *Monthly Review Enlarged*[47] mixes a little praise with its censure. The *British Review*[48] and the *Imperial Magazine*[49] are fair and friendly enough.

Bush's *Life of Mohammed,* one of the few American attempts at a biography of a great world figure, was favorably reviewed by the *Athenæum.*[50] The *Literary Gazette*[51] patronized it, complaining especially of its Americanisms. Two years

[43] XXVI. 364.
[44] VI (Feb. 1822) 72.
[45] XVII (March 1822) 301.
[46] VI. 21.
[47] XCVIII (May 1822) 106.
[48] XIX (March 1822) 52.
[49] IV (April 1822) 382.
[50] July 20, 1833, p. 473.
[51] XV (Sept. 3, 1831) 565.

later[52] it gave the work a second notice—no doubt inadvertently—with much more praise.

Books of travel written by Americans during the early nineteenth century may be roughly divided into three groups: those which dealt largely with life and manners in the older sections of the country; those which presented the results of explorations and discoveries in the newer regions; and those which described extra-American scenes. Most works in the first-named class were concerned to some extent with the controversies which arose over the pictures of American life given by English travellers. This literature of English travel in America was, as has elsewhere been remarked, the cause of endless misunderstandings and recriminations, and probably did more than any other one thing to aggravate feelings of irritation between the two countries. References to some of the earlier works written in reply to unfavorable English portrayals will be found in the author's *British Criticisms of American Writings* 1783-1815; and Cooper's *Notions of a Travelling Bachelor* has been treated in another chapter of this study.

Before the consideration of the semi-controversial works mention should be made of a few comments on earlier writers of travel. *Blackwood's*[53] for 1825 discusses the *Journals* of Madam Sarah Kemble Knight, who made a trip from Boston to New York in 1704, and gives long extracts. An edition of Dr. Timothy Dwight's *Travels* about 1823 drew much attention to that voluminous work,—attention not all confined to the journals which were most interested in the Doctor's religious views. The *Quarterly Review*[54] pronounces it the most important of Dwight's writings, and treats it, for an American work, with much respect, though it objects to the author's political and social theories, and grasps eagerly at any admissions of evils in American society. The *Eclectic Review*[55] devotes nearly thirty pages to the *Travels*. The *Christian Observer*,[56] the

[52] XVII (July 20, 1823) 458.
[53] XVIII (Oct. 1825) 422.
[54] XXX (Oct. 1823) 1.
[55] XX (Nov. 1823) 385.
[56] XXIII (May 1823) 289.

Repository of Modern Literature,[57] and the *Investigator*[58] are wholly commendatory. The *London Christian Instructor*, or *Congregational Magazine*[59] and the *Methodist Magazine*[60] accuse Dwight of being too partial to America, but speak on the whole favorably. Most of these articles contain long extracts.

Among the controversial literature of travel is a review in the *Literary Panorama and National Register*[61] of *Remarks on the Review of Inchiquin's Letters, published in the Quarterly Review; Addressed to George Canning, Esq., By an Inhabitant of New England*. The article is not bitter, though it opposes the American view. The *Literary Gazette*[62] is violent in its denunciations of *Views of Society and Manners in America . . . By an Englishwoman*, which it credits to "a red-hot American, deeply imbued with bitter feelings against England, and competent to no task but to that which he has here executed, namely, the compilation of a blind and laboured panegyric upon everything transatlantic; a sort of reply to Fearon and other writers who have spoken truth." The quotations made by the critic, though favorable to America, can hardly be considered hostile to England; and it seems by no means certain that the work was not, as the title-page maintained, the work of an Englishwoman. The same journal[63] objects to *The Americans, by an American in London*, which is "signed by C. Colton, who proves himself to be precisely one of those writers whom the good sense and intelligence both of England and America ought to repudiate. His object is to refute Mrs. Trollope and Captain Hall; and he argues the matter in an acrimonious and silly personal manner." *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*,[64] on the other hand, calls the same work a "very lively and manly publication, from a writer of undoubted veracity, of competent knowledge, and whose every page and every line is a refutation of the recent falsehoods put forth against his country"; and adds, "We are rather

[57] I (1826) 20.
[58] VIII (Jan. 1824) 61.
[59] VI (1823) 204, 260, 366.
[60] XLVI (1823) 177, 818.
[61] II (July 1816) 587.
[62] V (1821) 513.
[63] XVII (May 25, 1833) 329.
[64] XXXVIII (1833) 359.

curious to see what the 'Quarterly' will do with it. . . . Mr. Colton's book is too *piquant* not to be read, too reasonable not to be believed." Two comments on *American Sketches, By a Native of the United States,* the first from the *Literary Gazette,*[65] the second from the *Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review*[66] may be quoted without remark:

> If want of incident, pointless burlesque, vulgar anecdotes vulgarly told, can make a book discreditable to the writer, these pages are discreditable. And the matter is made little better by poetry original only in points of strange coarseness.
>
> ———
>
> We know not of any recent publication better calculated to engage pleasingly the mind, than these American Sketches. They are light, yet pithy; agreeable without formality; and are written in a style consonant with their subjects.

The *Literary Chronicle* further compliments the author as a "good fellow," and one who can see faults in America and the Americans. The *Eclectic Review*[67] gives extracts from the same book, and announces that it abstains from criticism because the author is imitating faults found in recent English writings.

Among miscellaneous works of travel are Tudor's *Letters on the Eastern States of America,* of which *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*[68] says that the author is not a man of genius, but his "language is of a remarkably pure, perspicuous, and English cast"; and *A Summer Month, or Recollections of a Visit to the Falls of Niagara and the Lakes,* credited to "a Mr. Dalton," by the *Literary Gazette,*[69] which speaks good-naturedly of the work as "slight but rather pleasing."

Judge James Hall's *Letters from the West* should be grouped with the writings that have a controversial bearing. Indeed, it was the West which Judge Hall knew, the region of the new settlements, which furnished much of the material for slurs cast upon America by Mrs. Trollope and others. English readers failed to discriminate between different sections of the country, and assumed that the necessary crudities

[65] XI (April 14, 1827) 233.
[66] IX (March 24, 1827) 180.
[67] XXVIII (1827) 83.
[68] VI (July 1822) 315.
[69] VIII (Feb. 1824) 116.

and makeshifts of the pioneer were typical of the manners and the conveniences of all America. So the English reviewers of Hall did not recognize that much of what he described was as novel to the dwellers on the Atlantic seaboard as to them; and they also failed, in some instances, to catch the import of his humor, and took his jests for earnest. Especially were they troubled by his title. Since he lacked the formal dignity of an English judge, they inferred that he must be a mere buffoon, and that the society which would tolerate him in his position must be wholly base. In justice to the critics it must be conceded that Hall had a tendency to be flippant, and that his literary recreations were not examples of classic repose. Still, most of the English strokes at his faults missed their mark.

The *Literary Gazette's* review of the *Letters*[70] is in the vein usual to that journal, beginning, "Another American overflow of conceit," and closing "vulgarity can hardly go further." The *Edinburgh Literary Journal*[71] lectures the author, in a passage which will be cited elsewhere, for his lack of reverence for England. It complains of the "trifling and almost juvenile tone of writing," and concludes: "Judge Hall has a great horror of the Quarterly Reviewers; should they notice him at all, we suspect that horror will not be diminished." This last prophecy was probably fulfilled; for the article in the *Quarterly* for April[72] rambled even more widely than usual from its subject to say things uncomplimentary to the United States. It accused Hall of being a land-jobber as well as a judge—though it offered no evidence in support of its accusation; maintained that his account corroborated the worst that English travellers had said regarding America; cited all sorts of detached bits which were uncomplimentary to the country; and closed with a wholly irrelevant charge that Americans were "tuft-hunters" when they came to England. This was one of the articles that wholly failed to appreciate Hall's humor. The *Monthly Review*[73] expresses astonishment that a Judge should write travels. It complains that his composition "is forever upon stilts," and says:

[70] XII (Nov. 15, 1828) 722.
[71] I (Dec. 27, 1828) 85.
[72] XXXIX (April 1829) 345.
[73] n. s. IX (Dec. 1828) 502.

Traces of ability may be discovered now and then, and though, of course, the national vanity of the republican breaks out in every page, we cannot but admire, though we have no reason whatever to envy, the bold and independent tone in which he treats matters of public interest on all occasions. Perhaps the most disagreeable feature in his book is the air of puerile levity which pervades it. Our judge is a man of gallantry.

Colburn's New Monthly Magazine[74] also comments on the difference between Hall and an English judge, and complains of the ornateness of his style:

But Judge Hall is strongly imbued with innumerable transatlantic prejudices against the land of his sires. He is every inch an American. We can partly forgive him his prejudices, because many of them have afforded us much mirth. . . . But much of what Judge Hall sets down is useful, sterling sense, though a certain part of John Bull's family may call it prejudice. . . .

There are also facts of a nature to awaken serious reflections in the European politician; and Judge Hall's nationality, though often ridiculous, is never offensive, for it is accompanied with much truth, an hilarity of spirits, a vivacious manhood, and it is without personal rancour.

The *London Weekly Review*[75] is patronizing in its treatment, saying, "We are sorry to observe, that with a large share of frivolity the young man appears to mingle a considerable portion of prejudice against England"; and further: "The author is young, lively, amusing, but affected and ignorant, and you laugh at him at least as often as at his jokes. He is a republican but has not sufficient intellect to perceive the beauty and majesty of republican institutions." The *Lady's Magazine*[76] adopts a similar tone: "Although we are sorry to observe, that the honorable author has not sufficient talent or learning to write well, or the judgment which would studiously avoid absurdity of remark, yet we meet with some communications in the volume not altogether contemptible." The *Eclectic Review*[77] calls the *Letters* "sad trash."

A later work of Western reminiscences, Timothy Flint's *Recollections,* receives more lenient treatment than usual from

[74] XXIV (Dec. 1828) 518.
[75] II (Nov. 15, 1828) 721.
[76] n. s. X (Feb. 1829) 73.
[77] 3d ser. II (1829) 391.

the *Quarterly*,[78] though the critic insists that the author corroborates Mrs. Trollope, and chooses for quotation detached passages discreditable to America.

Journals and reports of exploring expeditions in the West were naturally criticised for content rather than for literary quality, though remarks on the style were frequent. Lewis and Clarke's *Travels*, some earlier reviews of which were mentioned in the author's *British Criticisms of American Writers, 1783-1815*, continued to be noticed. A long leading article in the *Eclectic Review*[79] for February, 1816, is reasonably favorable, though the critic expressed regret that the expedition was not accompanied by some one with the imagination and the power to see and report things effectively. The *Literary Panorama and National Register*[80] is inclined to find minor faults with the *Travels*, which it says is "as fruitful of facts as it is barren of remarks upon them." A correspondent of the *Christian Observer*[81] is chiefly concerned because the *Travels* makes no mention of the Sabbath, and says, "It is doubtful whether amongst the whole crew a *Bible* was to be found."

The *Monthly Literary Register*[82] reprints the *North American Review's* article on *Schoolcraft's Travels*, with a commendatory note. The *Eclectic Review*,[83] in a long article, comments on the parsimony of the United States in fitting out government expeditions, but speaks well enough of the book. The editors of the *Eclectic Review*, seem to have been much interested in American exploration, or else they found long extracts from the explorers' reports convenient for filling space. A leading article of twenty pages in the issue for June, 1823,[84] treats a London reprint of Edwin James's *Account of an Expedition from Pittsburgh to the Rocky Mountains*. The *Repository of Modern Literature*[85] gives to the same work a pleasant notice, which, however, gives evidence of being taken from some other periodical. *The Narrative of an Expedition*

[78] XLVIII (Oct. 1832).
[79] V (Feb. 1816) 105.
[80] IV (May, 1816) 191.
[81] XVI (April 1817) 231.
[82] II (Oct. 1822) 203.
[83] IV (Dec. 1825) 473.
[84] XIX, 481.
[85] II, 382.

to the Source of St. Peter's River, etc., a government report, furnished material for long articles in the *London Magazine and Review*[86] and the *Monthly Review Enlarged.*[87] The latter says: "In some instances the style is idiomatic, and words are also introduced which are foreign to the English language: the word bluff is of frequent occurrence: it imports a perpendicular range or escarpment of rock." The *Edinburgh Review*[88] makes four works of American exploration the basis of an article entitled *Louisiana.*

In connection with accounts of Western travel may perhaps be grouped books on the Indians, who continued to be of great interest to English readers. B. B. Thatcher's *Indian Biography* and his *Indian Traits* were both highly praised, for content and style, by the *Athenæum.*[89] The latter work was also commended by the *Monthly Review*[90] and the *Literary Gazette.*[91] The *Eclectic Review*[92] discusses Hunter's *Memoirs of Captivity among the Indians.*

Of the books of travel by Americans abroad, those which gave impressions of England were most carefully scrutinized. The *Quarterly Review*[93] in an article credited to Southey, says some kind things about Professor Silliman's *Travels,* though the context is all hostile to America. The *Quarterly's* review of Paulding's *Sketch of Old England by a New England Man*[94] is ironical in treatment, but sometimes fails to recognize Paulding's own irony, and to distinguish between his blunders and his intentional humorous exaggerations.

Dr. Richard Rush's *Narrative of a Residence at the Court of London* was widely read and commented upon. Rush had been inclined to favor the English, and his book won welcome in unexpected quarters. The *Athenæum* says:[95]

> It is a most courteous rebuke to the petulance of Mrs. Trollope. Were an author to abandon his mind to the task, he could draw such

[86] n. s. I (April 1825) 571.
[87] CVIII (Oct. 1825) 113.
[88] XXXII (July 1819) 231.
[89] March 1833, p. 178; Oct. 12, 1833, p. 679.
[90] August 1833, p. 509.
[91] XVII (July 6, 1833) 424.
[92] XX (1823) 173.
[93] XV (July 1816) 555.
[94] XXX (June 1824) 519.
[95] May 8, 1833, p. 308.

a picture of the rudeness and vulgarity of England, as would make us the scorn of civilized Europe, and yet say nothing but what was founded in truth—there are sins of omission as well as of commission.

The *Edinburgh Review*[96] praises the author for his fairness and his conciliatory attitude, and compares him with Cooper: "Literary mischief-makers, who, from want of sufficiently distinguishing between real life and novels, have made savages of their gentlemen in the one, and gentlemen of their savages in the other, have laboured also to persuade their countrymen that their victorious independence is a barb forever rankling in our bosoms." Even the *Literary Gazette*[97] couples the work with some *Observations by a British Traveller in America,* and makes Rush all that a gentleman should be, and his protagonist the opposite. After quoting at length Rush's goodnatured account of various annoyances to which he was subjected, it remarks, "A regular John Bull would not have been reconciled to the affront during a courteous residence of six months." The *Monthly Review*[98] calls the book "A very pleasant personal narrative," and also considers it highly creditable that the author did not take offense at slights and annoyances which he was forced to endure. *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*[99] also contrasts the *Narrative* favorably with English books on America. The most hostile review was that in the *Quarterly*[1] which condemned Rush for reporting diplomatic conversations, spoke of the work as "trivial," and added: "It certainly does not strike us as the production of a superior intellect." The tone of the article is very patronizing. The *Westminster Review*[2] adopts the attitude that might be expected, finding fault because Rush was so favorably impressed with the Court and English society, and at the same time pointing out that his comment on certain English usages showed the absence of these things at home. The *Foreign Quarterly Review*[3] also complains that the

[96] LVII (July 1833) 449.
[97] XVII (May 11, 1833) 289.
[98] June 1833, p. 240.
[99] XXXVIII (1833) 229.
[1] XLIX (July 1833) 322.
[2] XIX (Oct. 1833) 177.
[3] XII (July 1833) 209.

work is trivial, and that so much of importance is omitted, but finds much to commend: "The tone of Mr. Rush's work is very creditable to him. . . . . His style is unpretending and good. We have frequently observed that Americans write very good English."

Col. Ninian Pinkney's *Travels through the South of France* had been widely discussed before 1815.[4] A second edition was noticed by the *Monthly Review Enlarged*[5] which says that further information confirms the impression that Pinkney was inaccurate, though not wilfully so.

The leading article in the *Quarterly* for February, 1831,[6] is a long review of Alexander Slidell's *A Year in Spain*. This is wholly cordial and complimentary, perhaps the more because the author lays no claim to education or literary finish. The *Monthly Review*[7] also bestows praise not at all to be expected of this journal at this time:

> Had the author not announced his country on the title page, and permitted his name to be disclosed in the Quarterly Review, which trumpeted forth loud praises of his work before it appeared in public, we should never have supposed that it was written by any other than an Englishman. There are, indeed, two or three sentences, towards the close of the second volume, which might have convinced us of our mistake; but in all other respects, we should have easily believed that these volumes were the production of one of our own countrymen, thoroughly versed in the idiomatic simplicity of our language, and the best style of our literature.
>
> If there be many 'young Americans' brought up among the rising generations, as Lieutenant Slidell appears to have been, these national deficiencies are not likely to remain long unsupplied. The style in which he writes is perfectly free from affectation. It never mounts upon stilts, or betrays the slightest tendency to that arrogance which is so exceedingly disagreeable in the works of some of his countrymen. It is civilized and European in its mode of expressing notions, and speaking of institutions and customs, which are not American. This is a great step for a republican to make who has, we presume, lived chiefly at the other side of the Atlantic, and has been altogether educated there. We are pleased

[4] See the author's *British Criticisms of American Writings, 1783-1815*. Another favorable review, not there listed, was that in the *Critical Review*, Fifth ser., I (Feb. 1815) 184.

[5] LXXXI (Sept. 1816) 104.

[6] XLIV, 318.

[7] n. and i. s. [XVI] (April 1831) 533.

to recognize in his work so general a conformity to the taste which prevails in England, not because it is that to which we are most inured, but because we believe it to be founded upon the best models.

The *Atlas*[8] is also enthusiastic over the book. The *Athenæum*,[9] though not hostile, is more moderate in its praise, and finds the author's observations "only skin deep."

The *Athenæum*[10] makes much sport of E. C. Wines's *Two Years and a Half in the American Navy*, a book of travels by a school-master on a man of war, who evidently saw little ashore during his cruise. The *Literary Gazette*[11] is more favorably impressed, though it takes exception to some of Mr. Wines's remarks on British naval pride.

Among minor and miscellaneous works of travel which received notice were *Essays, Descriptive and Moral, on Scenes in Italy, Switzerland, and France, By an American*, which was commended by the *London Christian Instructor and Congregational Magazine*[12] because the writer takes a religious point of view. John White's *Voyage to Cochin China* was well spoken of by the *Eclectic Review*.[13] *The Monthly Review*[14] devoted to *Sketches of Turkey in 1831 and 1832, by an American*, a long article with many extracts and much praise. Of American travellers in general it says:

Were we to judge of the American character by the specimens with which we are acquainted of their European travellers, we should not hesitate to regard it as entitled to no small degree of respect and esteem. . . . In the works of these various authors we discover not merely a remarkable degree of intelligence, industry, and ability, but a moral tone, an elevated spirit of liberality and forbearance, a general determination to be impartial, such as reflects the greatest credit on their principles. Superadded to this eulogy ought to be the praise for the uniform good humor or rather the constitutional suavity of temper which characterizes every work comprehended in our notice.

[8] VI (March 27, 1831) 218.
[9] [IV] (Feb. 26, Mar. 5, 1831) 135, 146.
[10] Jan. 26, 1833, p. 51.
[11] XVII (Jan. 19, 1833) 39.
[12] VI (June 1823) 311.
[13] XXIII (1825) 86.
[14] Nov. 1833, p. 316.

In the autumn of 1833 the *Athenæum*[15] printed a brief note on *Outre-Mer,* interesting chiefly because it connects Longfellow with the period under discussion.

> This fanciful work is from the American Press—the author imagines himself making a tour in France, and relates his adventures in cities, on river banks, and in castles hoary and dilapidated—in an easy and picturesque way. As he promises more of his rambles, we shall examine his merits more in detail when we meet again.

[15] Oct. 19, 1833, p. 696.

CHAPTER IX

POLITICAL AND RELIGIOUS WRITINGS

No attempt can be made in this study to consider the almost innumerable notices of American political pamphlets, state papers, and public documents which appeared in British periodicals between 1815 and 1833. Most of these notices had no literary significance; and they indicated less clearly than similar utterances in the earlier period the feeling in Great Britain toward America. Many of them were written with economic and commercial opportunities chiefly in mind; others summarized and criticized in the manner of the impartial historian. Some, of course, expressed national hostility, and some brought out the contrast between defects in English government and virtues that the critic discovered in the American system.

Even in the years just following the War of 1812 much of the comment was fair and friendly. To take an illustration or two almost at random—the *Critical Review*[1] for September 1815 said of *An Exposition of the Causes and Character of the Late War with Great Britain,* "This state paper (for it is understood to be official) resounds highly to the credit of the American government," and went on to praise its fairness. The *Dublin Examiner*[2] said of President Madison's *Message:*

> We have hardly ever perused a paper, of the same length of Mr. Madison's Message, from which we derived an equal degree of pleasure. Not, that there is anything very peculiar, or captivating, in the style of this composition; on the contrary, it is homely in the extreme, and, in many parts, betrays considerable carelessness in the writer: neither is it remarkable for any profound views of political society, any sagacious conjectures, or any uncommon

[1] 5th ser. II, 263.
[2] II (Dec. 1816) 101.

anticipations of the future prosperity and happiness of America; but it is a candid and faithful exposition of the state of a free nation, rising with incomparable rapidity to the highest summit of greatness.

Criticisms of a few more general political works may be mentioned. *Constantine and Eugene, or an Evening at Mount Vernon, a Political Dialogue,* was reviewed in the *Anti-Jacobin Review,*[3] which, as might be expected, ridiculed both the ideas and the style. *Europe, or a General Survey of the Present Situation of the Principal Powers, with Conjectures on their Future Prospects, by a Citizen of the United States* was reviewed in both the *Monthly Literary Register*[4] and the *Eclectic Review.*[5] The former concludes its discussion:

The work, in its composition, shews evident symptoms of a powerful and a classical writer, but it is too much tainted with that turbid style, in which the Americans are all too apt to indulge. . . . It contains many very profound observations and enlightened speculations, mixed, however, with some fantastic theories and hasty opinions, and upon the whole, must be considered as a production every way deserving of public attention.

The *Eclectic Review,* though hardly hostile, finds much to condemn.

Another work of a similar title attracted attention some six years later. *America: or a General Survey of the Political Situation of the Several Powers of the Western Continent, with Conjectures on their Future Prospects, by a Citizen of the United States* was ridiculed by the *Literary Gazette,*[6] and severely scored by the *Athenæum.*[7] The *Monthly Review*[8] praised the style, but found fault with the ideas.

We must do him the justice to acknowledge that his essay, however objectionable it may be to an Englishman in several respects, is marked by ability of the very first order. Since the publication of those admirable dissertations which were collected in "The Federalist," we have not seen any political composition from the pen of an American, that can at all be compared with this. The

[3] LV (Sept. 1819) 52.
[4] I (May 1822) 3.
[5] XVIII (1822) 464.
[6] XII (Sept. 20, 1821) 592.
[7] [I] (1828) 722.
[8] n. s. IX (Oct. 1828) 192.

style is idiomatic, and thoroughly English, formed in our best school. . . . . He has a courteous method of expressing his notions, which in some measure veils their deformity, and palliates their erroneousness; but as a genuine Yankee braggadocio, he differs in no respect from Mr. Cooper.

In conclusion, the critic said: "We take leave of him, however, with unfeigned respect for his talents, which are calculated to raise him to distinguished eminence in his own country."

New editions of earlier American state papers brought out comments from time to time. Thus, the *Monthly Review*[9] devoted to the *Federalist* ten pages of the highest praise. The *Foreign Quarterly Review*[10] in criticising Gallatin's *Considerations on the Currency and Banking System of the United States* speaks most highly of Gallatin.

Notices of American works that had a religious bearing were too numerous and of too little literary significance to be listed in detail. Only a few representative articles of different types may here be mentioned. Partly as a matter of general curiosity, and partly on account of a missionary spirit, the religious state of the New World was of great concern to Englishmen. English travellers had much to say on it; and periodicals of all kinds published church statistics, and items of religious news. Reviews of American religious writings were common, and were often colored by the denominational predilections of the reviewer. Thus, the *Evangelical Magazine and Missionary Chronicle*[11] discusses *American Unitarianism; or a brief History of the Progress and Present State of the Unitarian Churches in America* in a way that shows its hostility to Unitarianism. The *Monthly Repository of Theology*[12] speaks with enthusiasm of the *Christian Disciple*, published at Boston, and is pleased with the larger number of theological works being issued in the United States. Religious revivals in America were the subject of much comment. The Reverend Calvin Colton's *History and Character of American Revivals*

[9] n. s. III (1826) 516.
[10] X (Aug. 1832) 214.
[11] XXIII (Nov. 1815) 455.
[12] XVI (May 1821) 309.

of Religion was reviewed in the *New Baptist Miscellany*,[13] and W. B. Sprague's *Lectures on Revivals of Religion* in the *Baptist Magazine*.[14] Both these papers were favorably disposed toward revivals. More conservative denominational journals took a different view.

The development of the American Episcopal Church was of great interest to English churchmen, though the emotions with which they regarded this child of the British establishment were varied. The belief was often expressed that America was in a bad way religiously, and that only a state church could bring her relief. In the absence of such an establishment the Episcopal church was regarded as the institution which offered most hope of aid. A typical article is the review of the *Journals of the General Conventions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America* in the *Christian Remembrancer*.[15] This begins with impressions of America:

> Although we have formed and avowed a very unfavourable opinion respecting the moral and religious prospects of the North American Republic, it can hardly be supposed that we are indifferent to its fate. . . . . Their situation, from the day in which they afforded a receptacle for our convicts to that in which they established their present formidable power, has been perplexed and difficult. . . . .
>
> The political encroachments and injustice, of which so many specimens are visible, plainly prove that the United States will be a plague to others as well as to themselves.

It bitterly attacks all other sects in the United States, shows the spiritual needs of the country, and hails the Episcopal Church of the United States as "the only body which is, in any measure, calculated to fulfil these high destinies." It is perhaps natural that the writer of such an article should minimize the differences between the English and the American *Prayer-Book*. Other critics resented strongly the changes made by the American revisers.[16]

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[13] VI (June 1832) 235.

[14] XXV (Feb. 1833) 71.

[15] II (April 1820) 228.

[16] Among many articles on religious matters which might be of interest to the special student are one on *North American Episcopacy* in the *Brit-*

An address entitled *The United States of America Compared with some European Countries, Particularly England,* in which Bishop Hobart of New York commented adversely on certain characteristics of the English Church aroused much discussion. Bishop Hobart had recently been entertained by English bishops, and his strictures were objected to not only as unfair, but as an inappropriate return for hospitality. On the other hand dissenting and liberal church journals found much comfort in his criticisms. The *Christian Observer*[17] though not bitter, thought the Bishop showed poor taste. The *Quarterly Theological Review*[18] was more severe on the discourse:

> We can account for the existence of such a document from such a person, but on the supposition of a national antipathy equally melancholy and irreconcilable. We have here a man of gentlemanlike habits,—nay, of considerable intelligence,—nay, of the sacred profession,—nay, of Episcopal rank, actually signalizing his first appearance in the American pulpit, on his return from the hospitality and marked attentions of the British Clergy, by a laboured, most unmeasured, and most unfounded attack on the established church of England.
>
> If Dr. Hobart has been unhappily placed in the formidable alternative of sacrificing the conventional honour of society, and the still more delicate honour of his cloth, to the sovereign mandate of his majesty the mob; we must lament that he should have been so tried. But still more repugnantly should we believe, that Dr. Hobart had *volunteered* this offensive publication.

The *Repository of Theology*[19] naturally approved of the parts of the discourse that objected to an establishment, but protested against an occasional criticism of England in general. It concluded its discussion, "His address is truly affectionate and Christian, resembling what we have read in the discourses of some of the primitive bishops of the church, who spoke from the chair of instruction as fathers amongst children." The

ish Review XXI (Feb. 1824) 467, and a review of an address by Bishop White of Pennsylvania in the *Christian Remembrancer,* VI (Nov. 1824) 658.

[17] XXVI (Oct. 1826) 611.

[18] IV (June, 1826) 1.

[19] XXI (Sept. 1826) 542.

Congregational Magazine[20] also enjoyed the spectacle of a Bishop pointing out the defects of other bishops.

Some of the controversies arising from religious customs in America were amusing. A correspondent of the *Monthly Repository of Theology*[21] who wrote from Cambridge and signed himself "Cis-Atlanticus" was perturbed because English dissenting ministers accepted honorary degrees from American colleges:

> I am prompted to ask, what must be the rank of Dissenting dignitaries, when "Brown University in Rhode Island," can confer an honour upon them? I write, Sir, purely for information; and any of your Correspondents will oblige me who will instruct me how many of the titled Dissenting divines derive their honours from the United States; what mints of academic dignity there are besides "Brown University in Rhode Island"; whether Columbia in Carolina, Louisville in Ohio, Onion-Point in Indiana, Big-Creek in Missouri, &c. transmit diplomas into Great Britain; and how many years lands must be reclaimed from the Chickesaws or Cherokees in order to qualify them to manufacture literary patents of honour.
>
> . . . . I have always understood that it is a constitutional principle that the King is the fountain of honours in Great Britain, and that no titles can be lawfully assumed here, which do not flow from the crown, immediately or through the channel of some establishment under a Royal charter. If I am correct in this principle, it must be inconsistent with his oath of allegiance for any British subject to take, without the King's special license, a foreign title or degree, and any one doing so is guilty of *petty treason*.

The *Christian Remembrancer*,[22] in its review of *Standard Works Adapted to the Use of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States*, edited by W. R. Whittingham, was patronizingly severe on the editor, though it gave a formal sugar-coating of compliment at the end of the article. Whittingham dared to retort by referring to the *Christian Remembrancer* as "that bigoted high church and Tory periodical," and to wish well to the proposed rival *British Magazine*. This called out[23] an amusingly virulent attack on Whittingham, and more or less on all things American. The editor confessed that he had earlier praised Whittingham, partly because he was an invalid

[20] II (Oct. 1826) 539.
[21] XV (June 1820) 345.
[22] III (Jan. 1832) 20.
[23] XV (Feb. 1833) 183.

—"we never discovered any extraordinary talent in his writings"; his theology is of a "schoolboy nature"; yet "with such small pretensions, however, he takes upon himself to rebuke [Bishop Jewell] for inaccuracy of quotations." The editor further announces that "The name of Tory is with us a hallowed title." The long article, though somewhat disgusting, is an interesting illustration of the way in which ultra-conservative church journals let their distrust of everything American go so far as to make them distrust even American Episcopalianism.

Despite the doubts which many conservative Englishmen had regarding the religious condition of the United States, American theologians were recognized by dissenters and by many liberal churchmen, and English editions of American theological and religious works were numerous. A reprint of Cotton Mather's *Essays to Do Good* was praised by the *Evangelical Magazine and Missionary Chronicle*[24] and the *Baptist Magazine*;[25] and a synopsis of the *Desiderata* from the *Essays* was given with commendatory comment in the *Christian Observer*.[26] A reprint of part of the *Magnalia* was reviewed in the *Eclectic Review*.[27] A *Life of Jonathan Edwards* was noticed in the *Evangelical Magazine and Missionary Chronicle*,[28] which said: "The name of *President Edwards* is highly esteemed, wherever it is known; and where is it not known? All who are acquainted with his admirable writings will number him amongst the *greatest, best,* and most *useful* men of this age." A new edition of the *Treatise on the Freedom of the Will* was reviewed in the *Presbyterian Review and Religious Journal*[29] and the *Congregational Magazine*;[30] and an edition of the *Narrative of the Revival of Religion in New England* was praised by the *New Baptist Miscellany*[31] and the *Imperial Magazine*.[32] *The New Baptist Miscellany*[33] describes Ed-

[24] XXXIV (July 1816) 270.
[25] VIII (July 1816) 295.
[26] XXIII (June 1823) 359.
[27] XX (1833) 277.
[28] XXIII (Dec. 1815) 500.
[29] I (Sept. 1831) 235.
[30] VIII (March 1832) 165.
[31] III (Aug. 1829) 355.
[32] XI (Oct. 1830) 932.
[33] V (May 1831) 200.

ward's *History of Redemption* as "distinguished throughout by the profoundness and originality of its views, the extent of its historical information, and the felicitous illustrations which it supplies of the wisdom of the divine dispensations."

The American theologian who attracted most attention was Timothy Dwight. Dwight was almost universally praised as a man and as a Christian, even by those who could not accept parts of his system of belief. The *Christian Guardian*[34] speaks highly of him in connection with his *Memoirs*. His *Theology Explained and Defended* was noticed by the *London Christian Instructor or Congregational Magazine*[35] and the *Evangelical Magazine and Missionary Chronicle*.[36] A London edition in five volumes—said to have been one of three London reprints of the complete work in one year, besides an abridgment—was almost extravagantly praised by the *Christian Observer*.[37] "Never did a theologian measure the length and breadth of the expanded regions of revelation with less need of dependence upon the achievements of his predecessors." The reviewer commends his breadth and his fairness when he opposes Episcopalianism. The *Christian Review and Clerical Magazine*[38] devoted a long laudatory article to the same work. A Glasgow edition was noticed in the *New Baptist Miscellany*,[39] which said:

> It is to be found we imagine in the studies of most ministers, and stands in the book-case of many private christians. Few systems of divinity have been more popular or more deserving of popularity. . . . . It is not profound, it is not critical, it is not abstruse, but it is remarkably perspicuous, always evangelical, for the most part true to scripture, in many passages forcible and eloquent.

The [*Wesleyan*] *Methodist Magazine*[40] was almost alone in being lukewarm in its praise of this work:

> He was an American Divine, who wrote the English language with greater elegance, correctness, and force than the generality of his

[34] XV (Sept. 1, 1823) 351.
[35] III (Jan. 1820) 30.
[36] XXIX (Feb. 1821) 68.
[37] XXV (May 1825) 294.
[38] I (Jan. 1827) 50.
[39] V (Sept. 1831) 373.
[40] LIV (Oct. 1831) 701.

countrymen. His creed was Calvinistic; his views of experimental religion very defective; and on no subject does he appear to have been a profound thinker. . . . . As a book of reference, however, the work may be useful to those who have not access to extensive theological libraries.

An abridgment of the *System of Theology,* published under the somewhat odd title of *Beauties of Dwight,* was favorably noticed by the *London Christian Instructor, or Congregational Magazine,*[41] the *Evangelical Magazine and Missionary Chronicle,*[42] and the *Baptist Magazine.*[43] Various collections of Dwight's sermons were widely noticed. Of an Edinburgh edition of one of these the *New Baptist Miscellany*[44] said:

No intelligent reader of those volumes can fail to be gratified with the independence of mind, the acuteness of judgment, the vigour of imagination, together with the vast richness and felicity of style, which they display. . . . . We like him better as a sermon writer than as the composer of a system of divinity. His views are generally correct, but not profound.

The [*Wesleyan*] *Methodist Magazine*[45] protested that it did not agree with President Dwight's peculiar sentiments, but conceded that "In these volumes will be found some of the finest specimens of pulpit eloquence that the English language affords." Other reviews of sermons by Doctor Dwight will be found in the *Congregational Magazine,*[46] the *Edinburgh Theological Magazine,*[47] the *Baptist Magazine,*[48] and the *Christian Observer.*[49] Dwight's *Treatise on the Sabbath* was reviewed by the *Eclectic Review,*[50] and the *New Baptist Miscellany.*[51] The *Baptist Magazine*[52] also published in eight instalments an *Essay on the Writings of Dr. Dwight.*

If the irreligious may be grouped with the religious, mention should be made of Thomas Paine, who was now remembered

[41] VI (Dec. 1823) 665.
[42] n. s. I (Dec. 1823) 503.
[43] XVI (Aug. 1824) 341.
[44] II (July 1828) 279.
[45] LI (Oct. 1828) 694.
[46] n. s. IV (Oct. 1828) 531.
[47] III (June 1828) 334.
[48] XX (Dec. 1828) 559.
[49] XXIX (June 1829) 366.
[50] 3d ser. III (1830) 480.
[51] IV (1830) 430.
[52] XXII (1830) 133 *et seq.*

not so much as a political writer, but as an opponent of conventional Christianity. His biography by John S. Harford was written for the purpose of discrediting his opinions by showing his personal weaknesses. That he was still believed by the orthodox to be a power for evil is shown by the fervor of this book and of the reviews that it inspired. The article in the *Christian Observer*[53] repeats with gusto the worst stories regarding Paine's private life. *The Edinburgh Monthly Review*[54] shows its indignation in a fifteen-page article of which the following is a sample:

> It may appear strange to some of our readers, that we should assist in dragging the memory of the profane and execrated being, whose name is given above, from that deep oblivion into which they may suppose it has long since been precipitated by a load of crime and infamy, such as hardly any other name has been fated to sustain. . . . . We admit it as a general rule, therefore, that the memory of those whose principles have been so base, that they cannot even be scanned without contaminating the intellect, or whose actions have been so atrocious that they cannot be reviewed without lacerating the feelings, is best allowed to repose in the dark cemetery of guilt and oblivion, and that the instruction to be derived in such cases, from contemplating the headlong career, and watching the appropriate fate of crime, is, even when the delinquency and punishment are commensurate in this lower world, dearly purchased at the double expense of a defiled imagination and an agonized heart.
>
> But there are cases in which this calm and scornful neglect will not suffice, and in which the spirits of the vile corruptors of the species will not be forgotten into their original nothingness. There are cases where the tomb has closed upon their loathsome carcasses in vain, and their genius still continues to walk abroad in all the majesty of mischief. . . . . The pit which was dishonoured by having consigned to it the bones of some stupendous villain, is enlivened by the crowded pilgrimages of his frantic worshippers. . . . .
>
> One of the most memorable of this class of wretches was Thomas Paine. . . . . We applaud, however, the conduct of Mr. Harford, who has had the zeal and industry to collect some particulars of revolting interest connected with the life of the vulgar apostle of impiety and rebellion, and has made a sort of abstract of his iniquity. . . . . The treachery, insolence, callousness—the coarse debauchery—the bestial habits of this most offensive of animals,

[53] XIX (April 1820) 266.
[54] II (April 1820) 434.

are exhibited in colours so simple and yet so lively, that the mind shrinks from the too faithful exhibition.

The contemporary American preacher best known in England was William Ellery Channing, leader of American Unitarianism, who was recognized as a great power, though his theology was objected to by English Unitarians. A reviewer of his *Sermon Delivered at the Ordination of the Reverend Jared Sparks,* writing in the *Monthly Repository of Theology*[55] for 1819, seemed to know nothing of the preacher; but his fame soon became general. *Blackwood's*[56] for August 1825 devoted a friendly article to his *Evidences of Revealed Religion.* Channing's non-theological writings came in for considerable discussion, though the tone of the criticism was often determined by the sectarian leanings of the critic. The *Imperial Magazine,*[57] strongly hostile to Unitarianism, resented Channing's remarks on the *Character and Writings of John Milton* as an impudent attempt to teach England something about one of her own poets. The address on the *Character of Napoleon* flattered British prejudices to some extent, yet it was not so favorably received as some of the author's other works. The *London Magazine*[58] approved the ideas, but condemned the style: "The Americans probably think him eloquent; the (sic) thinks so himself. This is a pity, for to this notion we must assign the vague and indefinite sentences in which the orator too often sacrifices the sense to the sound." The *Monthly Magazine or British Register*[59] agrees with the author's views. The *Monthly Repository*[60] protests against attacking Napoleon's personal character merely because he was in the bad business of being a despot. A correspondent in a later issue of the same magazine[61] answers at length Channing's strictures on Bonaparte. A personal opinion was expressed in a letter from Mrs. Hemans:[62]

[55] XIV (Oct. 1819) 635.
[56] XVIII (Aug. 1825) 160.
[57] VIII (Oct. 1826) 962.
[58] n. s. X (Feb. 1828) 233.
[59] n. s. V. (March 1828) 306.
[60] n. s. II (May 1828) 340.
[61] n. s. III (Feb. 1829) 200.
[62] *Memoir of the Life and Writings of Felecia Hemans by her Sister,* p. 152.

Dr. Channing has lately published a very noble essay on the character of Napoleon, occasioned by Sir Walter Scott's Life of that dazzling but unheroic personage. I wish you may meet with it; I am sure that the lofty thoughts embodied by its writer, in his own fervid eloquence, could not fail to delight you; and his high views of moral beauty are really freshening to the heart, which longs to pour itself forth in love and admiration, and finds so little in the every-day world whereon such feelings may repose.

Reviews of sermons and collections of sermons by Dr. Channing are to be found in the *Christian Reflector and Theological Inquirer*,[63] the *Christian Reformer*,[64] and the *Monthly Repository and Review*.[65] Several of these notices find fault with the Doctor's theories at one or another point, but most praise the sermons, though for different qualities. The *Christian Reformer* is especially struck by their boldness, and the *Monthly Repository* by the "perpetual tendency to enhance our self-respect."

Notices of Channing's sermons were not confined to the church journals. The *Westminster Review*[66] grew enthusiastic over them:

We deviate from our usual course in noticing a pulpit oration. The great mass of such compositions are so ignoble and commonplace. . . . But the sermons of Dr. Channing form a splendid exception to the ordinary character of ecclesiastical eloquence. They are so full of novel and of elevating views conveyed in a language emphatic and majestic, like the finest passages of Milton's glorious prose; they create in the mind such sentiments of admiration for the author, such benevolent desires, such glowing convictions, such upward aspirations, that we cannot but hail every new occasion which brings us in contact with his beautifully-toned affections, and his rich and powerful mind. . . . Dr. Channing was the first man, whose bold and mighty breathings dissipated the delusive mist of fame which hung around the brow of Napoleon. At his reproof the conqueror and warrior was humbled. But it is a far more important task, a higher and a holier calling, to elevate the character of the whole human race, to bring man nearer to his Maker.

A later article in the same periodical says:[67]

[63] n. s. I (Jan. 1825) 19.
[64] XIV (Dec. 1828) 550, and XV (Jan. 1833) 42.
[65] n. s. III (Feb. 1829) 89.
[66] X (1829) 98.
[67] XII (April 1830) 472.

> Men of much sturdier talent, and of much more multiform acquirements there have undoubtedly been; and men who have been deservedly held in reputation, not only by the particular religious community to which they belonged, but throughout Christendom. With scarcely an exception, however, they committed the great professional blunder, which he has so happily escaped. They approached revelation as something which was to supersede, or to limit, or to control, the rational faculties: not as something which only acts by them, something which requires, stimulates, and expands them. This is his peculiar merit, his distinguishing characteristic; and by it he has deserved well of his country, and of mankind.

It pronounces Channing "an incarnation of the intellectual spirit of Christianity," and goes on to find all sorts of personal, philosophical and rhetorical virtues—the explanation of so great favor being clearly Dr. Channing's exaltation of reason.

The *Edinburgh Review's* article on Channing's *Sermons and Tracts* characteristically discusses all other American writers before it reaches the collection in hand. It charges that Channing "keeps one eye on both worlds: kisses hands to the reading public all round; and does his best to stand well with different sects and parties." In conclusion it praises a few things in the author's philosophy, and pronounces his criticisms specious and second-hand. The *Athenæum*[68] in a notice of *The Importance and Means of a National Literature,* speaks pleasantly of Channing and his reputation in England, praises the power and the originality of the pamphlet, but complains of the "endeavour after display." In a later note[69] the *Athenæum* says: "The eloquence of Dr. Channing requires no recommendation, nor do we like it the worse for being connected with piety." "The Lounger" in *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*[70] says after speaking of Channing:

> It is high time we should show that we English are willing to be the first echo to an American's praise. The fact is, that when the Americans read our periodicals, they suppose us hostile to them:—no such thing! The Scotch write our periodicals, and it is the Scotch (the last nation in the world to do justice to a new people!) who *abuse* them.

[68] [III] (May 8, 1830) 281.
[69] Feb. 1833, p. 120.
[70] XXVIII (1830) 469.

The *Gentleman's Magazine*[71] devotes an almost purely theological article to Channing's *Objections to Unitarian Christianity Considered.* The *Monthly Repository and Review*[72] after objecting to some of Channing's ideas, says:

> The Repository has never been slow to join a chorus which is more loudly sounded every year; but neither has criticism upon Dr. C's writings been excluded from its pages. In fact, Channing is one of the last men over whom we should take upon us to spread the wing of our protection. . . . . His is a perilous station; and he must have a care both of enemies and friends, but especially of his friends. His is one of those names we want to keep holy for the general good of Christendom. . . . . He has kindled up more of true ardour, more of virtuous and independent feeling, among us, than all our critical scholars put together.

A notable example of a hostile review is that of *Objections to Unitarian Christianity Considered* in the *Presbyterian Review and Religious Journal:*[73]

> Doctrines the most pernicious and unfounded, when decked out in the brilliant tinselling of a meretricious eloquence, easily call forth the admiration of the undiscerning eye.
>
> . . . . The character of Mr. Channing as a theologian, or as a man of candour, was never high. Of this we are, if possible, more convinced by the perusal of the pamphlet, we have felt it our duty here to notice. A more insidious address to popular feeling was hardly ever penned. We shall content ourselves with showing in a few words its two leading and fatal fallacies, the one of *omission*, the other of *commission;* from which its utter weakness, and what is worse, its total want of moral honesty, will at once be perceived.

Other reviews of sermons and pamphlets by Channing are found in the *Baptist Magazine*[74] and the *Monthly Repository.*[75]

The Reverend Henry Ware was another New England clergyman favorably known in England. His *Hints on Extemporaneous Preaching* was noticed in the *Eclectic Review,*[76] the *Christian Reformer,*[77] and the [*Wesleyan*] *Method-*

[71] CI (May 1831) 433.
[72] n. s. IV (Feb. 1830) 119.
[73] I (Jan. 1832) 570.
[74] XXII (June 1830) 240.
[75] n. s. XII (1833) 132.
[76] XXII (1824) 282.
[77] XI (March 1825) 99.

ist Magazine.[78] The last-named periodical says tersely: "Most of the 'hints' contained in this very neat and elegant manual are equally just and important. Young preachers may read the work with advantage; but the price is too great for its size." *Sermons* by Ware was favorably reviewed by the *Monthly Repository.*[79] The *Monthly Repository* gave much attention to American sermons and collections of sermons. Among reviews and notices in this magazine are one on a sermon by the Reverend John Brazer of Salem;[80] one on a missionary sermon by J. G. Palfrey;[81] two on sermons by Charles W. Upham;[82] and one on a volume of sermons by J. Buckminster.[83] All these articles are commendatory, some of them highly so. The *Congregational Magazine*[84] reviews together a collection, *The National Preacher, Or Original Monthly Sermons from Living Ministers* and a volume of *Sermons* by the late Reverend Edward Payson. *The National Preacher* is also reviewed in the *New Baptist Miscellany.*[85] The *Christian Observer*[86] began in 1832 a series of articles on *American Divines,* in the introduction to which it protested against English hostility toward America.

Among religious writings of a miscellaneous nature was Jacob Abbott's *The Young Christian,* which went through many English editions. This was reviewed in the [*Wesleyan*] *Methodist Magazine,*[87] the *Presbyterian Review,*[88] the *Christian Examiner and Church of Ireland Magazine,*[89] the *Baptist Magazine,*[90] the *Imperial Magazine,*[91] and the *Literary Gazette.*[92] All of these notices were favorable, some of them enthusiastic. The *Literary Gazette* called the book "A work of singular religious and moral value for the young." The

[78] LIII (Aug. 1830) 548.
[79] XXI (July 1826) 424; n. s. V (Jan. 1831) 52.
[80] XXI (June 1826) 350.
[81] n. s. II (March 1828) 184
[82] n. s. III (Aug. 1829) 565, and IV (Jan. 1830) 45.
[83] n. s. V (April 1831) 277.
[84] VIII (June 1832) 353.
[85] VI (Aug. 1832) 338.
[86] XXXII 465 *et seq.*
[87] LVI (1833) 46, 287.
[88] III (Jan. 1833) 302.
[89] n. s. II (Feb. March 1833) 38, 213.
[90] XXV (May, 1833) 220.
[91] 2nd ser. III (July 1833) 338.
[92] XVII (Sept. 7, 1833) 568.

Presbyterian Review said: "It has a philosophical spirit in it which is calculated to gratify the most cultivated intellect, a beautiful simplicity, which renders it intelligible to the weakest mind, and a moral earnestness which forces its way into the very depths of the heart." Another book by Abbott, the *Mother at Home,* was noticed in the *Evangelical Magazine and Missionary Chronicle.*[93] The *Monthly Review*[94] describes the Reverend Moses Stuart's *Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews* as a "profoundly learned and able work, the very creditable production of American intellect." *Blackwood's*[95] for July 1832 devotes a thirty-page article to the *Remains* of the Reverend Edmund D. Griffin. Griffin was something of a youthful prodigy, a preacher who died at the age of 26. The reviewer does not reach him until after many pages of discussion of American writings in general, but in the end praises both him and his editor enthusiastically.

[93] n. s. XI (Oct. 1833) 443.
[94] Nov. 1833, p. 452.
[95] XXXII (July 1832) 91.

CHAPTER X

PERIODICALS AND ANNUALS

American literary periodicals found their way to England in considerable numbers, and were watched by English editors as the surest indication of the literary culture prevalent in America. The most important of these periodicals, the *North American Review,* was the subject of much general comment, and separate issues were often noticed, and sometimes reviewed in detail. One of the earliest reviews of the *North American* was in a magazine of no great literary importance, the *Theatrical Inquisitor and Monthly Mirror.*[1]

> If we may be allowed to form a judgment of the state of the periodical press in America, from a perusal of the specimen before us, the inference is unavoidable, that it is at a still lower ebb than even our own. . . . The "Review of Books" appears to have been composed with somewhat more care and ability, and forms by far the most interesting portion of the work. It chiefly consists of a reply to an article which appeared some ten or twelve months since in the *Quarterly Review,* giving a very unfavourable, but we are not prepared to say an unfaithful, picture of the state of society and manners in the United States.

The reviewer goes on to say that the feeling with which charges of vulgarity are resented shows that they are true; and quotes what is evidently burlesque advice regarding manners as an indication of the unbelievable boorishness of the Americans. Five years later in the *Edinburgh Review*[2] Jeffrey said in a footnote to a review of the *Sketch Book* that the *North American* "appears to us to be by far the best and most promising production of the press of that country that has ever come to our notice. It is written with great spirit . . . and abounds with profound and original discussions on the

[1] VII (June 1815) 377.
[2] XXXIV (Aug. 1820) 160.

most interesting topics. . . . . The style is generally good, though with considerable exceptions—and sins oftener from affectation than ignorance. But the work . . . . is decidedly superior to any thing of the kind that existed in Europe twenty years ago." *The London Magazine*[3] under the heading "The North American and Quarterly Reviews" ridicules the Americans somewhat for their sensitiveness, but on the whole takes the side of the *North American* in a controversy over the use of Indian troops by the English in America. An article entitled *American Criticism* in the same journal[4] is really on the current number of the *North American Review.* It gives notes on some of the papers, and bestows some praise. A correspondent of the *Kaleidoscope*[5] quotes praise of the *North American* from other English journals, and expresses surprise that it is not found in English reading rooms. That the name of the *Review* was not a household word may be inferred from the following note in the *Christian Reformer.*[6]

> This is a Quarterly Journal, in the manner of our Quarterly and Edinburgh. It is compiled with great ability, and may be placed beside the above-named celebrated periodicals. Already, it has raised the standard of literature and taste among our Transatlantic brethren.

The Edinburgh Literary Journal[7] compares the first and the current numbers of the *North American:* "It is a contrast between a heavy imitation of the *Edinburgh Review,* and a work which imitates no other, but expresses, in a spirited and polished style, original views on a variety of interesting topics. This advance it has not made alone, but in company with the whole of American literature." By this time the *Review* was coming to be recognized. *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*[8] said:

> No literary performance of the Americans has done so much to wipe away the reproach of imbecility, supposed to be deserved by their intellectual character and efforts, as the North American

[3] n. s. VIII, 400.
[4] 3d ser. III, 358.
[5] V (Dec. 14, 1824) 204.
[6] XII (Dec. 1826) 483.
[7] II (Aug. 15, 1829) 147.
[8] XXXVII (Oct. 1829) 422.

Review. It is really an excellent periodical, and we have more than once referred to its pages for reflections more just, and views and opinions more striking, than were afforded, of the same subjects, by the colossal reviews of our own island. We recommend to the editor to confine himself and his writers more to American books and local subjects.

The *Athenæum*[9] also commented favorably:

This able periodical is doing more to create respect for the literary and intellectual character of the Americans, than any other production that has issued from the press of that country. The editor and writers, it is true, appear to entertain a firm belief that America is the best country under the sun; but as they abstain from foolish and impertinent tirades against the institutions and customs of other countries, their nationality may be pardoned.

Another review of No. LXXIII with considerable praise and long extracts appeared in the *Athenæum*[10] for 1831. *The Spirit of Literature*[11] called the *North American* "a journal which is an honour to American literature and scarcely, if at all, inferior to the best publications of the kind which the mother country can boast." Again, the same journal[12] reviewed the latest issue, and quoted commendations of the *Review* from the *Edinburgh*, the *Spectator*, and the *Athenæum*. In the issue for September 18, 1830,[13] it discussed a reply in No. LXVIII of the *North American* to an attack on America in the *Edinburgh*. The *Edinburgh Literary Journal*[14] noticed No. LXVII; and later in the same year[15] it praised No. LXVIII. The *Literary Guardian*[16] commented on the *North American* with No. LXXIII in hand: "This periodical production of our transatlantic friends appears to be most ably conducted, and bids fair to rival in reputation the older established periodicals of the mother country." An article in the *London Magazine*[17] entitled *The North American Review on Lord Byron's Works and Pinkney's Poetry* expresses

[9] [III] (March 20, 1830) 168.
[10] [IV] (Oct. 22, 1831) 685.
[11] I (June 5, 1830) 32.
[12] I (July 1830) 23.
[13] I, 329.
[14] III (June 26, 1830) 369.
[15] IV (Sept. 4, 1830) 154.
[16] I (Nov. 19, 1831) 123.
[17] n. s. IV (Feb. 1826) 224.

no real opinions of the *North American,* beyond the assumption that it is typical of America and American criticism.

The American periodical which next after the *North American Review* received the most notice was the *Annual Register* —a fact which shows to what an extent the interest in America was curious, almost statistical. The *Literary Gazette*[18] said *apropos* of the *Register* for 1825-6: "It is pleasing to see the epoch of half a century of independence marked by a new literary effort." *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*[19] discusses the first volume in an article less friendly to America than is usual in this periodical. The *Athenæum*[20] takes the appearance of a later volume as the occasion for scoring America and American literature, but says that the *Register* "displays a much more practical, as well as a more Catholic spirit, than we are wont to observe in American publications." The *Literary Gazette*[21] begins an article on the *Register* for 1826-7:

> Accustomed to speak our sentiments without circumlocution, frankly, whether for or against, it affords us much pleasure to notice this volume, which is just imported, with very high eulogy. It is an able performance, and does credit to the American mind and literature. But why should we say American, since the sterling and best works of that country are so entirely English and worthy of the intellect of the mother-land? It is only when presumptious egotists take it into their heads to imagine that they are new and sublimer creations of a new and sublimer world, that the good sense and genius of the United States are turned into folly and scoff. The work before us is a plain, sound and sensible production, full of information, and (though national enough) of much historical value.

After these words of commendation the article reprints one or two statistical items, and about a page of reports of slaves tortured to death, murders, Indian troubles, etc., and says: "This cento, selected without reference to connexion, is yet characteristic enough of the country."

Among the notices of other American papers and magazines was one of the *American Analectic Magazine* and the *American*

[18] XI (Aug. 25, 1827) 553.
[19] XXI (Oct. 1827) 412.
[20] [III] (Feb. 11, 1829) 84.
[21] XIII (April 11, 1829) 237.

Portfolio in the *Critical Review*.[22] The tone, while rather condescending, was not unfriendly. The *Edinburgh Magazine* and *Literary Miscellany (Scot's Magazine)*[23] names as "the chief if not the only general periodical journals in the United States": the *Portfolio*, the *Analectic Magazine*, the *Portico*, and the *North American Review*, and gives a brief characterization of each. It also says, "There are besides several Medical Journals and Reviews, conducted by men of great talents, and well supported by the Faculty, in original contributions." The *Literary Gazette*[24] speaks with apparent satisfaction of the *Albion*, "a journal devoted to British News and British Politics," founded at New York. Silliman's *American Quarterly Journal of Science* was frequently noticed, usually with some favor. *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*[25] in "Ourselves, our Correspondents, and the Public"—a department modelled somewhat on the *Noctes*—remarked: "American criticism is very fast improving its principles. The 'Southern Review' puts forth an excellent review of Byron's 'Manfred.'" The *Edinburgh Literary Journal* seems to have been interested in the unusual in American journalism. The leading articles in the issues for September 12 and 19, 1829,[26] respectively discuss the *Cherokee Phoenix* and the *New York Evening Post*. A later issue[27] comments on the current numbers of the *American Mechanics Magazine*, the *American Annals of Education and Instruction*, and the *American Monthly Magazine*. This editor must have received some of the American magazines regularly, for he several times comments on the *American Quarterly Review*,[28] in which he finds much to commend; and he also mentions several other journals.

It is significant of the interest taken by English editors in all American literary attempts that the early annuals and gift-books were carefully reviewed by several journals. No mention has been found of the two first volumes of the *Atlantic Souvenir*,

[22] 5th ser., V. (Jan. 1817) 91.
[23] I (Aug. 1817) 70.
[24] VI (Oct. 5, 1822) 632.
[25] XXXII (1831) 447.
[26] II, 201, 215.
[27] V (April 23, 1831) 266.
[28] V (Feb. 26, 1831) 138; VI (Aug. 20, 1831) 108; VI (Oct. 8, 1831) 209.

the earliest of the American annuals; but the volume for 1828 was reviewed in both the *London Weekly Review*[29] and the *Literary Gazette*.[30] The former said: "We are pleased to observe that even in the lightest department of literature, our republican brethren are becoming our rivals. The very interesting and elegant little volume now before us is the first Annual that has appeared in America."[31] The *Literary Gazette* takes a similar tone: "This is a very pretty little volume, and does credit to the taste and gallantry across the Atlantic." It gives the preference to the prose, and says some of the tales "would deserve a place in any Annual." "The poetry is but mediocre; it wants originality, and, worse still, wants character; there is nothing American in it." In August of the same year the *Gazette*[32] includes the *Token* for 1828 in a list of "American Publications" which it treats together, and gives it the most space of all, ranking it in many respects with English annuals; and praising especially the prose, which is "possessed of peculiar attractions, as furnishing not only several interesting sketches and tales, but having more of transatlantic freshness about them than is usually found in American works." "The *Token* gives us American descriptions and American embellishments." A few months later the *Gazette*[33] reviews the *Token* for 1829, which it pronounces inferior to English annuals in engravings, "but in all else fully their equal."

> It is a very charming little volume, and says much for the taste and talent diffused through American society; for the minds which can produce and appreciate the elegancies of literature, must have before *progressed* through its rougher paths.
>
> We cannot but observe, both with reference to the volume now before us, and other productions of the American muse, how very much the writings of L. E. L. have given their tone to Transatlantic poetry; their style is modelled on the school of which she is the founder: the same vein of metaphysical sentiment; the same wish to give inanimate nature our own feelings, making a sympathy between them, sometimes fanciful, but oftener touching; the same desire to exalt the humanity of love by the refinement of sorrow; the short sketches in blank verse; and much,

[29] II (Feb. 2, 1828) 68.
[30] XII (March 29, 1828) 197.
[31] This statement is of course incorrect.
[32] XII (Aug. 23, 1828) 530.
[33] XIII (Feb. 14, 1829) 99.

too, of that carelessness of diction, and neglect of action in the narratives, which are among her faults. The earlier American Souvenirs are chiefly composed of selections from her writings; and now that they have brought their own talents to the work, and are giving their Annuals a national character, the same influence is still perceptible; though, we must say, amid her many imitators, they are the only ones that have also their own original features:—if the spirit of song has been awakened by strange music, it awakes to revel in a new and beautiful world of its own.

By the following year advance copies of the American annuals must have been sent to England, for the *Literary Gazette's* review of both the *Atlantic Souvenir* and the *Token*[34] for 1830 appeared in November 1829. Indeed, there seems to have been, nominally at least, a London edition of the *Atlantic Souvenir*. The *Edinburgh Literary Journal*[35] praises the *Token* for 1831:

The Token, in point of appearance and embellishment, is very little behind any of our own annuals; and its literary contents though supplied by persons whose names are not familiar to us, are highly respectable, and are not the less interesting that their leading features are strictly national. . . . .

For the sake of their own character the Bostonians ought to support the *Token*, for it is a volume whose very exterior tells of pleasant drawing-rooms, well-bred men, and accomplished women; though these have not hitherto been considered the points in which America excels.

Tait's *Edinburgh Magazine*[36] prints what is a fairly representative criticism of the *Token* for 1832, praising the binding, paper and typography, but not the engravings, and saying of the literary contents: "Many of the lyrics are pretty; but, somehow, none of them seem native to the soil. They are an echo, repeating what has been heard from this side of the Atlantic. The prose sketches are equal to any thing we have seen in our own annuals." The *Athenæum*[37] somewhat oddly praises the engravings in the *Token* and *Atlantic Souvenir* for 1833, but says nothing of the literary contents. An early notice of the 1834 volume[38] says:

[34] XIII (Nov. 28, 1829) 773.
[35] V (Jan. 15, 1831) 45.
[36] I (June 1832) 378.
[37] March 9, 1833, p. 151.
[38] *Ibid* (Nov. 9, 1833) p. 748.

> It is a marvel for Boston; but not for London. It has a republican look: it is simple, without show or ostentation; and if it pleases at all must please by the graceful humility of its beauty, like a daisy or a hare-bell: lay it by the side of our more splendid Annuals, and it looks like Brutus or a visit to Sardanalpus.

This pleasantly patronizing tone is not unfair to the American annuals when they are compared with their more finished English rivals. The really remarkable thing is that they should have been glanced at in England at all.

CHAPTER XI

SCIENCE, SCHOLARSHIP, ETC.

American scientific and scholarly works between 1815 and 1833 had most of them slight literary significance, but all results of intellectual activity in the New World were closely associated in the minds of Englishmen. A great number of the so-called reviews of scientific books and periodicals were made up of summaries and extracts, with slight criticism. In most cases the work of American scientists was treated respectfully. A few reviews and notices, in some of which the critic has taken account of literary quality, may be mentioned as examples.

The *British Review*,[1] commenting on the *Memoirs of the Philadelphia Society for Promoting Agriculture*, and several other American works, says: "The American agricultural writers are plain, matter-of-fact men, little solicitous about elegance of style or expression in their practical communications. This circumstance will account for the appearance of such words as *progressing, grades, testing,* and the like, which do not sound very harmoniously to the chastized ear of a well-educated Englishman." The *Literary Panorama*[2] speaks pleasantly of the *Journal of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia,* and of the Academy itself. In another article[3] it congratulates the Linnæan Society of New England on the publication of a report "relative to a large Marine Animal, supposed to be a Serpent, seen near Cape Ann, Massachusetts." The sea-serpent was given much space in publications of about this time, and its existence was readily believed.

[1] VI (Nov. 1815) 377.
[2] n. s. VIII (May 1818) 228.
[3] n. s. VIII, 242.

The *Edinburgh Review*[4] treats, on the whole favorably, of two American works on geology. The interest of the reviewer is evidently economic rather than literary, or even purely scientific. The *Literary Gazette*[5] in a long serial discussion of *Wilson's American Ornithology* praises both the author's work and the mechanical form of the volumes. Professor Jacob Biglow's *American Medical Botany* was favorably reviewed by the *Literary and Statistical Magazine for Scotland.*[6] The *Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review*[7] devotes a long article to the *Transactions of the Historical and Literary Committee of the American Philosophical Society,* which it treats respectfully. The *Museum*[8] says of *A Complete Historical, Chronological, and Geographical American Atlas,* "The plan on which this Atlas is arranged, is the best and most convenient that has yet been devised for the purpose of reference." The *Athenæum*[9] says of Flint's *History and Geography of the Mississippi Valley:* "The author of this volume is clear, concise, and impartial in his statements: he loves his country as every honest man should: he opens his eyes to her virtues, nor shuts them on her defects." It again speaks of the author as "a clever, clear-headed man," and adds: "He is moreover honest and eloquent, and the latter is as much his own as the former: he is easy and generally unaffected, and not at all studious to say grand things." The *Imperial Magazine*[10] reviews, favorably, Carey and Lee's *Geography and Statistics of America and the West Indies.* The *Metropolitan Literary Journal*[11] adopts the familiar patronizing tone in its note on the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia: "Children are imitative animals; our young relatives on the western side of the Atlantic no sooner hear of any good thing projected on our side the water, than as docile followers of their parents, they adopt it. This is as it should be; else how would knowledge of all kinds be diffused. . . .

[4] XXX (Sept. 1818) 374.
[5] II (1818) 625, 644, 660, 677.
[6] III (Aug. 1819) 319.
[7] I (Nov. 6, 1819) 385.
[8] I (Nov. 23, 1822) 484.
[9] [V] (1832) 787, 823, 840.
[10] V (May 1823) 460.
[11] I (Sept. 1824) 485.

This Institute is designed for similar purposes to the various mechanics' institutes in this country; but its objects are more extensive. . . . . We congratulate our transatlantic brethren on the spirit which they have displayed." The *Eclectic Review*,[12] which is not given to praising scholarly work in America, speaks well of Harris's *Natural History of the Bible*. Both *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*[13] and the *Literary Gazette*[14] are most favorably impressed by Thomas Say's *American Entomology*. The *Monthly Review*[15] at the close of a long article devoted mostly to another work, approves Number 1 of the *Monthly American Journal of Geology and Natural Science*, especially because it is undertaken in a "laudable spirit of Christianized philosophy." *The Literary Gazette*[16] in an article continued through a series of numbers, speaks civilly of the *Transactions of the Historical and Literary Committee of the American Philosophical Society*, and quotes at length from papers on the American Indians. Another long-continued review, occupied mostly with content, is that of Hinton's *History and Topography of the United States* in the *Imperial Magazine*.[17] The critic is not especially friendly to the work under review, or to the United States, but finds comfort in the Whitefield revivals.

Of scholarly works not concerned with natural science the one which elicited most comment was Webster's *Dictionary*. In December, 1829, E. H. Barker wrote to the editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*[18] in praise of Webster's work, saying: "I could furnish multitudinous instances of the superior claims of this Dictionary over every other which is in print." The *Edinburgh Literary Journal*[19] was more noncommittal in its notice of Part I of the London-Edinburgh edition:

> This is a work which is held in great estimation in America, where it originally appeared. . . . We can easily conceive that a prejudice may exist in this country against an English Dictionary

[12] XXII (1824) 454.
[13] XV (Oct. 1825) 460.
[14] X (March 25, 1826) 177.
[15] n. and i. ser. Nov. 1831, p. 370.
[16] IV, 691, *et seq.*
[17] 2nd ser. I (1831) 91, 284, 388, 481.
[18] XCIX (Dec. 1829) 516.
[19] III (March 13, 1830) 161.

emanating from America; but we have every reason to believe that Dr. Webster is well qualified for the task he has undertaken. His introductory Dissertation on the origin, history, and connexion of the languages of Western Asia and of Europe, proves him to be a scholar of no mean attainments; whilst we are aware from other sources that he is an acute thinker, and a most laborious investigator. We do not doubt that the work, now in course of publication, will be found an important addition to philology.

The critic of the *Dublin Literary Gazette*[20] was more favorably impressed. He saw no reason why American scholars should not do well with the "philosophy" and the orthography of the language, but questioned whether they could judge of the best pronunciation. He commented favorably on the notation of sounds, and on the introduction of scientific terms. The *Gentleman's Magazine*,[21] speaking through its regular columns, said:

A dictionary of the English language by an American, is an annunciation prone to excite alarm, or ridicule; but nevertheless the fact is such, and we rejoice, because it may tend to prevent American-English from lapsing into that slang to which the late Mr. Mactaggart and others have pronounced it to be in speedy process of approximation. However, Dr. Webster is an author thoroughly competent to the arduous task; and English in intellect and habits of thinking; and the authors whom he uses for his citations are English also.

In conclusion: "That it is an excellent Dictionary is unquestionable."

A reviewer in the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*[22] who writes in the first person singular but does not sign his name, does not profess to be able to judge of philological accuracy, but praises the work as a defining dictionary, and considers it far superior to Johnson's. He commends the scientific accuracy, and says: "We cannot but think he will be ultimately regarded as having carried forward English lexicography as much beyond the point where it was left by Johnson, as Johnson himself advanced it beyond the progress

[20] I (April, May, 1830) 251, 327.
[21] C (May 1830) 339.
[22] VIII (April 1830) 396.

of *his* predecessors." The *Monthly Magazine*[23] though conceding that "His suggestions, moreover, on orthography and orthoepy . . . . are generally sound; and everything relative to science is indisputably improved," finds much fault with Webster for many of the words he includes, and accuses him of trying to swell the number. It protests, naively, against the giving of the value of ancient coins in American, rather than in English money; and objects to some expressions used in the definitions as Americanisms. The forty-page criticism in the *Westminster Review*[24] is scholarly and apparently neither prejudiced nor perfunctory, though the critic is not enthusiastic over the lexicon, which he considers better than Johnson's but not all that might have been wished. He says that the American support given Webster shows anxiety for the preservation of purity of the language; but doubts whether America can produce a wholly adequate dictionary, since the necessary works are not to be had there. *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*[25] in a review of several American tales incidentally remarks: "It is curious that the most important English dictionary, with the most profound and accurate investigation of the origin and principles of our native language published in the present day, should be the production of an American."

Among other scholarly works reviewed is the *Encyclopedia Americana,* of the first volume of which the *Literary Gazette*[26] speaks pleasantly, though it is annoyed by the omission of an article on *Heraldry,* and some other republican oddities. Kent's *Commentaries* was discussed in the *Westminster Review,*[27] which took advantage of the occasion to point out the advantages of American law and practice over British. Charles W. Upham's *Lectures on Witchcraft* was reviewed in the *Monthly Repository and Review;*[28] and a work on *Political Economy* by President Cooper of South Carolina in the *Eclectic Re-*

[23] n. s. X (Aug. 1830) 231.
[24] XIV (Jan. 1831) .
[25] XXXI (1831) 42.
[26] XIV (March 6, 1830) 155.
[27] XVI (April 1832) 359.
[28] n. s. VI (Aug. 1832) 545.

view.[29] In the preceding volume the *Eclectic Review,*[30] speaking on two articles in the *North American Review,* has made some general comments on American scholarship:

> It is not a little singular that the first critical notice which, we believe, has been taken of the letters of Eunomius, notwithstanding the popular interest attaching to the subject of law reform, . . . should appear in a Transatlantic periodical. But it is a fact that our American brethren whether because they have more leisure, more assiduity and enterprise, or less contempt for what is foreign than ourselves, . . . are very much more attentive to what is passing and publishing in England and all parts of Europe, than Englishmen are to either the literary or the political transactions of countries in immediate juxtaposition with their own.

[29] 3d ser. VII (1832) 1.
[30] 3d ser. VI (1831) 385.

CHAPTER XII

CONCLUSION

The feeling of one nation toward another is usually a complex matter. In great crises like those of war, waves of prejudice—for they hardly deserve a better name—may blind a whole people to either the virtues or the faults of another country: but such wholesale judgments never last long. The question so frequently asked of a returning traveller from Europe: "How do they feel toward us over there?" never admits of a satisfactory answer. Does the "they" of the question mean persons whom one meets socially? or collaborators and rivals in scholarship and business? or the politicians of this or that party? or the editors of this or that journal? or that non-existent generalization, "the man in the street?" Does "us" mean American tourists? or students and business men in Europe? or Americans at home, known, as they are mostly known, through stories and photo-plays? or the government and its foreign policies? Even if the strictest limitation were made, answer to the question would still be impossible, for the feelings which any individual entertains toward a nation are far more complex than those which he entertains toward another individual. An intelligent person is likely to find something in the civilization of almost any nation which he can admire. He is also certain to disapprove certain national traits. Moreover, he almost always finds that individuals whom he meets are not fully representative of their nation as he conceives it, and he is drawn to these or repelled by them as he would be by individuals of his own country. But pervading and modifying all these intellectual judgments and personal responses is a half-recognized sense of nationality. Most normally constituted persons find—though they may be amused at the fact—that for them the world seems to center in their own country; that all

other places are "abroad," and all other people, even when they are met in their own homes are "foreigners." It is probable, too, that the very basis of patriotism is a slight inherent contempt for other nations, their institutions, and their inhabitants; yet the intellect of any reasonable man rejects such contempt as unfair and absurd.

If the feelings of one nation toward another are so complex even in the most humdrum years, those of England toward America were much more involved in the period which has been covered by the present study. The War which came to an end in 1815 was almost unique in the fact that so many citizens of both the contending countries opposed it. Even during the period of hostilities the American cause was warmly supported in British periodicals. At the same time, no real Briton could have escaped a feeling of satisfaction when his nation won a victory, or a feeling of chagrin when she suffered a naval defeat. This conflict between intellectual judgments and patriotic emotions continued after the War.

Literary judgments are always more or less influenced by political, social, and religious prejudices, and this was especially true during the first third of the nineteenth century. Each of the leading literary reviews was regarded as a party organ, and its verdicts on either English or foreign writers were likely to be warped by its party affiliations. At the same time England was in a literary turmoil, with conflicting schools and groups of writers, and conflicting literary theories. Literary partisanship was often more intense than political or religious partisanship.

It was natural that British reviews of any foreign books should be slightly condescending in tone, and should color their expressed judgments according to the political, religious, and literary groups to which their authors belonged. It was especially natural that this should be true when the works under consideration were the product of a people whom the English still regarded as their wayward offspring, and who had hardly as yet established themselves among the nations of the world. Yet it was not very often that British critics stultified themselves by unreasoning hostility to American writings. The great majority tried to be fair, and even those who were most

carping in their comments played the game according to the recognized rules of party warfare.

Not only did most critics aim to be fair, but many of them showed an eagerness to welcome American writings, based in part on mere curiosity as to what things could come out of the wilderness, but in part on higher motives. This eagerness was, however, not wholly fortunate in its results. It led to the employment of a double standard—to the practice of treating American more leniently than English books. It also led, in most instances, to an emphasis on distinctive characteristics in American literature. Critics did not let Americans long forget that until a few years before they had been British subjects, and that all their inherited culture was British; but, illogically, they insisted that the new nation should at once produce a wholly novel literature. This led to excessive praise of works which pictured modes of life peculiar to America, or which developed eccentricities of manner, like the poems and tales of Neal; while writers who followed the great traditions of English literature, and who treated subjects that were abstract or common to both hemispheres, were disparaged. The last tendency is almost as strong today as it was a hundred years ago, and its persistence has been uniformly unfortunate for the literary understanding between England and America.

There was no one spirit which may be succinctly characterized in which Great Britain approached the work of American writers a century ago. To digest and summarize the mass of divergent and conflicting opinion quoted in the foregoing pages would be like an attempt to condense the multiplication table. At the conclusion of this study one can only call attention to the number and the variety of British comments on American writings; to the general intent of British critics to be fair; to the degree to which this intent was frustrated by insular prejudice and party feelings; and, what is most important, to the painfully slow but still perceptible development of a better mutual understanding between men of letters in the two countries.

APPENDIX

PERIODICALS CONSULTED

Note.—The periodicals listed below were examined in the preparation of the foregoing study. A few of those which were clearly of little value were given a somewhat cursory survey, and a very few were available only in imperfect files. In this list no attempt has been made to give with bibliographical accuracy very long titles, or to trace the frequent minor changes of title, or even, in case of periodicals of little importance, to note all changes of form and frequency of publication. Dates given are inclusive. When the title does not make clear the place of publication, and when no place is mentioned, London is to be understood. The libraries in which the periodicals were examined are indicated by the following abbreviations: B. M., British Museum; Bodl., Bodleian Library; Camb., Library of the University of Cambridge; W., combined libraries of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin and the University of Wisconsin. Many of the journals are to be found in more than one of these libraries; though most of those read in the Bodleian are not in the Wisconsin libraries or in the British Museum.

The Academic, a Periodical Publication Comprising Original Essays, Reviews, Poems, &c., &c. Liverpool. Vol. I. Jan. 15-Dec. 21, 1821. B. M.

Anti-Jacobin Review. Vols. XLVIII-LVI. Jan. 1815-Aug. 1819. W.

Argo. Nos. 1 to 6. Dec. 1822-Feb. 1823. B. M.

Athenæum. [Vols. I-V.] Jan. 2, 1828-Dec. 29, 1832. B. M., W.

Atlas, a General Newspaper and Journal of Literature. Vols. V, VI. 1830-1831. Bodl.

Augustan Review. Vols. I-III. May 1815-Dec. 1816. B. M.

Ayrshire Magazine and West Country Monthly Repository. Irvine. Vol. I. Aug. 1815-July, 1816. B. M.

Ayrshire Miscellany, or Kilmarnock Literary Expositor. Vols. II-XVII (incomplete file). 1818-1821. B. M.

Baptist Magazine. Vols. VII-XXV (incomplete file). 1815-1833. B. M.

Bath and Bristol Magazine, or Western Miscellany. Vols. I-III. 1832-1834. B. M.

Bee; or the Collector of Literary Sweets. Nos. 1, 2, March 1833. B. M.

Belfast Magazine, and Literary Journal. Vol. I. Feb.-July, 1825. B. M.

Bennet's Glasgow Magazine. Vol. I. July, 1832-June, 1833. B. M.

Bible Magazine and Theological Review. Vols. I-V. 1815-1819. B. M.

Biographical Magazine. Vols. I, II. 1819-1820. Bodl.

Blackwood's Magazine. Edinburgh. Vols. I-XXXIV. 1817-1833. W.

Bolster's Quarterly Magazine. Cork. Vols. I, II. Feb. 1826-Oct. 1827. B. M.

Bon Ton Magazine, or Telescope of the Times. Vol. I-VI. May 1818-Apr. 1821. B. M.

Border Magazine. Berwick. Vols. I, II. 1831-1832. W.

Boudoir, or British Magazine of Literature, Music, The Fine Arts, Fashions, etc. Vol. I. Jan.-Dec., 1832. B. M.

Brazen Head. Nos. 1 to 3. April, May 1826. B. M.

British Critic. Vols. III-XXIII, n. s. Jan. 1815-June, 1825, and Vols. I-III, 3d ser. 1825-1826. B. M.

British Critic, Quarterly Theological Review and Ecclesiastical Record. Vols. I-III. Jan. 1827-Apr. 1828. B. M.

British Lady's Magazine and Monthly Miscellany. Vols. I-V and Vols. I-II n. s., Jan. 1815-May 1818. B. M.

British Magazine, A Monthly Journal of Literature, Science and Art. Vols. I, II. Jan.-Dec. 1830. B. M.

British Magazine and Monthly Register of Religious and Ecclesiastical Information, Parochial History, and Documents Respecting the State of the Poor, Progress of Education, &c. Vols. I-IV. 1832-1833. W.

British Magazine, or Miscellany of Polite Literature. Vol. I. 1823. B. M.

British Review and London Critical Journal. Vols. VI-XXIII. 1815-Nov., 1825. B. M.

British Stage and Literary Cabinet. Vols. I-VI. Jan. 1817-Feb. 1822. B. M.

Caledonian, A Quarterly Journal. Dundee. Vol. I, part of Vol. II. June 1820-Oct. 1821. B. M.

Caledonian Magazine and Review. Dundee. Vol. I, parts 1 and 2 of Vol. II. July 1822-Feb. 1823. B. M.

Cambrian Quarterly Magazine and Celtic Repertory. Vols. I-IV. 1829-1832. W., B. M.

Cambridge Quarterly Review and Academical Register. Vol. I. Mar.-July, 1824. B. M.

Catholic Magazine and Review. Birmingham. Vols. I-VI. Feb .1831-Dec. 1835. B. M.

Censor: an Entirely Original Work Devoted to Literature, Poetry, and the Drama. Vol. I. Sept. 6, 1828-April 4, 1829. B. M.

Chameleon. Vols. I-III. 1832-1833. Bodl.

Christian Examiner and Church of Ireland Magazine. Dublin. Vols. I-XI and Vols. I, II n. s. July 1825-Dec. 1833. B. M.

Christian Guardian and Church of England Magazine. Bristol and London. New and Enlarged Series, Vols. VII-XXV. 1815-1833 (incomplete file). B. M.

Christian Herald. Edinburgh. Vols. I-VIII and Vols. I, II n. s. Jan. 1814-Dec. 1823. Bodl.

Christian Monitor and Theological Review. Vol. I. Dec. 7, 1826-June 23, 1827. B. M.

Christian Observer. Vols. XV-XXXIII. 1816-1833. B. M.

Christian Reflector and Theological Inquirer. Liverpool. Vols. I-V and Vols. I-V n. s. Aug. 16, 1819-Dec. 1829. B. M.

Christian Reformer: or New Evangelical Miscellany. Vols. I-XIX. 1815-1833. B. M.

Christian Remembrancer; or the Churchman's Biblical, Ecclesiastical and Literary Miscellany. Vols. I-XV. Jan. 1819-Dec. 1833 (incomplete file). B. M., Bodl.

Christian Repository: a Magazine and Review. Vols. I, II. June 1825-March 1826. B. M.

Christian Review and Clerical Magazine. Vols. I-III. Jan. 1827-Oct. 1829. B. M.

Christian's Pocket Magazine. Vols. I-VIII. May 1819-June 1823. B. M.

Classic Wreath. No. 1. Nov. 24, 1832. B. M.

Cobbett's Magazine: a Monthly Review of Politics, Science, Literature, and Rural and Domestic Pursuits. Vols. I, II. Feb. 1833-May 1834. B. M.

Coila Repository and Kilmarnock Monthly Magazine. Vol. I. Aug. 1817-Aug. 1818. B. M.

Colburn's New Monthly Magazine and Literary Journal. Vols. I-XXXIV. 1821-1833. W.

Companion. Vol. I. Jan. 9-July 23, 1828. B. M.

Congregational Magazine. Vols. I-IX. 1825-1833. B. M.

Co-operative Magazine and Monthly Herald. Vols. I-IV and Nos. 1-4, Vol. I, n. s. Jan. 1826-Nov. 1830. B. M.

Correspondent: Consisting of Letters, Moral, Political, and Literary, between Eminent Writers in France and England. Vol. I. 1817. B. M.

Cottager's Monthly Visitor. Vols. I-XIII. Jan. 1821-Dec. 1833. B. M.

Country Constitutional Guardian and Literary Magazine. Bristol. Vol. I. Nov. 1821-May, 1822. B. M.

Critic, a Monthly Magazine. Nos. 1 and 2. April, May, 1832. B. M.

Critical Review, or Annals of Literature. Fifth series. Vols. I-V. Jan. 1815-June 1817. B. M.

Day, a Journal of Literature, Fine Arts, Fashions, &c. Glasgow. Vol. I, part of Vol. II. Jan. 2-June 30, 1832. B. M.

Diamond Magazine. Vol. I. June 1831-April, 1832. B. M.

Dissenter's Magazine for Yorkshire and Lancaster. London. Vol. I. March 1832-Jan. 1833.

Drama, or Theatrical Pocket Magazine. Vols. I-VI and Vol. I, n. s. May, 1821-[1825]. B. M.

Dramatic Argus. Dublin. Vols. I, II. Nov. 28, 1824-Feb. 10, 1825. B. M.

Dramatic Magazine. Vols. I, II, part of Vol. III. March, 1829-April 1831. B. M.

Domestic Visitor. Vols. I-IV. March 1828-Dec. 1831. B. M.

Dublin and London Magazine (Robin's London and Dublin Magazine). Vols. I-III. March 1825-June 1827. B. M.

Dublin Examiner, or Monthly Journal of Science, Literature, and Art. Vol. I, part of Vol. II. May 1816-Jan. 1817. B. M.

Dublin Family Magazine: or Literary and Religious Miscellany. Vol. I. April-Sept. 1829. B. M.

Dublin Inquisitor. Vol. I. Jan.-June 1821.

Dublin Literary Gazette: or Weekly Chronicle of Criticism, Belles Lettres, and Fine Arts. Vol. I. Jan. 2-June 26, 1830. B. M.

Dublin Magazine, or General Repertory of Philosophy, Belles-Lettres and Miscellaneous Information. Vols. I, II. Jan.-Dec. 1820. B. M.

Dublin Monthly Magazine. Vol. I. Jan.-June 1830. B. M.

Dublin University Review and Quarterly Magazine. Vol. I, Part 1. Jan. and April 1833. B. M.

Dumfries Monthly Magazine and Literary Compendium. Vols. I-III. July 1825-Dec. 1826. B. M.

East-Lothian Literary and Statistical Journal. Haddington. Vol. I. July 1830-June 1831. B. M.

Eclectic Review. Vols. III-XXX n. s. and Vols. I-X 3d ser. Jan. 1815-Dec. 1833 (incomplete file). Bodl., B. M.

Edinburgh Catholic Magazine. Vol. I. April 1832-Sept. 1833. B. M.

Edinburgh Christian Instructor. Vols. XIV-XXVI and Vols. I, II n. s. (incomplete file). Jan. 1821-Dec. 1833. B. M.

Edinburgh Literary Gazette, or Weekly Cyclopedia. Vol. I. May 21-Nov. 21, 1823 (incomplete file). B. M.

Edinburgh Literary Gazette. Vols. I, II. May 16, 1829-July 10, 1830. B. M.

Edinburgh Literary Journal, or Weekly Register of Criticism and Belles Lettres. Vols. I-VI. Nov. 1828-Jan. 1832. W.

Edinburgh Magazine and Literary Miscellany (continuation of the *Scot's Magazine).* Vols. I-XVIII. Aug. 1817-June 1826. W., B. M.

Edinburgh Monthly Review. Vols. I-V. Jan. 1819-June 1821. B. M.

Edinburgh Observer and Town and Country Magazine. Nos. 1-3, Sept. and Oct. 1817. B. M.

Edinburgh Philosophical Journal. Vols. I-XIV. 1819-1826; continued as *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.* Vols. I-XVI. 1826-1833. W., B. M.

Edinburgh Reflector: a Weekly Political and Literary Miscellany. Vol. I. July 1-Dec. 30, 1818. Bodl.

Edinburgh Review. Vols. XXVI-LVIII. 1816-1833. W.

Edinburgh Spectator, a Journal of Literature and the Fine Arts. Feb. 15-April 7, 1832. B. M.

Edinburgh Theological Magazine. Vols. I-IV. Jan. 1826-May 1829. B. M.

Edinburgh University Journal and Critical Review. Vol. I. Jan.-March 1823. B. M.

Englishman's Magazine. Vol. I, part of Vol. II. April 1831-Oct. 1832. B. M.

European Magazine and London Review. Vols. LXVII-LXXXVII. Jan. 1815-July 1825. W.

European Review, or Mind and its Productions in Britain, France, Italy, Germany, &c. Edinburgh and London. Nos. 1-6. June 1824-Jan. 1826. B. M.

Evangelical Magazine and Missionary Chronicle. Vols. XXIII-XXX and Vols. I-XI n. s. Jan. 1815-Dec. 1833. B. M.

Extractor: or Universal Repertorium of Literature, Science, and the Arts. Vols. I, II. Nov. 1828-July 1829. B. M.

Falkirk Monthly Magazine. Vol. I. Feb.-May 1827. B. M.

Family Magazine. Vols. I, II. 1830-1831. B. M.

Foreign Quarterly Review. Vols. I-XII. 1827-1833. W.

Foreign Review. Vols. I-V. 1828-1830. W.

Fraser's Magazine. Vols. I-VIII. Feb. 1830-Dec. 1833. W.

Freebooter. Vol. I. Oct. 11, 1823-April 3, 1824. Bodl.

Friend. Dublin. Vol. I. Dec. 1, 1829-Feb. 1830. B. M.

Friends' Monthly Magazine Bristol. Vols. I, II. Nov. 1829-Dec. 1831. B. M.

Gentleman's Magazine. Vols. LXXXV-CIII. 1815-1833. W.

Gentleman's Pocket Magazine and Album of Literature and Fine Arts. Vols. I-IV. 1827-1830. B. M.

Glasgow Mechanics' Magazine and Annals of Philosophy. Vols. I-V. Jan. 3, 1824-Sept. 2, 1826. B. M.

Gleaner's Portfolio, or Provincial Magazine. Lewes. Vol. I. Aug. 1818- . B. M.

Gospel Magazine and Theological Review. Vols. X, 2nd ser. and I, II, 3d ser. 1815-1817. B. M.

Gossip. Vol. I. March 3-Aug. 11, 1821. B. M.

Green Man, or Periodical Expositor. Vol. I. Oct. 31, 1818-Sept. 11, 1819. B. M.

Hermes: a Literary, Moral, and Scientific Journal. Liverpool. Vol. I. Nov. 2, 1822-May 10, 1823. B. M.

Hero: an Original Weekly Publication. Vol. I-IV. 1822-1825 (?). B. M.

Hibernian Review. (first published as *The Moon Review).* Dublin. Vol. I. 1830. B. M.

Hour in the Study, by the Wisdomite Club. Vol. I. 1816. Bodl.

Imperial Magazine: or Compendium of Religious, Moral, and Philosophical Knowledge. Liverpool. Vols. I-XII and Vols. I-III, 2nd ser. 1819-1833. B. M.

Independent, a London Literary and Political Review. Vol. I. Jan. 6-March 31, 1821. B. M.

Inquirer. Vol. I. April 1822-April 1823. B. M.

Inspector. Vols. II, III. 1826(?)-Oct. 1827. B. M.

Investigator. Vols. I-VIII. May 1820-Oct. 1824. B. M.

Investigator, or Monthly Expositor on Prophecy. Vol. I-III. 1831-1833. B. M.

Iris, a Journal of Literature, Science, and Amusement. Vol. I, II. Jan.-Dec. 1825. B. M.

John Bull Magazine and Literary Recorder. Vol. I. July-Dec. 1824. B. M.

Juvenillia, No. 1. Feb. 11, 1833.

Kaleidoscope, or Literary and Scientific Mirror. Liverpool. Vols. I, II and Vols. I-XI n. s. July 28, 1818-Sept. 6, 1831. Bodl., B. M.

Kilmarnock Mirror and Literary Gleaner. Vol. I. Oct. 1818-May 1819. B. M.

Knight's Quarterly Magazine. Vols. I-III and Vol. I, No. 1, n. s., June 1823-Aug. 1825. B. M.

Ladies' Monthly Museum. Vols. I-XXVIII, improved ser. Jan. 1815-Jan. 1828. W., B. M.

Ladies Museum. Vols. I, II. 1829. W.

Lady's Magazine, or Entertaining Companion for the Fair Sex. Vols. XLVI-XLIX. Vols. I-X n. s. and Vols. I-V improved ser. 1815-1833. Incomplete. B. M.

Lady's Pocket Magazine. [Vols. I-IX.] 1825-1833. B. M.

Leeds Correspondent, a Literary, Mathematical, & Philosophical Miscellany. Vols. I-IV, Jan. 1814-Oct. 1822 (irregular). B. M.

Leeds Literary Observer, a Repository for Original Communications in the form of Essays, Narratives, Critical Observations, Reviews, Etc. Vol. I. Jan.-Sept. 1819. B. M.

Liberal: Verse and Prose from the South. (By Leigh Hunt, Byron, *et. al.*) Vols. I, II. 1822, 1823. B. M.

Literary and Statistical Magazine for Scotland. Edinburgh. Vols. I-IV. Feb. 1817-Aug. 1820. B. M.

Literary Beacon. Vol. I, part of Vol. II. June 18-Sept. 31, 1831. B. M.

Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review. Vols. I-X. May 22, 1819-May 10, 1828. B. M.

Literary Examiner: Consisting of the Indicator, a Review of New Books, and Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose and Verse. (Edited by Leigh Hunt). Vol. I. July 5,-Dec. 27, 1823. B. M.

Literary Gazette: and Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, Etc. [Vols. I-XVII.] 1817-1833. B. M.

Literary Guardian and Spectator of Books, Science, Fine Arts, the Drama. Vols. I, II. Oct. 1, 1831-Aug. 4, 1832. B. M.

Literary Melange, or Weekly Register of Literature and the Arts. Glasgow. Vol. I. June 19, 1822-Jan. 29, 1833. Bodl.

Literary Museum and Critical Review. Glasgow. Vol. I. April 1831-March 1832. B. M.

Literary Museum and Register of Arts, Sciences, Belles Lettres, Etc. (Earlier, *The Museum, or Record of Literature, Etc.*) Vols. I, II, and part of Vol. I, n. s. Jan. 1822-Feb. 7, 1824. B. M.

Literary Panorama and National Register. (Later merged with *New Monthly Magazine.*) Vols. I-IX, n. s. Oct. 1814-July, 1819. B. M.

Literary Sketch-Book; for the Edification and Amusement of all Ranks of Society. Vol. I. Aug. 1823-April 1824. B. M.

Literary Speculum. Original Essays, Criticism, Poetry. By Various Hands. Vols. I, II. Nov. 1821-1822(?). B. M.

Liverpool Magazine and General Provincial Miscellany. Vol. I. Jan.-Nov. 1816. B. M.

Liverpool Repository of Literature, Philosophy, and Commerce. Vol. I. Jan.-Dec. 1826. B. M.

London Christian Instructor and Congregational Magazine. (Continued as Congregational Magazine, *q. v.*). Vols. I-VII. Jan. 1818-Dec. 1824. B. M.

London Magazine. Vols. I-X, I-X n. s. and I-III, 3d ser. Jan. 1820-June 1829. Bodl., B. M.

London Magazine and Monthly Critical and Dramatic Review. Vols. I-III and Vol. IV, Part 1. Jan. 1820-July 1821. B. M.

London Review. Vol. I, No. 1, Feb. 1829. Bodl.

London Spy: a Weekly Magazine of Instructing and Amusing Literature. Vols. I-III. May 14, 1831-1832. B. M.

London University Magazine. Vols. I, II. 1829-1830(?). B. M.

London Weekly Review and Journal of Literature and the Fine Arts. Vol. I-[III]. June 9, 1827-April 25, 1829. B. M.

Lonsdale Magazine, or Provincial Repository. Kirkby Lonsdale. Vols. I-III. 1820-1822. B. M.

Loyal Reformers' Gazette. Glasgow. Vols. I-III. May 7, 1831-Feb. 23, 1833. B. M.

McPhun's Glasgow Magazine. Nos. 1, 2. Nov. Dec. 1824. B. M.

Magazine and Review of Literature, Science, and the Arts. Vol. I. (?). Jan.-May, 1830. B. M.

Magazine of Foreign Literature. Vol. I(?). March-Oct. 1823. B. M.

Magnet, or Plymouth Monthly Magazine. Vols. I, II. Oct. 1822-Sept. 1823. B. M.

Manchester Iris, a Literary and Scientific Miscellany. Vols. I, II. Feb. 2, 1822-Dec. 27, 1833. B. M.

Manchester Magazine. The Chronicle of the Times and Provincial Magazine. Vols. I, II. 1815, 1816. B. M.

Mentor, or Edinburgh Weekly Essayist. Vols. I, II. May 24, 1817-May 16, 1818. B. M.

Meteor, or General Censor: Comprising Satirical and Humorous Essays. Vol. I. 1817. Bodl.

Methodist Magazine . . . being a Continuation of the Arminian Magazine, first Published by the Rev. John Wesley, A. M. Vols. XXXVIII (n. s. Vol. XII)-LVI (3d ser. Vol. XII). Jan. 1815-Dec. 1833. B. M.

Methodist Magazine, Conducted by the Camp-Meeting Methodists, Known by the Name of Ranters, called also Primitive Methodists. Leicester. Vols. I-XI and Vols. I-III n. s. Jan., 1819-Dec. 1833. B. M.

Metropolitan: a Monthly Journal of Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts. Vols. I-VIII. May 1831-Dec. 1833. B. M.

Metropolitan Literary Journal and General Magazine of Literature, Science, and the Arts. Vol. I. May-Dec. 1824. B. M.

Metropolitan Quarterly Magazine. Vols. I, II. 1826. B. M.

Miniature Magazine, or Epitome of the Times. Vols. I-III. June 1818-Jan. 1820. B. M.

Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction. Vols. I-XXII. Nov. 2, 1822-Dec. 28, 1833. W.

Mirror of the Stage. Vols. I-V. Aug. 12, 1822-Dec. 13, 1824. B. M.

Monthly Censor, or General Review of Domestic and Foreign Literature. Vol. I, part of Vol. II. June 1822-Feb. 1823. B. M.

Monthly Critical Gazette. Vols. I, II. June 1824-June 1825. Bodl.

Monthly Literary Advertiser. 1815-1833. B. M.

Monthly Literary Register and Review of the Fine Arts, Sciences, and Belles Lettres. Vols. I, II, part of Vol. III. May 1822-April 1823. Bodl.

Monthly Magazine: or British Register. Vols. XXXIX-LX, and Vols. I-XVI, n. s. (incomplete file), Feb. 1815-Dec. 1833. B. M.

Monthly Repository of Theology and General Literature. Vols. X-XXI, and Vols. I-VII, n. s. 1815-1833. B. M.

Monthly Review. Vols. LXXXVI-CVIII and Vols. I-(XXIV), n. s. 1815-1833. W., B. M.

National Magazine. Dublin. Vols. I, II. July 1830, (April) 1831. B. M.

National Magazine and General Review. Vol. I. Nov. 1826-May 1827. B. M.

National Omnibus and General Advertiser. Vols. I, II, and part of Vol. I, n. s. April 1, 1831-July 12, 1833. B. M.

Nepenthes, or Liverpool Weekly Correspondent and Journal of Fashionable Literature. Vol. I. Jan. 8-Dec. 24, 1825. B. M.

New Baptist Magazine and Evangelical Repository. Vols. I, II. Continued as *New Baptist Miscellany,* Vols. I-VI. Jan. 1825-Dec. 1832. B. M.

New British Lady's Magazine; or Monthly Mirror of Literature and Fashion. Vol. II. Jan.-June, 1819. B. M.

Newcastle Magazine. Vol. I, and Vols. I-III, n. s. Sept. 1820-Dec. 1824. B. M.

New Edinburgh Review. Vols. I-IV. July 1821-April 1823. B. M.

New European Magazine. Vols. I-IV. July 1822-June 1824. B. M.

New Evangelical Magazine and Theological Review. Vols. I-IV (incomplete file). 1815-1818. B. M.

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THE GEOGRAPHY OF HERODOTUS

ARTHUR GORDON LAIRD

THE ROYAL ROAD

I purpose to discuss two points in Herodotus' description of what he calls The Royal Road between Sardis and Susa (V. 49-54); first the country of the Matieni, and next the meaning of the word σταθμοί and the relation of the number of them between the two cities, namely, one hundred and eleven, to the ninety days allotted to the journey.

Aristagoras of Miletus, in his appeal to Cleomenes of Sparta for help against the Persians, names the countries between Ionia and Susa (V. 49). They are Lydia, Phrygia, Cappadocia, Cilicia, Armenia, Matiene, and Kissia. Our text in V. 52, where Herodotus undertakes to describe the route more at length, also makes Matiene stretch from Armenia to Kissia. Such an extension contradicts what we know of the country from Herodotus himself and from other sources. Matiene, according to Strabo 523, is northwest of Media. Hecataeus (Steph. B. Μόσχοι) makes it border on the country of the Moschi, a Colchian race. In *C. Ph.*, XVI, 313, I have tried to prove that according to these writers and Herodotus the most probable location of Matiene is east of Armenia, between it and the Saspeirians, who are north of Media (I. 104, 110; IV. 37, 40). This position suits the union of the Matieni with the Saspeirians in a tribute district (III. 94), and is satisfactory enough as the source of the Gyndes (I. 189), the Araxes (I. 202), and the (probable) Lesser Zab (V. 52), if we bear in mind that geographers at that period could not have known the sources of these rivers very accurately. I have also proved (*l. c.*) that the Matieni of Xerxes' army (VII. 72) can not be separated from those east of Armenia. It is a common assertion (see Stein or Macan) that Herodotus has three Matienes, one on the Halys (I. 72), that of the Royal Road, and the neighbor of the Saspeirians,

but there is nothing in V. 52 inconsistent with the Matiene between Armenia and the Saspeirians, though we meet something new in the enormous extension south to Kissia. Certainly the Matiene which is the source of the Lesser Zab (V. 52) need not be separated from that which is the source of the Gyndes (V. 52 and I. 189), and we are hardly justified in assuming without strong proof that there are two different Matienes in one and the same chapter (V. 52). Stein's correction of the text here is not ground enough for putting Matiene south as well as east of Armenia.

It would be difficult to prove from any actual mention of the country in Herodotus that it did not border on Kissia. The composition of the tribute districts would be against it, but not convincingly. There is, however, in the description of the two *ἀκταί* of Asia (IV. 37-40) positive evidence that for Herodotus Matiene belongs in Asia Minor and can not be thought of as extending south into the southwestern *ἀκτή* (see article cited). Is the evidence of the Royal Road sufficient evidence in itself to outweigh all that is against it? Certainly not, when one of the two passages, V. 49 and 52, is admitted to be corrupt in the part that comes between Matiene and Kissia. The proof of a lacuna consists in the fact that there are said to be one hundred and eleven *σταθμοί*, yet the items make only eighty-one. That the lacuna comes right after the mention of the Matieni is certain because here alone are the *σταθμοί* not interpreted in terms of parasangs. For my part I find it easier to believe that, after the corruption of V. 52, the text of ch. 49 was changed to make the two agree—the omission of three or four words would be sufficient—than to accept its Matieni.

But the difficulties of the route from Armenia on can not be removed by inserting after Matiene the name Media or Assyria with the proper number of *σταθμοί* and parasangs to make up the total. Following the mention of Armenia (in the MSS) there is a statement that "four navigable rivers flow through this country," the Tigris, two of the same name (taken to be the two Zabs), and the Gyndes. Since these four rivers were certainly not in Armenia, Stein has shifted the passage so as to put them in Matiene; and the correction has been accepted by many. It should not be, for it is just as

certain that all four do not belong in Matiene. Assyria and Assyria alone can claim them all. Herodotus makes the Tigris flow from Armenia into Assyria (I. 194). If the road crossed it in Assyria, then Matiene was never entered at all. If the road passed right across Armenia into Matiene on the eastern border, then it crossed the Tigris and the Greater Zab, which was in Armenia (V. 52), before entering Matiene. Possibly Herodotus confused two alternative routes, one crossing the four rivers in Assyria, the other avoiding that difficulty by keeping straight on to Matiene and thus finding easier passages. As Xenophon remarks with reference to some of these very rivers "all are passable when one approaches their sources" (*Anab.* III. 2. 22). (It has already been conjectured that Herodotus confused the road by way of the Cilician Gates with one that ran to the north across the Halys and through Cappadocia). Another possibility is that there is a corruption in the text immediately before the mention of the rivers. The words *καὶ φυλακτήριον ἐν αὐτοῖσι* are far from plain. *Αὐτοῖσι* should refer to the preceding *σταθμοί*, or we might take it, with Macan, to apply to the *Ἀρμένιοι* suggested by *Ἀρμενίη*. Neither method is satisfactory. One *φυλακτήριον* is said to be at the crossing of the Halys from Phrygia into Cappadocia. On the eastern boundary of Cilicia there were *διξὰ φυλακτήρια*. It is unlikely that there was a guard-post at each *σταθμός* in Armenia, or just one in the country at some position not specified.

One other point with regard to the route may be touched upon. The words *ἐκ δὲ ταύτης ἐς τὴν Κισσίην χώρην μεταβαίνοντι ἕνδεκα σταθμοὶ . . . ἐπὶ ποταμὸν Χοάσπην . . . ἐπ' ᾧ Σοῦσα πόλις πεπόλισται* strictly taken, would mean that the eleven stages through Kissia were traversed before the Choaspes was reached. Our maps make the road run close to the river for the greater part of the way. The direction of the stream favors this assumption. Herodotus either expressed himself loosely or was ignorant of the facts.

After the route has been described, there is this conclusion:—*οὗτοι οἱ πάντες σταθμοί εἰσι ἕνδεκα καὶ ἑκατόν. καταγωγαὶ μέν νυν σταθμῶν τοσαῦταί εἰσι ἐκ Σαρδίων ἐς Σοῦσα ἀναβαίνοντι.* Since for each section of the road the number of parasangs has been

given, as well as the σταθμοί (except in the case of Matiene), we should have expected the total in parasangs to have followed that of the σταθμοί. Instead of that we have the following: "And if the royal road has been measured correctly in parasangs and the parasang is equal to thirty stades (and it certainly is equal to that), the distance from Sardis to the palace called Memnon's is 13,500 stades, the parasangs being 450. Thus, exactly ninety days are spent in the journey if one travels at the rate of 150 stades a day. Therefore Aristagoras of Miletus was right when he told Cleomenes of Lacedaemon that it was a three months' march up to the King." This sounds as if Herodotus were more certain of the number of σταθμοί than of the distance in parasangs, in spite of his interpreting the various items of σταθμοί in terms of parasangs. But what is the relation of the one hundred and eleven σταθμοί to the ninety days? What is the distance between stations if it is not a day's journey? In Xenophon's *Anabasis* a σταθμός *is* a day's march. The distance in the *Anabasis* varies greatly. Usually it is five, six, or seven parasangs; but we have as low as three "with the army in battle array" (I. 7. 14), and as high as ten (I. 2. 11). In one place (I. 5. 7), Xenophon tells us that some of the marches were very long because of the necessity of reaching water or fodder.

The σταθμοί on the Royal Road are not placed at regular intervals. In Lydia and Phrygia there are twenty to ninety-four and one-half parasangs; in Cappadocia twenty-eight to one hundred and four; in Cilicia three to fifteen and one-half; in Armenia fifteen to fifty-six and one half; and in Kissia eleven to forty-two and one-half parasangs. Thus the average for these sections varies from a slight fraction below four parasangs between σταθμοί in Cappadocia to a slight fraction above five in Cilicia. We assume that the difference depends upon the difficulty of the country traversed. It is quite evident that a σταθμός is in some degree a measure of distance just as it is in the *Anabasis*. Now in connection with the sending of the news of the battle of Salamis to Persia we are told (VIII. 98): τούτων δὲ τῶν ἀγγέλων ἐστὶ οὐδὲν ὅ τι θᾶσσον παραγίγνεται θνητὸν ἐόν· οὕτω τοῖσι Πέρσῃσι ἐξεύρηται τοῦτο. λέγουσι γὰρ ὡς ὁσέων ἂν ἡμερέων ᾖ ἡ πᾶσα ὁδός, τοσοῦτοι ἵπποι τε καὶ ἄνδρες

διεστᾶσι, κατὰ ἡμερεσίην ὁδὸν ἑκάστην ἵππος τε καὶ ἀνὴρ τεταγμένος :— *as many as is the number of days in the whole journey so many horses and men are placed at intervals, a horse and man for each day's journey.* Macan comments: "διεστᾶσι 'are posted at intervals'—of a day's journey: in σταθμοί no doubt." Stein, on V. 52, connects σταθμός with the ἄγγαρον of VIII. 98. So Abicht, and How and Wells; and it is evident that there must have been *stations* for these relays of men and horses. Possibly Herodotus meant something different by his σταθμοὶ βασιλήιοι καὶ καταλύσιες κάλλισται, σταθμοὶ καταγωγέων, or καταγωγαὶ σταθμῶν in V. 52; at any rate he would not consider four hundred and fifty parasangs in one hundred and eleven days very fast travelling. If VIII. 98 did not state so definitely that there was one man and one horse for each day, we might assume that on the Royal Road there were two or three relays per day; but it must be admitted that this relay passage only adds to the difficulty of understanding the relation between the one hundred and eleven σταθμοί and the ninety days. Even the fact that towns and villages, in which σταθμοί would naturally be established, are not at regular distances from one another does not remove the impression, given by the items in V. 52, that σταθμός is a measure of distance.

I pointed out above that Herodotus seemed to be more certain of the number of stations than of the distance in parasangs. This raises the question whether Herodotus got the figure of four hundred and fifty parasangs "correctly measured" from official sources (or even from travellers) and brought this into connection with the Aristagoras-Cleomenes anecdote of a three months' journey by reckoning one hundred and fifty stades to the day, or was it the other way about? Was three months the ordinary time allowed by travellers for the trip to Susa, and did Herodotus get his four hundred and fifty parasangs from that? The latter alternative has much in its favor. For that period it is more likely that the distance was measured roughly by the time it took to travel it, than that the Persians had made an accurate survey. The number of parasangs assigned to each section of the road would help us to decide between these two alternatives, if the route were more accurately defined. As it is, they tell us little. The figures for Cilicia

and Kissia mean nothing, for we have only one limit in either case, the Euphrates (a rather indefinite point), and Susa. The fifty-six and one-half parasangs in Armenia are said by Kiepert to be the distance from Tomisa on the Euphrates to the junction of the two branches of the Tigris. They are far from enough to carry us through Armenia to Matiene, if the Greater Zab must be crossed on the way. How to get one hundred and four parasangs into Cappadocia has puzzled the geographers. A great bend must be assumed. The most satisfactory distance is the ninety-four and one-half parasangs[1] between Sardis and the Halys—the nearest and, naturally, the best known section. On the whole these distances are not so close to the facts that they could not be derived from rough estimates of day's journeys.

If the distance of four hundred and fifty parasangs was derived from the three months' journey, it might just as well have been estimated at five hundred and forty, for the average of one hundred and fifty stades or five parasangs a day is but one of three ways that Herodotus himself uses. Just below he says that it was five hundred and forty stades from Ephesus to Sardis, and he counts this a journey of three days. In IV. 101 an average of two hundred stades a day is used in estimating the length and breadth of Scythia. I believe that the explanation of the one hundred and eleven σταθμοί, as compared with the ninety days, is to be found in the three months' journey being variously reckoned as four hundred and fifty or five hundred and forty parasangs according as five or six parasangs was taken as the average for a day. An item of five hundred and forty parasangs thus reached might acquire currency and be in its turn reduced to days or σταθμοί by counting five parasangs to the day. This would give one hundred and eight σταθμοί, and if we add the three between Sardis and Ephesus we get the one hundred and eleven of Herodotus. He says, to be sure, that there are one hundred and eleven from Sardis to Susa and he

[1] The number of times *half* parasangs are given—in four out of five items—is noticeable. This gives an impression of greater accuracy than one would credit even to a careful Persian survey; but perhaps the fractions are due to the reduction to parasangs of some such unit as the Greek stade. The items ninety-four and one-half, one hundred and four, fifteen and one-half, come strangely close to being an exact number of day's journeys at five parasangs a day.

adds the three from Ephesus to this. Yet, given a rough estimate of three months for the journey to the centre of the empire, it would be easy for a doubt to arise whether it was calculated from Ephesus or Sardis. Herodotus' painstaking correction of the three months to ninety-three days is amusing rather than convincing. To some extent my explanation of the relation of the number of σταθμοί to the number of days is supported by the items, though it is impossible to carry out the comparison completely on account of the lacuna. The distance of ninety-four and one-half parasangs from Sardis to the Halys means nineteen days, the one hundred and four through Cappadocia give twenty-one. For these forty days there are forty-eight σταθμοί, and 48:40 corresponds to my assumed 108:90, or 6:5. Again, the two hundred and seventy and one-half parasangs from Sardis through Armenia would take fifty-four days. The σταθμοί are sixty-six, and 66:55 equals 108:90.

If I am right in supposing that the distance to Susa was sometimes reckoned at five hundred and forty parasangs, it is interesting to compare with this the combined lengths of the Pontus, Bosphorus, Propontis, and Hellespont, which, according to IV. 85, come to thirteen thousand and twenty stades or four hundred and thirty-four parasangs. We do not know that Herodotus considered these bodies of water to be in a straight line, but it is not unlikely that practically this whole distance was thought to be directly east.[2] Now the eastern boundary of Matiene apparently touched the north and south line formed by the Persians, Medes, Saspeirians, and Colchians (IV. 37), and would be in about the same line as the eastern end of the Pontus. If, then, we put the distance from Ephesus to this line at four hundred and thirty-four parasangs, we should have one hundred and six of the five hundred and forty left for the journey south to Susa, a number not very different from the facts. Of course, the length given to the Pontus by Herodotus is far too great. I am merely suggesting a comparison which may have occurred to the geographers of that day.

[2] There is nothing in the description of the bridges in VII. 36 that can be said with certainty to be opposed to this idea.

A passage in the *Anabasis* (II. 2. 6), which plainly has nothing to do with its context and is supposed to be interpolated, states that the distance from Ephesus to Cunaxa (*τῆς μάχης*) was ninety-three *σταθμοί* or five hundred and thirty-five parasangs, or sixteen thousand and fifty stades. If we add up the separate items of stages and parasangs given by Xenophon, we get eighty-four or eighty-five stages and five hundred and seventeen parasangs. Xenophon begins to count from Sardis (I. 2. 5), and the five hundred and thirty-five corresponds to the five hundred and seventeen, if we add the distance from Ephesus to Sardis, which Herodotus in V. 54 gives as five hundred and forty stades (eighteen parasangs). Since Xenophon himself (*Hell.* III. 2. 11) says that Ephesus was three days' journey from Sardis, this item would not necessarily be borrowed from Herodotus. It is different with the ninety-three *σταθμοί*. That figure can not be explained from the *Anabasis*. It stands, however, in Herodotus, and it is evident that it was taken thence by the interpolator of the paragraph. With it came the eighteen parasangs, and the parallel item in stades (at thirty to the parasang), of which Xenophon says nothing up to this point.

Egypt and Libya

In II. 17 Herodotus defines Egypt as "all that land that is inhabited by Egyptians" —*ἡμεῖς δὲ ὧδε καὶ περὶ τούτων λέγομεν, Αἴγυπτον μὲν πᾶσαν εἶναι ταύτην τὴν ὑπ' Αἰγυπτίων οἰκεομένην.* In support of his view he cites (II. 18) the oracle of Ammon, which declared that "Egypt is that land which the Nile waters with its overflow and they are Egyptians who, dwelling below the city of Elephantine, drink from this river"—*ὁ δὲ θεὸς . . . φὰς Αἴγυπτον εἶναι ταύτην τὴν ὁ Νεῖλος ἐπιὼν ἄρδει καὶ Αἰγυπτίους εἶναι τούτους οἳ ἔνερθε Ἐλεφαντίνης πόλιος οἰκέοντες ἀπὸ τοῦ ποταμοῦ τούτου πίνουσι.* He adds (II. 19) that "the Nile overflows not only the Delta but of the country that is called Libyan and of the Arabian sometimes as much as a two days' journey on either side"—*ἐπέρχεται δὲ ὁ Νεῖλος, ἐπεὰν πληθύῃ, οὐ μοῦνον τὸ Δέλτα ἀλλὰ καὶ τοῦ Λιβυκοῦ τε λεγομένου χωρίου εἶναι καὶ τοῦ Ἀραβίου ἐνιαχῇ καὶ ἐπὶ δύο ἡμερέων ἑκατέρωθι ὁδόν.* The "Ionian" definition of Egypt is given in II. 15. They say that "the Delta

alone is Egypt . . . and the rest of it belongs partly to Libya, partly to Arabia"—*γνώμῃσι τῇσι Ἰώνων . . . τὰ περὶ Αἴγυπτον, οἳ φασι τὸ Δέλτα μοῦνον εἶναι Αἴγυπτον . . . τὰ δὲ ἄλλα λεγόντων τῆς Αἰγύπτου τὰ μὲν Λιβύης, τὰ δὲ Ἀραβίης εἶναι.* This view Herodotus expressly rejects—*εἰ ὦν ἡμεῖς ὀρθῶς περὶ αὐτῶν γινώσκομεν Ἴωνες οὐκ εὖ φρονέουσι περὶ Αἰγύπτου* (II. 16) and *τὴν μὲν Ἰώνων γνώμην ἀπίεμεν* (II. 17). "The Greeks" also differed from the Ionians. They held that "all Egypt, beginning from the Cataract and the city of Elephantine, is divided into two parts and partakes of both names, for part of it belongs to Libya and part to Asia"—*εἰ δὲ τῷ ὑπ' Ἑλλήνων νενομισμένῳ χρησόμεθα, νομιοῦμεν Αἴγυπτον πᾶσαν ἀρξαμένην ἀπὸ Καταδούπων τε καὶ Ἐλεφαντίνης πόλιος δίχα διαιρεῖσθαι καὶ ἀμφοτέρων τῶν ἐπωνυμιέων ἔχεσθαι· τὰ μὲν γὰρ αὐτῆς εἶναι τῆς Λιβύης τὰ δὲ τῆς Ἀσίης* (II. 17). As to the extent of Egypt, then, Herodotus agrees pretty closely[3] with "the Greeks," but he is very emphatic in the expression of his opinion that the Nile is not the boundary between Asia and Libya and that Egypt is not partly in one, partly in the other continent. In II. 16 he says, in a joking way, that neither Ionians nor Greeks know how to count when they talk of three continents and make the Nile the boundary between Asia and Libya,[4] for that leaves the

[3] On the region above Elephantine see II. 29.

[4] On this passage How and Wells say: "He seems to think that if Egypt were the Delta, it was in neither Asia nor Libya, but a 'fourth' part. His argument, however, is very obscure." Macaulay also, in his translation, calls the reasoning obscure, "because it alludes to theories . . . which are presumed to be already known to the reader." There is no obscurity if we recognize that *εἰ δὲ ὀρθή ἐστι ἡ γνώμη τῶν Ἰώνων* is not the condition upon which depends the conclusion that the Greeks and Ionians do not know how to count. It would be unfair to the Greeks to assert that they did not know how to count because an opinion of the Ionians, which they rejected, was correct. Herodotus would have put his meaning more clearly if he had said, "whether the Ionians are right or wrong as to the Delta alone being Egypt, at any rate they can not count (nor the Greeks), when they talk of three continents and make the Nile the boundary." The fact is that Herodotus lets us see in II. 17 that "the Greeks" knew how to count well enough. They divided the Delta as well as the rest of Egypt between Asia and Libya. In II. 17 it is difficult to say where Herodotus stops quoting "the Greeks" and begins to speak for himself; but I take it that the Greeks are responsible for "the Nile flows from the cataract to the sea cutting Egypt *through the middle*"—*ὁ γὰρ δὴ Νεῖλος ἀρξάμενος ἀπὸ τῶν Καταδούπων ῥέει μέσην Αἴγυπτον σχίζων ἐς θάλασσαν* and for the emphasis upon that branch of the Nile that is "straight," and "splits the Delta through the middle from its point to the sea" and "has not the smallest portion of the water nor the least famous."

Delta outside of both; in II. 17 he asserts positively that "properly speaking there is no boundary at all between Asia and Libya except the bounds of Egypt"—*οὔρισμα δὲ Ἀσίῃ καὶ Λιβύῃ οἴδαμεν οὐδὲν ἐὸν ὀρθῷ λόγῳ εἰ μὴ τοὺς Αἰγυπτίους οὔρους.*[5]

On the words just quoted Stein makes the comment: *οὔρους, fines,* "Gebiet" (I. 172. 12). Nach dieser Bestimmung gehört Aegypten weder zu Asien noch zu Libyen, sondern bildet zwischen beiden ein selbständiges Mittelglied. How and Wells say, "To which continent H. would assign Egypt he leaves uncertain." On IV. 39, their note is, "On the whole it is more probable that H. gave Egypt to Africa." Macan, in his *Herodotus Books* IV-VI, Vol. II, p. 271, puts it thus: "Though Herodotus raises a polemical question in regard to Egypt, yet the Nile and the land watered by the Nile are practically all included in his Libya." In a footnote (*l. c.*) he includes the "Arabian gulf" among the circumambient seas of Libya. Abicht, on II. 16, writes: Wir sehen aus dieser Stelle, dass Her. mit den meisten griechischen Geographen zwar 3 Weltteile, aber nicht den Nil als Grenze zwischen Asien u. Africa annahm, sondern den ägyptischen Isthmus und den arabischen Meerbusen. Though Tozer and others maintain that the Egypt of Herodotus is in Asia, the view has evidently not prevailed, even in recent commentaries. The evidence that Herodotus excludes Egypt from his Libya seems to me to be so convincing that I venture to present it, impossible as it may seem to bring forward anything new.

The one thing which, more than anything else, prevents us from looking at the matter from the point of view of Herodotus and his contemporaries is the Red Sea. For us the idea of *Africa* is inseparable from that of the Red Sea. After reading ancient geographers on continental boundaries, we can grasp their idea that the Nile was looked upon as the boundary

[5] Though it is hard to be sure, I incline strongly to the opinion that Herodotus wrote these words from the same point of view as he expresses in *θωυμάζω ὧν τῶν διουρισάντων καὶ διελόντων Λιβύην τε καὶ Ἀσίην καὶ Εὐρώπην* (IV. 42) and *οὐδ' ἔχω συμβαλέσθαι ἐπ' ὅτευ μιῇ ἐούσῃ γῇ οὐνόματα τριφάσια κεῖται . . . καὶ οὐρίσματα αὐτῇ Νεῖλός τε ὁ Αἰγύπτιος ποταμὸς ἐτέθη καὶ Φᾶσις ὁ Κόλχος* (IV. 45); that is, he does not believe that there is anything that could properly be called a continental boundary between Asia and Libya, but the boundary of Egypt is the boundary line between the regions to which the names Libya and Asia are applied, since it is absurd to put one country partly in one, partly in the other.

between Libya and Egypt; but the moment it is suggested that there was a dispute about the Nile as boundary, we assume, inevitably, that the only alternative is the Red Sea. Yet I venture to assert that if the Red Sea had been, as Herodotus suggests (II. 11), filled up with silt like the Nile valley, the point of dispute between him and the Ionians and Greeks would have remained the same. We can begin to grasp the unimportance of the Red Sea by considering the fact, which can not be denied, that for the "Ionians" and "Greeks" all of our Egypt that was east of the Nile was in Arabia and, therefore, in Asia. According to Herodotus himself (II. 11) the Red Sea (his "Arabian gulf") is *in* Arabia—*ἔστι δὲ τῆς Ἀραβίης χώρης, Αἰγύπτου δὲ οὐ πρόσω, κόλπος θαλάσσης.* This "Arabian gulf" is not the boundary of Egypt; rather it is "not far from Egypt." The eastern boundary, south of Heliopolis, is a mountain (II. 8). It is called the Arabian mountain (II. 124), and there is no question that what lies between it and the "Arabian gulf" is in Arabia and in Asia. The city of Patumos, past which runs the canal from the Nile to the Red Sea, is the *Arabian city* (II. 158), yet it was, without doubt, well west of the sea. It is maintained, of course, and with some force, that Herodotus in these cases uses the word *Arabian* loosely, following the custom of his predecessors, for whom everything east of the Nile is *Arabian*. Yet, if that were so, he should use *Libyan* loosely of Egypt west of the Nile. This he does not do. Since he asserts that the boundary between Libya and Asia is the boundary of Egypt, and apparently leaves it to us[6] to decide whether he means the eastern or western boundary, it is worthy of remark that he likes to attach "so-called" to the word *Libyan*, when applied to what is Egyptian. Thus we have *ἐκ τοῦ Ἀραβίου ὄρεος ἐς τὸ Λιβυκὸν καλεόμενον* (II. 8), *τοῦ Λιβυκοῦ τε λεγομένου χωρίου εἶναι καὶ τοῦ Ἀραβίου* (II. 19), *ἐν τῷ Ἀραβίῳ ὄρει . . . πρὸς τὸ Λιβυκὸν καλεόμενον ὄρος* (II. 124).

The second and fourth books are full of examples of the words *Libyan* and *Egyptian* used in contrast with one another. Since it may fairly be held that *Libyan* is here used in its narrower sense, just as it may be used in contrast with *Ethiopian*, I cite only a few of the more striking examples: *οἱ γὰρ δὴ ἐκ*

[6] I am limiting myself here to the statements in Book II.

Μαρέης τε πόλιος καὶ Ἄπιος οἰκέοντες Αἰγύπτου τὰ πρόσουρα Λιβύῃ, αὐτοί τε δοκέοντες εἶναι Λίβυες καὶ οὐκ Αἰγύπτιοι II. 18; ἐοῦσα γὰρ Αἴγυπτος ὅμουρος τῇ Λιβύῃ II. 65; τῆς γὰρ Λιβύης τὰ μὲν κατὰ τὴν βορηίην θάλασσαν ἀπ' Αἰγύπτου ἀρξάμενοι μέχρι Σολοέντος ἄκρης . . . παρήκουσι παρὰ πᾶσαν Λίβυες καὶ Λιβύων ἔθνεα πολλά III. 32; Αἰγύπτιοι μὲν . . . οἱ δὲ προσεχέες Λίβυες III. 13 and III. 91. The Ethiopians, on the other hand, are expressly said to live in Libya. Thus in VII. 70 we have οἱ μὲν γὰρ ἀπὸ ἡλίου Αἰθίοπες ἰθύτριχές εἰσι, οἱ δ' ἐκ τῆς Λιβύης οὐλότατον τρίχωμα ἔχουσι. Most convincing is the statement in IV. 197, which enumerates the inhabitants of Libya, including the Ethiopians and omitting the Egyptians—τέσσερα ἔθνεα νέμεται αὐτὴν (Λιβύην) καὶ οὐ πλέω τούτων, ὅσον ἡμεῖς ἴδμεν, καὶ τὰ μὲν δύο αὐτόχθονα τῶν ἐθνέων τὰ δὲ δύο οὔ, Λίβυες μὲν καὶ Αἰθίοπες αὐτόχθονες, οἱ μὲν τὰ πρὸς βορέω οἱ δὲ τὰ πρὸς νότου τῆς Λιβύης οἰκέοντες, Φοίνικες δὲ καὶ Ἕλληνες ἐπήλυδες. This passage should go far toward settling the question, but How and Wells remark, "H. is speaking of Africa, west of Egypt, which last he rightly considers a separate country; but this does not prove he thought it to be a part of a different continent."

There is in the first book (Ch. 104-5) a brief remark which seems to exclude Egypt from Asia very clearly, namely, οἱ δὲ Σκύθαι τὴν Ἀσίην πᾶσαν ἐπέσχον. ἐνθεῦτεν δὲ ᾖσαν ἐπ' Αἴγυπτον. It is easy to show, however, that in this book Herodotus uses the term *all Asia* very loosely, when speaking of the empire of the Medes, Persians, and Scythians. Thus we are told (Ch. 103) that Cyaxares united under his rule *all Asia* above the river Halys; that the Scythians conquered the Medes and occupied *all Asia* (Ch. 104); that Cyrus, after conquering the Medes and Croesus, ruled *all Asia* (Ch. 130). But in I. 153 we learn that, if *all Asia* did not include the Egyptians, it left out others also, for "Cyrus marched away to Agbatana, taking with him Croesus and making no account of the Ionians for the present. For Babylon still stood in his way and the Bactrian nation and the Sacians and Egyptians."

The final decision of the question is to be looked for in IV. 37-45, since Herodotus is here talking of Europe, Asia, and Libya in their strict sense. He gives us first (Ch. 37) a north and south dividing line between eastern and western

Asia, formed by the Persians, Medes, Saspeirians, and Colchians. From this there stretch westward two *actae*, the one Asia Minor, the other the rest of western Asia *and* Libya, for Libya is in the second *acte* (Ch. 41. 1). One side of this southwestern *acte* is defined thus: *τὸ δὲ ἀπὸ Φοινίκης παρήκει διὰ τῆσδε τῆς θαλάσσης ἡ ἀκτὴ αὕτη παρά τε Συρίην τὴν Παλαιστίνην καὶ Αἴγυπτον, ἐς τὴν τελευτᾷ· ἐν τῇ ἔθνεά ἐστι τρία μοῦνα. ταῦτα μὲν ἀπὸ Περσέων τὰ πρὸς ἑσπέρης τῆς Ἀσίης ἔχοντά ἐστι* (Chs. 39-40). The part of the southwestern *acte* that belongs to Asia *runs past Egypt, with which it ends.* In full agreement with this are the first words of Ch. 41—*τοιαύτη μὲν καὶ τοσαύτη ἡ Ἀσίη ἐστί, ἡ δὲ Λιβύη ἐν τῇ ἀκτῇ τῇ ἑτέρῃ ἐστί· ἀπὸ γὰρ Αἰγύπτου Λιβύη ἤδη ἐκδέκεται.* There is only one way to interpret this. It excludes Egypt from Libya. Nevertheless, from this very passage three phrases are quoted as the strongest proofs that, after all, the Libya of Herodotus was our Africa and Egypt was in it.

In IV. 42 we read: *Λιβύην μὲν γὰρ δηλοῖ ἑωυτὴν ἐοῦσα περίρρυτος, πλὴν ὅσον αὐτῆς πρὸς τὴν Ἀσίην οὐρίζει*, and the circumnavigation of Libya at the command of Nekos the Egyptian is cited to prove the statement. Macan, on IV. 197, says, "the statement, c. 42, that Libya is circumnavigable, involves the inclusion of Egypt in the continent." The conclusion is natural. Indeed, it seems inevitable, when we consider that the command of Nekos is said to have been given after he had completed the canal from the Nile to the Arabian gulf. Nevertheless, the conclusion is due to our preconceived ideas of the importance of the Red Sea in making Africa a separate continent. We must interpret Herodotus' statement, that Libya is *περίρρυτος* except where it borders on Asia, in connection with its context. Herodotus is comparing the size of Europe with that of Asia and Libya combined. In length, he says, Europe stretches along by both (*παρ' ἀμφοτέρας παρήκει*), in breadth they are not to be compared with it, for Libya is surrounded by water except where it touches Asia. Then, after describing the circumnavigation of Libya, he tells of the voyage of Scylax from the Indus eastward along the southern coast of Asia; and he concludes (Ch. 44-5), "Thus Asia also, except the parts toward the rising sun, has been found to possess the same character as Libya. But Europe, it is plain, is known by no

one, neither the parts toward the rising sun nor the parts toward the north, whether it is surrounded by the sea, but in length it is known to extend along by both." It is clear that what Herodotus had in mind when he called Libya περίρρυτος is the southern ocean, which was known, whereas it was not known whether there was water to the north of Europe. The Red Sea part of the circumnavigation is not in his mind at all. Even if it did not exist, he would have called Libya "surrounded by water except where it bordered on Asia" in order to prove the point that he is making. Nowhere is the unimportance of the Red Sea as a boundary of Asia shown more clearly than in this passage—λήγει δὲ αὕτη, οὐ λήγουσα εἰ μὴ νόμῳ ἐς τὸν κόλπον τὸν Ἀράβιον (Ch. 39), which is said of the *Asiatic* part of the southwestern *acte*.

Another phrase that is thought to include Egypt in Libya is τὸ δὲ ἀπὸ τοῦ στεινοῦ τούτου κάρτα πλατέα τυγχάνει ἐοῦσα ἡ ἀκτὴ ἥτις Λιβύη κέκληται (Ch. 41). "In 41. 2 he clearly makes Africa begin at the Isthmus of Suez" (How and Wells). If these words stood by themselves, it would be right to interpret them so. They can not be taken so literally when they directly follow "after Egypt Libya succeeds. Now at Egypt (κατὰ Αἴγυπτον) this *acte* is narrow." The third argument is based upon a passage cited above (p. 17), "in this there are only three nations." This is supposed to be said of the whole southwestern *acte* (excluding Libya), and it is difficult to count in the Egyptians when there have been already mentioned Persia (Kissia?), Assyria, Arabia, Phoenicia, and Syria. Egypt, of course, has also just been said to be in this part of the *acte*, but Herodotus is supposed not to mean it. In the article already cited (*C. Ph.* XVI) I have insisted that either this *three* is corrupt, or the phrase is to be understood of the Mediterranean side of the *acte* (Phoenicia, Syria, Egypt), just as Persia (Kissia?), Assyria, and Arabia have been already mentioned on the other side.

Though it has nothing to do with Egypt, the passage just spoken of leads me to a further remark on the southwestern *acte*. The inclusion of Persia with Assyria and Arabia is the chief basis for the frequent assertion that Herodotus knew nothing of the Persian Gulf. Macan, for instance, says,

"Hdt. had plainly no conception of the existence of the Persian Gulf, no knowledge of the true lie of the Arabian peninsula, or he would not have included ἡ Περσική in this second ἀκτή nor would he have projected the ἀκτή as running along toward the west." I am myself convinced that ἡ Κισσική should be read for ἡ Περσική. Kissia was too well known to be omitted when all other divisions of this part of the *acte* are mentioned. But that is a matter of opinion. That Herodotus, or the originator of the *acte* idea, knew at least that there was a bend southwards to the west of Persia is suggested by the *stretches into*[7] the Red Sea (which is not the Arabian Gulf)—παρατέταται ἐς τὴν Ἐρυθρὴν θάλασσαν—as compared with the παρατέταται παρὰ τὸν Πόντον of Asia Minor. When Macan talks of Herodotus having no knowledge of the true lie of the Arabian peninsula or he would not have projected the ἀκτή as running towards the west, he betrays a total misconception of the southwestern *acte*. This is not the Arabian peninsula. Libya is a part of it and the general lie of the peninsula is given by the Mediterranean Sea. No doubt Herodotus had no conception of the enormous extension of Africa southwards. Probably he thought of its southern coast as parallel to the northern, so that the *acte* as a whole ran westward. The Arabian Gulf had no more significance than the Adriatic has on the general trend of Europe.

[7] In III. 106-114 India, *Arabia*, and Ethiopia are the furthest of inhabited lands to the east, *south* and west, respectively.

GUARDIANSHIP OF WOMEN IN EGYPT DURING THE PTOLEMAIC AND ROMAN ERAS

MARGARET SEYMOUR TITCHENER

I

ἐπίτροπος

From a careful examination of the papyri of the Ptolemaic and Roman eras, it is clear that guardianship for women and minors in Egypt was a recognized institution. Orphaned minors of both sexes were regularly provided with guardians known as ἐπίτροποι. As a rule the ἐπίτροπος was designated[1] by marriage-contract or by will. In *P. Oxy.* VI, 888 of 287 A.D., however, we find the praefect of Egypt declaring that minors without guardians should have them appointed immediately. In the case of Romans, the praefect[2] himself had originally this right of appointment, which came to be delegated in course of time to lesser officials.[3]

The number of guardians assigned to fatherless children presents a problem of interest. From the prevalent use of the Greek word for guardians of minors in Egypt, it would follow that the Greek conception of the character and functions of the ἐπίτροπος must have influenced in some measure the old Egyptian legal procedure. In Greece the number of guardians was variable. There were usually several guardians, συνεπίτροποι.[4] In Egypt there existed both plural[5] guardianship and that provided

[1] Grenfell-Hunt, *The Oxyrhynchus Papyri* (13 vols. 1898-1919, London); *P. Oxy.* III (1903), 496, 497.

[2] James Muirhead, *The Institutes of Gaius and Rules of Ulpian.* (Edinburgh, 1880); Ulp. XII, 4; Lex Julia et Titia B. C. 31.

[3] L. Mitteis and U. Wilcken, *Grundzüge und Chrestomathie der Papyruskunde*, Band II, Juristischer Teil, Hälfte I, (Berlin, 1912), p. 254.

[4] Daremberg-Saglio, *Dictionnaire des antiquités grecques et romaines d'après les textes et les monuments.* (5 vols., Paris, 1877-1919) II, 730.

[5] Egon Weiss, "Beiträge zum Gräko-ägyptischen Vormundschaft," in *Archiv für Papyrusforschung und Verwandte Gebiete*, IV, (1908), 73-94. In view of the Greek custom and the papyrus material at hand the following conclusion of Weiss must be discarded; "Die Regel wird wohl die Einsetzung nur eines Vormundes gewesen sein, namentlich, wenn die Frau noch lebte."

by a single individual. Plural guardianship does not appear to have been instituted because of the degree of wealth of the minors in question, although the Athenians took both the importance of the fortune and the number of children into account in assigning more than one guardian. I can only suggest that it may have arisen as a sort of checking system against fraud, or as a matter of convenience in event of the absence[6] or death of one of the appointed guardians.

To summarize from the papyri, when a minor was left with property, the greatest number of documents bear evidence to the appointment of one guardian for one minor; next come those illustrating plural guardianship; and six times occur instances of one guardian for more than one minor.

Difficult to ascertain is the exact age up to which the guardianship was to last. The ages of twenty,[7] fourteen,[8] and twenty-five[9] have been suggested; and each has some measure of support. The status of female is even more indefinite than that of male minors. As in Greece, so in Egypt, the age of majority was of less importance in the case of girls, for they simply went from the tutelage of the ἐπίτροπος to that of the κύριος. This is illustrated in *P. Oxy.* VI, 907, in which two boys are provided by will with guardians up to the age of legal majority,[10] whereas the girl is provided with one up to her marriage, when, of course, her husband would assume the responsibilities of guardianship.

In *P. Fay.* XCIV, there is a tantalizing lack of the evidence we so much desire.[11] This document consists of a formal termination of guardianship by an orphan girl; but her age which would determine the year at which she no longer needed an ἐπίτροπος has been lost by mutilation.

In the transaction of affairs the minor seems to have been entirely under the domination of the ἐπίτροπος. The guardian

[6] J. Johnson, V. Martin, A. S. Hunt, Catalogue of the Greek Papyri in the Rylands Library (2 vols., Manchester, 1915), II, 153.

[7] Mitteis, II, 1, p. 251.

[8] Grenfell and Hunt, *P. Oxy.* II, 247 (editor's comment).

[9] *P. Oxy.* III, 487.

[10] ἡλικία.

[11] Grenfell, Hunt, Hogarth, *Fayum Towns and their Papyri.* (London, 1900.)

acts along with (μετὰ) the minor in three cases; the minor acts through (διὰ) the guardian in four cases; and in seven[12] documents the guardian appears to act in place of the minor.[13] The stated acquiescence of the mother, μητρὸς ἐπακολουθούσης, occurs several times in papyri of the Christian era.[14] The mother is always mentioned as concurring in any transaction where the guardian acts in the minor's behalf during her lifetime.[15] I give herewith a table illustrating the relative numbers of occurrences of one or more guardians in the extant papyri.

TABLE SHOWING RELATIVE NUMBERS OF GUARDIANS IN SINGLE AND PLURAL CASES OF GUARDIANSHIP

ONE GUARDIAN FOR ONE CHILD

Date	*Papyrus*
4 Philopator	*P. Lille* II, 32
81-95 A.D.	*P. Oxy.* II, 265
121-138 A.D.	*P. Teb.* II, 286 (z)
123 A.D.	*P. Oxy.* VI, 898
127 A.D.	*P. Oxy.* III, 496
2nd Cent.	*P. Oxy.* III, 497
2nd Cent.	*P. Oxy.* III, 498 (y)
134 A.D.	*P. Ryl.* II, 103
2nd Cent.	*P. Ryl.* II, 121
2nd Cent.	*P. Ryl* II, 233
155 A.D.	*B G U* I, 86
159 A.D.	*P. Amh.* II, 91 (x)
161-168 A.D.	*P. Amh.* II, 75 (y)
193-211 A.D.	*B G U* I, 98
200 A.D.	*P. Oxy.* IV, 740 (z)
180-192 A.D.	*B G U* III, 907 (x)
206 A.D.	*B G U* III, 913 (z)
265-6 A.D.	*P. Giss.* I, 34 (z)
266 A.D.	*P. Teb.* II, 326

NOTE: The letters *x*, *y*, *z* are used to indicate respectively the papyri in which wards act *with* a guardian, *through* a guardian, and where the guardian acts in place of the ward.

[12] Weiss puts this number at five, but does not specify the papyri.

[13] See table at end of chapter.

[14] *P. Oxy.* VI, 907, 909; *B G U* 1070. Grenfell and Hunt, *The Amherst Papyri* (2 vols., London, 1901), II, 91.

[15] *P. Oxy.* IV, 716, where the mother is designated (μητρὸς Σινθεῦτος), presents a possible exception. That such designation does not necessarily imply that she still lives is proved by *P. Ryl.* II, 103, in which following (μητρὸς Λυκαροῦτος) we have the statement (καὶ αὐτὴ ἐτελεύτησε).

ONE GUARDIAN FOR MORE THAN ONE CHILD

Date	*Papyrus*
4 Philopator	*P. Lille* II, 13 (z)
14 B.C.	*B G U* IV, 1113
146 A.D.	*P. Oxy.* III, 487
197 A.D.	*P. Teb.* II, 357 (y)
218 A.D.	*B G U* IV, 1070
235 A.D.	*P. Ryl.* II, 109 (z)
276 A.D.	*P. Oxy.* VI, 907 (y)

PLURALITY OF GUARDIANS FOR ONE CHILD

Date	*Papyrus*
1st Cent.	*B G U* III, 826
126 A.D.	*P. Oxy.* III, 491 (x)
129 A.D.	*P. Oxy.* XII, 1420
131 A.D.	*B G U* IV, 1047
131-161 A.D.	*P. Ryl.* II, 153
154 A.D.	*P. Oxy.* IV, 727
186 A.D.	*P. Oxy.* IV, 716 (z)
187 A.D.	*P. Ryl.* II, 182*
190 A.D.	*P. Teb.* II, 301
Late 3rd or early 4th Cent.	*P. Oxy.* VI, 888

*Uncertain.

II

κύριος

PTOLEMAIC PERIOD

The term κύριος is applied to the guardian of a woman of Egypt emancipated from the care of an ἐπίτροπος upon the attainment of majority. The earliest instance,[16] that I have found, of a woman acting with a guardian, is in *P. Hibeh* 89 of 239 B.C. The second century before Christ, from the year 139 to the year 101, is the period most prolific of such evidence from the papyri.

The importance of the rôle of guardian is borne out by one of the documents (*P. Magd.* 32) in which a woman makes application for a guardian μεθ' οὗ τὰς περὶ τούτων οἰκονομίας θήσομαι. Before drawing any conclusion, however, as to whether or not a guardian was necessary to every woman, one must consider all the other papyri in which women figure. These are without exception legal documents, the guardian in

[16] Weiss, p. 79, gives 139 B.C. as the date of our earliest information.

each case representing the interests of his ward. To be more explicit, we have five deeds of sale, three contracts for the loan of money, six contracts for the loan of grain, to which women are parties acting through their respective guardians.

In three of the papyri of the Ptolemaic era, women take part in transactions without mention of guardian. One of these (*P. Magd.* 33) is a petition addressed to the king by a woman, who, according to her own statement, lived by the work of her hands (χειρόθιον οὖσαν). Another (*P. Lond.* II, 401) is a petition in which two sisters, daughters of Druton, act in behalf of themselves and of three other sisters, all without mention of guardians. We know something of this family from other papyri. The mother[17] of these girls acts with a guardian, her husband. From the father's will we learn that there was property to be inherited; but in this will there is no appointment of an ἐπίτροπος for any of the younger daughters, and I find no mention elsewhere of any of them acting with guardians. In the third document (*P. Lond.* 1204) two women act, with a kinsman[18] as guardian, as parties to a deed of sale. They make the sale to a woman who appears to act without a guardian. She is, we know, a property-owner, and the wife of the brother of the two women who are making the sale.

The evidence just given justifies us in discarding Weiss's statement[19] that in *all* declarations on the part of women in the papyri one finds the cooperation of the guardian; especially in all business of a private nature. The following conclusions seem to be warranted on the basis of our present information:

1. Not every woman of the Ptolemaic era had a guardian in actual fact. There might have been a law requiring every woman to have one; but if such a law existed it was certainly not always enforced.

2. The probability is that the institution of guardianship grew into the life of Egypt under Greek influence,[20] and came to be employed for Egyptian as well as Greek women in Egypt

[17] *P. Grenf.* I, 18.

[18] Their father is mentioned as giving his approval to the transaction; but, as Kenyon and Bell suggest, he does not act as guardian, probably because he is himself party to the sale.

[19] *Archiv* IV, 88.

[20] Mitteis, p. 251.

after the passage of a πρόσταγμα of Ptolemy Philopator to that effect.[21]

Under ordinary circumstances, the father or husband of the woman of Ptolemaic Egypt seems to have been her natural guardian. Failing such relatives, others were available, as illustrated by these examples: son—*P. Rein.* 8, 16, 21, 24, 25, 26, 27, 32; brother—*P. Grenf.* 33; kinsman—*P. Grenf.* 33, *P. Lond.* III, 1204.

The functions of the guardian have been intimated already to some extent. In general terms, the duties of the guardian lay in supporting his ward in all affairs of civil life. Specifically speaking, we know that he acted with her in contracting for loans of money,[22] loans of grain,[23] and in sales of property.[24]

Roman Period

In the Roman period the natural guardian of a married woman seems to have been her husband, regularly designated as guardian in the marriage contracts between the two.[25] Unmarried women ordinarily availed themselves of the assistance of near or distant relatives[26] (See table, p. 28). There is in existence one document,[27] reminiscent of the ἐπίτροπος, where a guardian is appointed by will. A number of other papyri represent petitions to local magistrates for guardians, on the part of women who are for the time being, at least, without them. An examination of these petitions shows that the magistrates competent to make such appointments were praefect (*P. Oxy.* II, 273), strategus (*P. Oxy.* III, 485), basilico-grammateus (*P. Oxy.* XII, 1473),[28] exegetes (*P. Ryl.* 120; *P. Teb.* II, 329, 397, 465; *P. Oxy.* I, 56[29]), councillor (*B G U* 1084).

[21] Revillout, *Revue Egyptologique*, I, 136-8, in *Mitteis Papyruskunde* II, 1, p. 251. The *Revue Egyptologique* was not available to me for reference.

[22] *P. Hib.* 89.

[23] *P. Rein.* 8.

[24] *P. Lond.* III, 882

[25] *P. Oxy.* II, 265; *C P R* 23.

[26] Married women could do this also in absence of their husbands. *P. Teb.* II, 397.

[27] *B G U* 86.

[28] The basilico-grammateus was in this instance also acting-strategus. This appointment may have been made by him in his position of strategus.

[29] Application was here made to the exegetes in the absence of the basilico-grammateus who was then acting-strategus.

These documents date from 95 A.D. up to 212 A.D., the year of the passage of the Constitutio Antonina. They show that guardians for Egyptian women were appointed at this period by local magistrates. In the case of a Roman woman (*P. Oxy.* II, 273), the praefect, not a local magistrate, made the appointment. *P. Teb.* II, 465, where a guardian is appointed, does not deal with a Roman citizen, although the name, Messalina,[30] would lead to that supposition. Roman women living in Egypt were evidently under different regulations than Egyptian. Mitteis summarizing[31] from one of his articles,[32] says that in all probability the praefect alone was entitled to authoritative appointment of guardians in the period before the Constitutio Antonina, subordinate officials only by special delegation. After the promulgation of that law, the independent right of appointment must have been carried over to the local magistrates. To the examples quoted by Mitteis[33] for the period after the Constitutio Antonina I add *P. Oxy.* 1466.

The question arises whether the guardianship of women in Egypt, thus established, was of a permanent or temporary character. The case of married women has already been touched upon. The husband's[34] guardianship, divorce aside, was a permanent one. The situation of unmarried women is less clear. Certain theories have, however, been already formulated. "The power[35] of the guardian is an entirely temporary one; he is appointed for one transaction only, and the woman must apply anew for the appointment of a guardian in each separate transaction, eventually in the case of a group of property-transactions belonging together and for the time being aligned." This has been disputed by the editors of the Tebtunis.[36]

[30] Messalina is the daughter of Cronion, son of Cronion. L. Mitteis in *Sav. Z.*, 28, 398.

[31] Mitteis, *Papyruskunde*, II, 1, 254.

[32] L. Mitteis, "Über die Kompetenz zur Vormundsbestellung in den römischen Provinzien," in *Zeitschrift der Stiftung für Rechtsgeschichte*, 29 (1908), 390 ff.

[33] Mitteis gives his proof for these statements in *Z. Sav. St.*, 29, 390 ff.

[34] In case of his death, a relative might act as guardian, *P. Oxy.* VII, 1028; *B G U* I, 302.

[35] Weiss, p. 83.

[36] *P. Teb.* II, 397, n. 4.

Were it not for mutilation, *P. Ryl.* 120 would be extremely valuable evidence in this connection, and indeed there is enough left of the critical lines[37] to warrant the quotation of the editor's note upon them. "If the reference here is, as seems probable, to the absence of the normal guardian, it is a vindication of the view advocated in the note on *P. Teb.* 397, 4, that the limited form of guardianship was merely a temporary expedient during the absence of the regular κύριος."

Mitteis[38] in 1908 expressed the belief that the appointment of a guardian for a particular case was a feature of the old Egyptian law, while the appointment of a permanent guardian was probably an application of the Roman law. It must be admitted that all the papyri relating to the appointment of guardians by magistrates imply guardianship of a temporary character, with the exception of *P. Oxy.* XII, 1466, and *P. Oxy.* IV, 720, which are to be explained as applications of the Roman Lex Julia et Titia to Roman citizens living in Egypt. We must, however, look further than the documents pertaining to special appointment.[39] In the great mass of documents,[40] wherein women are mentioned as acting with various relatives as guardians, there is no reason to doubt the permanency of such guardianship, or to refer it to Roman law, since exactly the same sort of system prevailed in the Ptolemaic era.[41]

Appointment ad Actum		Appointment by Lex Julia et Titia
95 A.D.	*P. Oxy.* II, 273	245 A.D. *P. Oxy.* XII, 1466
139	*P. Teb.* II, 329*	247 A.D. *P. Oxy.* IV, 720
149	*B G U* 1084	
167	*P. Ryl.* 120	
178	*P. Oxy.* III, 485	
190	*P. Teb.* II, 465	
198	*P. Teb.* II, 397	
201	*P. Oxy.* XII, 1473	
211	*P. Oxy.* I, 56	
212	*P. Lond.* III, 1164 (f)	

* This papyrus is mutilated, but the probability is that it belongs under temporary appointments.

[37] *P. Ryl.* 120, 19-20.
[38] L. Mitteis, *Z. Sav.* St. 29, 402; cf. *Archiv.* IV, 254.
[39] See following table.
[40] See table p. 28.
[41] See tabulation p. 25, especially the references from the Reinach papyri.

A comparative study of the papyri shows that in all probability the normal guardianship of an Egyptian woman of the Roman era was a permanent one. Married[42] or single, in the absence of her normal guardian, she could petition for the appointment of a special person to act with her in the transaction of a single piece of business. So far as one can tell, none of the guardians, specially applied for or appointed, are relatives.[43] The place of the relative as a permanent guardian is illustrated in the following table:

TABULATION OF RELATIVES AS GUARDIANS TO SHOW IN WHAT PROPORTIONS THE DIFFERENT RELATIONS APPEAR

	son	brother	father
B G U	I 76, 185, 193, 197, 226	I 184, 217, 252	I 78, 154
	II 446, 577	II 583, 645	II 445
C P R	4, 63, 170, 206 (2) 209	7, 17, 24, 26, 28, 29, 195, 196	
P. Amh.	104		
P. Lond.	II 140, 311, 334	II 178, 191(?)	
		III 907, 1168	III 954
P. Lips.	I 1, 2	I 10, 30 (?)	I 27
P. Oxy.	I 101	II 268 (half-brother)	II 268 (step-father)
	III 479, 488, 502	III 505	
P. Gen.	18, 24		
P. Giss.	I 3, 96	I 1, 32	
P. Ryl.	II 155, 159, 160 (c), 174, 176 (a)		II 163
	relatives (more distant)		
B G U	I 155, 251	I 50, 571 (1) 70, 87, 122, 123, 135, 187, 193, 281, 302	
		II 418, 459, 472, 540, 619	
C P R		31, 179, 206 (1), 219	
P. Amh.			
P. Lond.		II 173, 293, 304, 310	
P. Grenf.		45	
P. Oxy.	I 45, 48		
	II 261, 266, 268, 270		
	III 490, 492		
P. Gen.			
P. Giss.	I 1, 29		
P. Ryl.		II 107, 161, 162	

[42] *P. Teb.* II, 397.
[43] See table p. 27.

SOME MODAL USES IN THE PAPYRI

JOSEPH BOYD HALEY

THE EXTENDED USE OF Ἵνα-CLAUSES

The ἵνα-clause has encroached on the territory of the infinitive in the papyri to a considerable extent, being used occasionally as a complement after verbs that, in classic Greek, would admit only of the infinitive. There follows a list of such verbs in the *Oxyrhynchus Papyri*, with a citation of the passages in which this extended use of the ἵνα-clause occurs: ἀξιῶ VII. 1068, 23; γράφω I. 157, 4; IV. 718, 24; VI. 929, 20. 932, 2; VII. 1068, 4. 1069, 6, 35; VIII. 1158, 13; εἶπον III. 533, 15; XII. 1479, 9; ἐπιστέλλω VI. 892, 9; ἐρωτῶ IV. 744, 13; κελεύω VII. 1071, 4, 6; παρεγγυῶ VI. 937, 8; παραγγέλλω VIII. 1101, 25.

Of these seventeen examples, sixteen occur in personal documents and only one in an official document. This would tend to show that the construction was colloquial in origin. In modern Greek νά (i. e. ἵνα) with the subjunctive has entirely supplanted the infinitive.

In connection with this weakening of the telic force of ἵνα, it is interesting to observe the frequent use in the papyri of πρός and the articular infinitive as a means of expressing purpose.

Ἐάν FOR Ἄν WITH THE SUBJUNCTIVE IN RELATIVE AND TEMPORAL CLAUSES

Ἐάν is used for ἄν with the subjunctive in relative and temporal clauses 157 times in the *Oxyrhynchus Papyri*, whereas ἄν is used only 76 times.

The 157 cases of ἐάν are distributed as follows:

(A) 117 times where the introductory word is some form of the relative pronoun;

(B) 14 times in temporal clauses;

(C) 26 times with relative adverbs of place or manner.

The 76 cases of ἄν are distributed as follows: (a) 17 times where the introductory word is some form of the relative pronoun; (b) 57 times in temporal clauses; (c) 2 times (1 each) with relative adverbs of place or manner.

The examples under (A) and (C) are several times as numerous as those under (a) and (c), respectively, but, on the contrary, there are four times as many examples under (b) as there are under (B). That is to say, whereas ἐάν has encroached on ἄν when used with relative pronouns and relative adverbs to such an extent that it is far more common than ἄν, ἄν has held its own fairly well in temporal clauses.

The 14 clauses under (B) are distributed as follows: ἡνίκα ἐάν I. 104, 26; ὁπηνίκα ἐάν VII. 1039, 9; IX. 1200, 34. 1208, 24; X. 1273, 37. 1276, 18; XII. 1472, 24. 1473, 17; XIV. 1636, 33. 1638, 30. 1702, 15. 1704, 20. 1717, 5; ὁπότε ἐάν XII. 1454, 9.

Of the 57 clauses under (b), in 31 the temporal conjunction and ἄν are not compounded, in 26 they are. The temporal conjunctions are distributed as follows:

Not Compounded: ἄχρι ἄν VI. 898, 18; ἄχρις ἄν I. 61, 9. 117, 10. 120, 13; VI. 933, 14; X. 1255, 9. 1346, 3; XII. 1426, 13. 1428, 10; ἔστ' ἄν I. 120, 15; VII. 1070, 45; XII. 1488, 22; XIV. 1662, 21; ἕως ἄν II. 237, col. iv, 14, 34. 267, 20; III. 471, 4. 496, 15. 499, 23. 506, 39; IV. 730, 20; VI. 907, 19. 934, 13; VII. 1061, 7; X. 1255, 15; XII. 1418, 29. 1483, 19; XIV. 1758, 14; μέχρι ἄν XIV. 1673, 9; ὁπηνίκα ἄν XII. 1475, 33; πρὶν ἄν XII. 1413, 35.

Compounded: ἄχρις ὅταν VIII. 1107, 3; ἐπάν III. 491, 14; VIII. 1102, 2; XII. 1473, 36; ὁπόταν III. 506, 49; VI. 909, 26; VII. 1038, 31. 1042. VIII. 1129, 13; IX. 1196, 15. 1197, 13. 1207, 13; X. 1261, 10; XII. 1554, 8. 1562, 25; XIV. 1701, 8. 1713, 10; ὅταν I. 34, col. i, 12; II. 234, col. ii, 17; III. 491, 7; VII. 1062, 6; VIII. 1158, 15; XII. 1413, 14, 31. 1415, 10; XIV. 1676, 26.

It so happens that none of these temporal clauses is present general, but that they all refer to the future. All the temporal conjunctions under (B) have the meaning of 'when' or 'whenever,' and all those under (b) that are not compounded, that of 'until,' with the exception of ὁπηνίκα, which occurs here only once, whereas it occurs 12 times under (B). Of the temporal con-

junctions under (b) that are compounded, all have the meaning of 'when' or 'whenever,' though in one instance ὅταν is preceded by ἄχρις, and the two together mean 'until.'

The evidence seems to show that ἄν is the regular thing when the idea is that of 'until,' and ἐάν, when the idea is that of 'when' or 'whenever.' I think that the compounded conjunctions are only an apparent exception. For, when ἄν had been fused with the accompanying conjunction into a single word, the fixity of the compound prevented ἄν from being supplanted by ἐάν. It was a mere matter of chance that the conjunctions which naturally combined with ἄν all meant 'when' or 'whenever' instead of 'until.'

Future Temporal Clauses with Ἄν Omitted

There are in the papyri two other kinds of future temporal clauses besides those already taken up, (1) clauses that have the subjunctive, but not ἄν or ἐάν, and (2) clauses with the indicative.

In regard to (1), Blass[1] says: "beim Konj. aber wird bei ἕως öfter und bei ἕως οὗ (ὅτου), ἄχρις (οὗ), μέχρις (οὗ) wohl immer das ἄν weggelassen."

There follows a citation of examples of (1) in the *Oxyrhynchus Papyri*: ἄχρι III. 491, 8, 9, 15; IX. 1215, 3; X. 1345, 3; ἄχρι οὗ I. 104, 18; III. 507, 30; XIV. 1668, 13. 1773, 15; ἕως I. 101, 23. 102, 17. 103, 15; II. 259, 30. 294, 15; III. 496, 12. 501, 33. 531, 6, 20, 22; IV. 707, 6; VI. 910, 25; VII. 1061, 12. 1068, 22; VIII. 1125, 15. 1159, 21; X. 1299, 9; XIV. 1757, 15, 24. 1775, 11; ἕως ὅτου VII. 1061, 16; ἕως οὗ I. 113, 25; VI. 940, 3; μέχρι II. 291, 9; μέχρι οὗ I. 104, 26; II. 260, 15. 293, 7. III. 495, 10. 505, 6; πρίν I. 34, col. ii, 8; VIII. 1161, 14.

In all of these cases the meaning of the conjunction is 'until' with the possible exception of VIII. 1161, 14, where πρίν occurs with νοσήσω in a passage that is unintelligible.

The usage of the papyri differs from that of the New Testament as stated by Blass in respect to ἄχρις, which does not occur in the *Oxyrhynchus Papyri* unaccompanied by ἄν, but does occur eight times with ἄν (*supra*, page 30).

[1] *Grammatik des neutestamentlichen Griechisch*, p. 223.

There are thirteen examples of (2) in the *Oxyrhynchus Papyri* distributed as follows: ἐφ' ὃν περίειμι χρόνον I. 105, 2; III. 490, 3. 491, 3. 492, 4. 494, 3. 495, 2; ἐφ' ὃν περίεστι χρόνον III. 489, 7, 14, 16; ἐφ' ὃν ζήσεται χρόνον VI. 907, 23; ἐφ' ὅσον σύνεισι III. 496, 6; ἐφ' ὅσον ζῇ I, 105, 10; II. 237, col. iv, 31.

In each of these cases the idea is that of 'while' or 'so long as.' In the 'when' and 'until' clauses discussed above, the action is conceived of as going to begin at some time in the future, here the action is conceived of as having begun already, and is going to continue into the future.

Briefly to summarize what I have found to be the usage in the papyri for future temporal clauses: 'until' clauses have the subjunctive with or without ἄν, 'when' or 'whenever' clauses have the subjunctive with ἐάν, and 'while' or 'so long as' clauses have the indicative. Clauses introduced by temporal conjunctions compounded with ἄν constitute, I believe, only an apparent exception to the rule just stated.

JULIAN, CALLED THE APOSTATE

ANNIE MARIA PITMAN

I

The roads that used all to lead to Rome seem now all to lead to Paris. And the remote figure of the Roman emperor Julian is more closely associated with the city he called Λουκετία φίλη (beloved Lutetia) than with the city whose emperor he was. For it was at Paris that Julian spent much of his time during the five most active years of his life, years of successful warfare following upon an unpropitious beginning, years of "conquering foreigners by his battles, his countrymen without fighting" and years of capable management in that "most baffling task of successful warfare, reconstruction." As a result of them an almost unknown Caesar emerged into fame before the Roman world, and again a dreamer and a student proved himself capable as a leader.

The empire of the great Constantine, with boundaries conflicting on the east with the claims of Persia and Armenia, and on the west with the Germans, had passed into the weak and frightened grasp of his son, Constantius, a ruler who though a Christian shared Constantine's belief that "the sixth commandment should be set aside when the safety of the empire demanded it." He had had put to death all save two of the heirs of Constantine, and—sole ruler then himself—he vacillated between the distrust which prompted him to admit no fellow ruler in his power and the cowardice that craved a Caesar to share his responsibility. In the end the noise of disturbance on all his frontiers, the more ominous hissing of whispers throughout the court itself, led him to look about for an associate. The two remaining members of the royal family were half brothers, nephews of Constantine, spared in the palace massacres—the one because he was frail, and the other because he was too young to give trouble. The two were living together in virtual imprisonment in the unfrequented stretches of Cappa-

docia, safe from all outside influences, available for an emperor if he needed them. To them Constantius turned and chose the elder brother, Gallus—a choice that brought merely increase of conspiracies and disasters, and culminated in the sorry journey of Gallus under guard across the Macedonian frontier on into Dalmatia and his execution at Pola.

For a time following this failure Constantius ruled alone. Then again his nervous suspicion made him apprehensive, and a second time he raised a kinsman to the Caesarship. This time it was the younger brother Julian, then twenty-five years old, who was taken from the seclusion of a life of study, from the political and military inexperience of an isolated farm to be Caesar of Rome,—in Julian's own words:

εἰς πικροτάτην καὶ χαλεπωτάτην δουλείαν "to a slavery very irritating and extremely hard to put up with." For a few months he lived at the court of Milan, still a prisoner. He writes:

ἡ δὲ ἐπὶ τούτῳ δουλεία καὶ τὸ καθ' ἑκάστην ἡμέραν ὑπὲρ αὐτῆς τῆς ψυχῆς 'επικρεμάμενον δέος Ἡράκλεις ὅσον καὶ οἷον. κλεῖθρα θυρῶν, θυρωροί, τῶν οἰκετῶν αἱ χεῖρες ἐρευνώμεναι, μή τίς μοι παρὰ τῶν φίλων γραμμάτιδιον κομίζῃ, θεραπεία ξένη.

"Heracles, what my slavery—how great, how heavy!—and the fear that hung over me day by day for life itself! Bolted doors, guards, my domestics searched that none might bring me the merest bit of writing from my friends, for servants, strangers."

Then for a few months again he was permitted a retirement in Athens; but within the year he was recalled and assigned to the work for which he had been chosen, the war on the Rhine frontier.

The encroachment of the Germans had been gradual but definite, and in 356 they had settled for forty miles west of the Rhine, throughout its length and were holding forty-five walled towns in Gaul where they had sacked Cologne, Treves, Strasbourg, and had created a devastation before which the inhabitants were panic-stricken. They could be checked only temporarily by the Gauls themselves. It was imperative that Roman legions be brought up, and Constantius, busy in the East, sent Julian to lead the troops. Every factor of effort and training in the preparation for the tasks of a general were

lacking to Julian; and whatever talent heredity had given him had been stunted rather than brought to fruit by his early environment. He knew nothing of military management, was diffident in the face of active duties, was chagrined with the small force of three hundred and sixty soldiers given him as his own with which in the middle of the winter of 356 he was dispatched to Gaul; and he bore with haughty aloofness the domination of his superior officers who were charged to watch him as "vigilantly as they would watch an enemy." So his first winter passed in baffled discontent. Gradually, however, through the changes a jealous sovereign would naturally make, the commanding officers were recalled, and Julian was finally left in supreme control. At this time the Germans were coming south in great confidence led by seven kings, ten royal princes to chastise "the boy from Rome" who dared draw up against them. The result was—the battle of Strasbourg. In it Julian fought at the head of his troops, rallied his defeated body guard, goaded his men back into the obstinate and bloody fight,—was resourceful, courageous. By the power of his own person he held the Romans and the newly recruited barbarians to that discipline which had kept Roman arms for centuries invincible, so that his 13,000 men overcame three times their number and won a signal victory, the first in a series of military achievements that were to bring about the most momentous change in Julian's life. The victory of Strasbourg, the midwinter siege of the Franks, the unexpectedly sudden and successful attack along the Cologne-to-the-sea line, while the Germans thought Julian still in Paris, the clever escape at Rheims from an ambuscade which seemed to have trapped both leader and troops, belied the scorn of those who mocked Julian as being "an impractical dreamer," who called him even more deridingly "a Greek professor." Far from being a dreamer, when warfare was at hand, Julian showed a resourcefulness and a rapidity in his military movements that were the qualities hardest for his foes to learn;—just as in the earlier and more familiar campaigns in Gaul Caesar won victory after victory by arriving "unexpectedly and more quickly than one could think possible," so Julian was alert and prepared,—both in offense and in defense.

The repression of twenty-five years was dissipated as it were in a moment, and the young Caesar became one in that group of student type of warrior "so terrible because inspired by such exalted ideals."

Warfare for the time settled, Julian turned to a task he says he found far more congenial than his military experiences, the economic, social, judicial rehabilitation of the war area. He turned his troops into masons and carpenters, and rebuilt towns. He saw the need for food—knew its source was Britain, knew there were no boats for carriers. Therefore he said, "Build boats." And in ten months four hundred ships were built to bring grain from across the channel. Taxation, he realized, was keeping the inhabitants virtually bankrupt; they simply added the new taxes to the old unpaid taxes and continued bonded to the state. Here was a different type of problem, for Julian neither at this early period nor later when the affairs of the entire empire were in his hands allowed justice to transcend the law. If a law was bad, repeal it; if it existed, obey it. This Roman sense of respect for law kept him from remitting the Gauls' old taxes; they had been incurred under the law and must stand. But he devised radical enough redress in the new laws to reduce the tax seventy per cent. The courts he looked into and saw to it that fairness had a better chance. His laconic and decisive dispute with the mayor of Narbo records that, to the question, "But, sire, if denial is enough, where are the guilty?" he replied, "If avowal is enough, where the innocent?"

In all these tasks Julian showed the restless zeal his troops had learned to know; he had a reformer's lively interest in making things better for his fellowmen. Meanwhile he continued to live the soldier's life, suffered all their privations, and won from them an almost fanatical devotion.

During this period, too, he made three triumphal marches across the Rhine, perhaps to satisfy the Germans thoroughly that he could; perhaps,—as has been suggested—to out-Caesar Caesar. For the rest he spent his time usually at Paris, of which he has left a description:

"It is a small, walled island; to it from either side wooden bridges lead. The level of the river does not lower or become

higher but, as a rule, remains practically unchanged summer and winter; its water is very agreeable and very pure either to see or to taste. From it the island people draw their water. The winter there is a rather mild season, perhaps from the warmth of the ocean, which is not more than nine hundred stadia away, for it may be that an ocean breeze blows that distance: at least, ocean water is warmer than inland. . . . A useful vine grows freely there, and fig trees, if they are covered with the stubble from grain. . . . One winter was unusually cold, and the river washed down blocks as it were of marble. Of course you know white Phrygian marble; the blocks were like that, large, coming one after another till it seemed the continuous line would form a bridge across the river. . . . In general the houses are heated,—by furnaces built underground; not my room, however, for severe then as now toward myself first of all, I desired to become accustomed to enduring the cold."

Meanwhile at Milan heed was being paid to affairs in Gaul. Julian was achieving military and civil success greater than could naturally be acceptable to a monarch at once lazy and vain,—and now and again the sinister shadow of Constantius darkened Julian's life in Paris just as it had fallen blightingly upon him from his sixth year. First the growing friendship between Julian and Sallust (a man high in military authority) caused displeasure, and Sallust was transferred to the East. Julian made no demur, beyond the open letter—which has come down to us—about his need for consolation in his separation from his "beloved comrade." Next the emperor, either from real necessity or because of jealous ill-will, commanded Julian to detach the flower of his troops for service under Constantius and to recruit new forces for himself. Disastrous and distasteful as this order was, there was only moderate hesitation about it on Julian's part. That self-discipline and obedience in which he trained his soldiers he would exemplify in his own person. The man alone commands well who obeys well. Accordingly he had his troops put under the command of the general from Milan, with the wise advice that the march south be not begun through Paris. His advice rejected brought the very result the emperor's plan had been intended to avert. The troops broke, in mutiny and revolt, surged around the

palace where Julian lived, and the insistent cry they raised was: "Iuliane, Auguste, Auguste!"

Such an end Julian could by no means have foreseen four years earlier when—in despair over his first attempt to drill a company of soldiers—he had exclaimed: "Plato, Plato, what a task for a philosopher!"

II

Julian's life did not fall in a period when there was any special dearth of philosophers; his age teemed with them, chiefly of a sort. The scepticism and despair of the third century had in the fourth been followed by a universal turning to philosophy, uncreative and rhetorical, yet abounding. The usual occupations of a free state had disappeared one by one; Roman citizens themselves were disappearing; there was a new population, motley and thinned, which under burdensome taxation, exhausting wars, economic distresses was forced to seek in philosophy both employment and satisfying comfort. With philosophy was joined education—it was the age of schools and universities—and the two flourished in a strength that illustrates Roman accommodation by which, expanding in one direction, study and reflection, the eternal city concealed its loss in another, creative art. The age was going gently out, its tide setting toward the engulfing waters which for two generations had been rushing upon the empire from the North. But there were other tides and currents, not to be overborne by the oncoming waters, but to join with them in sweeping away forever Rome's first religion. It was the century primarily when the last appeal was to be made for the world still to cherish the beautiful Hellenic fabric into whose mystic pattern had been woven the varying and challenging ideals of a chosen people. By the appeal the empire was divided sharply in a determined religious struggle, and men followed the lead of the Church on the one hand, or on the other of the schools, in which the academic traditions were a constant influence toward Hellenism. Legally the question had been settled when Constantine with his shrewd instinct for wise policy had made peace with the increasingly powerful Church and had established an emperor's right to control his subjects

religiously as well as in all the other arbitrary fields his Oriental despotism justified But actually the struggle was by no means settled, and was not to be in that generation in spite of such leaders as Jerome, Ambrose, Chrysostom, Augustine. In fact the immediate result of the decision of Constantine was an impulse toward paganism or at least away from Christianity. Apparently the lack of persecution deprived the Church of that seed which her martyrs' blood has always furnished, and outward peace left a pagan population free to go its pagan way. It is a matter of record that less than half of the Roman empire in Julian's day was even nominally Christian. For such protracted hold of paganism there were two natural reasons.

In every period religious conservatism is difficult to overcome. All ages cling tenaciously to the faith of their fathers; the spell of old festivals, of rites hallowed by a reverenced past, can not be lightly set aside. So, in Rome we find that almost indefinitely Roman farmers continued pagans. The Roman soldiery was pagan, for the sanction of the state religion rested on every act of Roman military valor. Pride in family, in country, easily led to devotion to the gods under whom it had been developed; therefore many Roman aristocrats were pagan. Moreover, the government did not relax its hold on the old, for the reactionary senate was more influenced by the science of augurs than by the faith of Christians. Even the emperor himself, Constantine, in spite of vision and conversion asked that he be granted a place with Numa and Romulus among the deified emperors. Even an Augustine felt the need of consulting Numidian sorcerers. So great was the hesitation about the new faith, so interwoven in the national life was the religion upon which the age-old Roman world had rested!

The second reason was the division among the Christians themselves who treated one another—as an historian of the time recounts—more as "wild beasts who fight to kill" than as fellow disciples of a leader whose new commandment was love. Julian's generation saw the Council of Nicaea, as deadening as modern political machines, the bitter warfare between Arius and Athanasius when persecution within the Church was as unjust and severe as in Diocletian's time it had been outside. Natu-

rally those beyond the pale hugged thankfully to themselves their own more smoothly worked out creeds. In the midst of such heresy and schism Julian chose to be a pagan, suckled on a creed, outworn as it proved, but for him one that satisfied the fervor and sincerity of his manhood and made still possible his happy belief in the teachings he had brought from a childhood out of which all other happiness had been shut.

III

The facts in Julian's life are briefly these: He was born in Constantinople in 331, six years before the death of Constantine. His first twenty-five years were a student life of isolation in Cappadocia and Bithynia; his last seven years were an active round of military and administrative tasks, and in performing them he lived at Milan, at Athens, in Gaul, again at Constantinople, last in Antioch. He was emperor less than two years. He died at the age of thirty-two, killed as he led his troops against the Persians in his Mesopotamian Campaign.

Of these periods the world has always been most interested in the years and results of his student life. We hear early of two tutors, the sympathetic Mardonius who was to have so great an influence in stimulating Julian's interest in things Greek; and the Christian bishop who had the difficult task of teaching in Hebrew—a language Julian disliked—the theories of Christianity to a boy alert enough to see the variance between theory and its practical application in the imperial Christian family, especially when the practical application approved the murder of his father and his own years of solitary existence in the barren, wind-swept plains of northern Asia Minor. Those years hold the key to many beliefs Julian was to champion in his later life. Could that childhood but be known! Imagination suggests his uncompanioned games; his solitary poring over books; his daily association with the grim and distrusted attendants; his utter aversion for the Christian teachers whom Constantius sent; and the rigid Christian discipline of his daily life! By temperament eager, restless, inquisitive, enthusiastic, he came to appear sullen and distrustful; his sense of fun turned to satire; the discipline of the fortress developed in him a morbid severity—primarily toward himself. It may even be

that his devotion to the Mithras worship and his veneration for the Sun as a great god would not have been so ardent, had not the burning Cappadocia sun been the one light in his childhood; and he might have found it difficult to grant so heartwhole acceptance to Oriental mysteries, if he had not watched year after year, wondering and alone, the night skies filled with friendly stars. "From my earliest days," he records, "I was filled with a strange yearning for the rays of the sun, so that when, as a boy, I cast my eyes upon the brightness of that luminary in the heavens, my soul felt seized and carried up out of itself. I delighted not only in the solar brightness, but at night whenever I walked out in clear weather, disregarding all else, I used to fix my eyes upon the beauty of the skies, so that I paid no attention to what was said to me, nor took any notice of what was going on. On this account people used to think me too much given to such pursuits and far too inquisitive for my age; they even suspected me, long before my beard was grown, of practicing divination by means of the heavens. Yet at that early time I had seen no book on these matters nor did I know at all what the science was." Apparently to an unusual degree the child was father to the man, many tendencies in his early life being almost uncannily discernible in his courageous and irrational later years. Certainly the first seeds of his great reform were planted then by the teachings of Mardonius, a tutor brought into the family originally that Julian's mother might read Homer and Hesiod. Julian's mother had died at his birth, but Mardonius was retained and became Julian's constant attendant. He was an ardent Hellenist, who, Julian says, "led me to school by the one path he knew; and as he himself desired to know no other and permitted me to travel only by that one, it is he who has brought upon me the hatred of you all." For Mardonius, practical Scythian that he was, bade his pupil turn to Greek books for the satisfaction of his desires, and to discover in the splendid company of men and women shut between their pages the examples which embody the virile principles of life. He would say to Julian: "See to it that the crowd of your companions in their zeal for the theatre does not ever overpersuade you to long for such spectacles. Is it horseracing you like? Homer describes a race very vividly;

see it in his book. Is it of pantomimes and dancing their talk is? Let it be. Among the Phaeacians you may come to know worthier dancing. . . . Moreover Homer will show you many growing things, lovelier than those we see. . . . There is the wooded island of Calypso, Circe's deep retreat, the garden of Alcinous. Know well that there exist no places lovelier than these." So Homer became Julian's playground; Greek life, his world; and the student with his scholar's perceptive imagination caught and held the philosophy which came to him from Plato, from Aristotle, from Theophrastus. Their precepts he used to make his own life, as he said, not better than other men's, but better than his own could otherwise have been.

With his continued study came his increased belief in the permanent desirability of Hellenic philosophy, his deep questionings better satisfied by the answers of a Plato than by what he heard in the fortress or learned from the history of his own family. "Weary of the letter and rebellious against the spirit of the Christian religion he threw himself into the arms of a system which violated none of the traditions of the past, yet addressed itself to wants deeper than that tradition could satisfy." This system was a late Neo-Platonism, which Julian studied under Greek rhetoricians in Bithynia when, at the time Gallus was made Caesar, Constantius allowed greater liberty to the younger brother. He found in the new system but a broadening of Hellenism, as though the rhetoricians were declaring unto him the gods whom until then he had only ignorantly worshipped. Yet not gods were they declaring but a new relating of the gods in a scheme of things in which all gods had their part—Isis and Serapis as well as Apollo and Zeus—each familiar divinity now regarded as one manifestation of the supergod whom the monotheistic demands of the day were making imperative. The supergod was represented in the Sun, Helios to Julian, Mithras to the Roman world, a deity whose worshippers practiced so many of the Christian virtues and ceremonies that Tertullian has characterized the religion of Mithraism as "a Satanic plagiarism of Christianity." It named fasts and festivals; demanded asceticism and humility; supplied ideals of purity, devotion, self-control; sanctified a service of purification through the shedding of blood; and offered, as

ultimate benefit, a life after death with the gods. It was a fellowship of disciples, among whom Julian found a satisfying religious system in a practically monotheistic worship of Helios, a deified emanation,—apprehended not through the personal Λόγος of the Christian but through the mystical Λόγος of Neo-Platonism.

His study of the philosophical side of his belief was thorough, notably under Libanius who became his friendly biographer, regrettably under Maximus, the popular theurgist, as a result of whose influence Julian practiced all his life with faith the wretched arts of magic that overrode his judgment and gave credence to the doubts about his sanity. The greatest moments of his life were belittled by his indecision while he waited to learn the result of some incantation, and by his stubborn obedience to the supposed revelation when it came. The superstitions of the age, believed in by Christian and pagan alike, and influencing matters of great import, were serious enough; it was to be generations before astrology gave place to astronomy, or alchemy to chemistry. But superstition can perhaps be understood; for in the supernatural man has often sought confirmation for his desires,—is seeking it to-day. The magic of Maximus was a baser practice, inexplicable as part of Julian's religion. That a brilliant general should accept as the moment for an attack the hour named in a sorcerer's muttered prophecy passes belief just as it is incredible that a genuinely religious man should believe there was omen of evil in the combination of K and X because they happen to be the first letters in the names of Constantius and Christ. As Constantius was a sinister influence in Julian's civil life, Maximus was a malignant influence in his religious. He fostered Julian's inherent emotional strain, and enhanced his receptivity towards the mysteries of Ephesus and Eleusis, into which he was initiated, and through which he believed he came into communion with the gods so individual and intimate that he not only could talk with them, but could even distinguish between the voices of Zeus, of Athena, of Apollo as one distinguishes between human voices. Through such experiences he came to believe himself an intermediary of the gods whose rites he must perform, interpret, guard.

He wove the bad then with much that was good into the creed he took with him to Greece at the time Constantius permitted him his few months' retirement in Athens.

Julian's life in Athens is a temptation to a reviewer; it is his one happy period. No city was ever his home. Even with modern means of travel seven years would hardly be long enough to give one a feeling of residence when he is to live in seven places as far removed from each other as Paris and Antioch. But in Athens at least Julian felt at home. Greek is the language he used; the Athenians the only people he called "fellow citizens." To his life there he brought an intense appreciation of the freedom possible, and a ready affection for the people whose special heritage was the literature he knew perhaps better than they. As Miss Gardner says: "if in any way Julian had reason to complain that the jealousy of his cousin excluded him from some spheres of life suitable to his rank and station, he might well thank the gods that it was not in the forced atmosphere of a court but in the intellectual freedom of great centers of culture that he first learned to test and use his mental powers, and found the lasting friendships of his life."

Mr. Capes, in his *University Life in Athens in the Fourth Century*, makes possible an easy re-creation of Julian's general university experiences; and there are five primary sources which furnish more personal anecdote and narrative. Of the sources, of course, the best is Julian himself; his letters, his theological essays, his satires. In addition there are contemporary biographers, the rhetorician Libanius, in whose eyes Julian could do nothing wrong; St. Gregory, the bishop of Constantinople and fellow student with Julian in Athens, in whose eyes Julian could do nothing right; and Ammianus Marcellinus who—as between the other two—is regarded as impartial. Two of them give pictures of Julian in his student days. St. Gregory saw in him "a certain changeableness and excitability; besides, a rather loose-hung neck, twitching shoulders, a rolling eye, a laugh uncontrollable and spasmodic, a stammering speech, and an inability to stand or sit without fidgeting his feet."[1] Ammianus remembers "his beautifully bright and flashing eyes which bespoke subtlety of mind, fine eyebrows, a

[1] Translation by Gildersleeve.

very straight nose, . . . large, broad shoulders, a frame compact from head to finger tips with a great physical strength and agility."[2] A person to be noticed among the Athenian students; alert, receptive, restless, arousing devotion or hatred, for a few months he was seen about the streets in his unkept philosopher's dress, proud of its dirt and its discomfort; a Franciscan miscarried to a throne when came the summons of the emperor which he accepted with Homer's words:

> The day of purple death got hold of him,
> And Fate, not to be gainsaid.

As we have seen, he entered upon his task in Gaul with sincere misgivings and dread, and completed it with dramatic success. On his return from the west he came, an emperor. Constantius' convenient death had saved the clash of civil arms for which each had been preparing. At once he was able to introduce the religious changes that had long been shaping in his brain.

IV

He proclaimed a modified Hellenism as the religion of the empire—the old temples, sacrifices, services were restored, and all the peaceful influence of his position he used against the Christians. Whatever persecution there was was not justified by imperial edict. The emperor recognized the effectiveness of the methods his adversaries had used, but he would not in his turn avail himself of like measures for establishing a religion. There were no compulsory decrees about religious observances; and the privileges of the courts which had virtually been denied to pagans under his Christian predecessors Julian maintained in their entirety for all citizens of the empire. His most severe legislation was the law that in appointing new teachers in the schools Christians should not be allowed to teach philosophy or literature.

"Why," he said, "should we give them our arrows that they may shoot us?"

But their arrows he used readily enough. The great moral power of the Christian system he knew, and in his organization

[2] Translation by Gardner.

of a State Pagan Church he used the State Christian Church as a model.

It happens there has survived what has been called a catechism for an orthodox pagan written by that Sallust whom Constantius removed from power to separate him from Julian. It is an interesting document, which—easily accessible in Gilbert Murray's version—transmits to us the articles of Julian's pagan faith. Beneath the out-worn forms in which anti-Christian religion sought desperately to maintain itself, we discover:

1. "a steady passion for the knowledge of a God, unchanging, unbegotten, eternal, incorporeal.

2. "a belief that the Divine is without needs, that worship is paid for man's benefit, just as sacrifices should be offered that man may come into communion with his God.

3. "that there exists an immortal soul, not in the body but using the body as its instrument just as an engineer is not in his engine.

4. "that there is no positive evil; it is in the activities of men that evils appear, and that not of all men or always.

5. "that evil doers are punished not immediately but some time during their infinite lives, nor always by spirits, for the Soul itself brings itself to judgment."

Such a religion has noble and far-reaching tenets; to them Julian held himself gladly bound as he would not willingly be disobedient to that heavenly vision vouchsafed to him. For he had been led in the spirit into the presence of the gods, had been shown the irrevocable disasters toward which the empire was rushing, and had accepted at their hands the task of saving their religion for mankind. Yet he was loath to leave the lucid interspace of world and world to which Hermes had conducted him, *διὰ λείας ὁδοῦ καὶ ἀθρύπτου καθαρᾶς τε πάνυ καὶ καρποῖς βριθούσης ἄνθεσί τε πολλοῖς καὶ ἀγαθοῖς, ὅσα 'εστὶ θεοῖς φίλα, καὶ δένδρεσι κιττοῦ καὶ δάφνης καὶ μυρρίνης.* But Hermes came again as his guide, and the words of Helios were his inspiration: *'Αλλ' ἴθι, πορεύου μετὰ ἀγαθῆς ἐλπίδος, ἡμεῖς γάρ σοι πανταχοῦ συνεσόμεθα, ἐγώ τε καὶ 'Αθηνᾶ καὶ 'Ερμῆς ὅδε καὶ σὺν ἡμῖν οἱ θεοὶ πάντες οἱ ἐν 'Ολύμπῳ καὶ οἱ περὶ τὸν ἀέρα καὶ τὴν γῆν καὶ πᾶν πανταχοῦ τὸ θεῖον γένος, ἕως ἂν τά τε πρὸς ἡμᾶς ὅσιος ᾖς καὶ τὰ πρὸς τοὺς*

φίλους πιστὸς καὶ τὰ πρὸς τοὺς ὑπηκόους φιλάνθρωπος, ἄρχων αὐτῶν καὶ ἡγούμενος ἐπὶ τὰ βέλτιστα· ἀλλὰ μήτε ταῖς σεαυτοῦ μήτε ταῖς ἐκείνων ἐπιθυμίαις δουλεύων ὑπεικάθῃς. ἔχων οὖν τὴν πανοπλίαν, ἣν ἐκόμισας πρὸς ἡμᾶς, ἄπιθι προσλαβὼν ταύτην μὲν τὴν δᾷδα παρ' ἐμοῦ, ἵνα σοι καὶ ἐν τῇ γῇ φῶς λάμπῃ μέγα καὶ μηδὲν ἐπιποθῇς τῶν τῇδε, ταυτησὶ δέ, Ἀθηνᾶς τῆς καλῆς τό τε Γοργόνειον καὶ τὸ κράνος. πολλὰ γάρ, ὁρᾶς, ἐστὶν αὐτῇ, καὶ δίδωσιν οἷς ἂν ἐθέλῃ. δώσει δέ σοι καὶ Ἑρμῆς χρυσῆν ῥάβδον. ἔρχου οὖν τῇ πανοπλίᾳ κοσμηθεὶς ταύτῃ δὶα πάσης μὲν γῆς, δὶα πάσης δὲ θαλάττης, ἀμετακινήτως τοῖς ἡμετέροις πειθόμενος νόμοις, καὶ μηδείς σε μήτε ἀνδρῶν μήτε γυναικῶν, μήτε τῶν οἰκείων μήτε τῶν ξένων ἀναπείσῃ τῶν ἐντολῶν ἐκλαθέσθαι τῶν ἡμετέρων. ἐμμένων γὰρ αὐταῖς ἡμῖν μὲν ἔσῃ φίλος καὶ τίμιος, αἰδοῖος δὲ τοῖς ἀγαθοῖς ἡμῶν ὑπηρέταις, φοβερὸς δὲ ἀνθρώποις πονηροῖς καὶ κακαδαίμοσιν. ἴσθι δὲ σεαυτῷ τὰ σαρκία δεδόσθαι τῆς λειτουγίας ἕνεκα ταυτησί. Βουλόμεθα γάρ σοι τὴν προγονικὴν οἰκίαν αἰδοῖ τῶν προγόνων ἀποκαθῆραι.

μέμνησο οὖν, ὅτι τὴν ψυχὴν ἀθάνατον ἔχεις καὶ ἔκγονον ἡμετέραν, ἑπόμενός τε ἡμῖν ὅτι θεὸς ἔσῃ καὶ τὸν ἡμέτερον ὄψει σὺν ἡμῖν πατέρα.[3]

"Depart with good hope, and everywhere we shall be with thee. Keep thou our armor, my torch that a light may shine for thee, Athena's aegis, Hermes' golden wand. Thus armed, go steadfastly over land and sea, let no men or women, no fellow citizens or foreigners make thee forgetful of our commands. To fulfill them a mortal body has been given thee. But remember thou hast, too, an immortal soul which is from us. Carry out our behests, and thou shalt be a god and shalt with us behold the father." In this paraphrase I give the conclusion of Julian's vision by which he shaped his restoration. It was his consecration. Devout and utterly sincere, with unflinching integrity toward his ideals, he accepted as a task to which he believed he had been divinely appointed, the reestablishment by peaceful means of the religion Constantine had set aside.

Whether Julian's toleration could have continued, whether he would have learned that he was the sole enthusiast for his reform, whether in the end he would have recognized that it was a living wall he was trying to beat down with a dead creed are questions of idle speculation. He had only eighteen months

[3] Oration VII, *To the Cynic Heracleios.*

for his endeavor, and these not to be devoted solely to his religious reforms. There was the reformation in the court to occupy him: he did away with the thousands of pensioners, redressed the abuses of the law—as he had done earlier in Gaul—by his acts eliciting from the latest writer on him (T. F. Martin, 1919) the statement that "Julian would have been a better emperor if he had been less fair as a man"—and he reorganized education by school bills which are still considered. Then, in odd moments, he was writing books. And all the time he was carrying on his magnificent preparations for his war against the Persians. Relatively his equipment compares well with modern similar preparations: he had troops in all arms of the service,—navy, infantry, cavalry; he had scouting squadrons, catapults that were effective artillery, towering, mobile engines of war that were almost as destructive against city walls as tanks.

It seems strange that a man occupied so variously and so actively could be called a neurasthenic, or be adjudged sound in neither mind nor body when he conducted such conspicuously able maneouvers in the two wars which have been the inheritance of every age. The Eastern Campaign failed to result as favorably as had the Western, for, as Julian led a relieving detachment to the front, a Persian arrow was aimed too straight,and the emperor's death left the army as well as the empire undirected.

V

On Julian's tomb—which by strange coincidence was in Tarsus, the home of that other religious leader originally as hot in his zeal against the Christians as Julian—two of his qualities are named. It records that he was a "brave king" and a "powerful fighter." With perhaps becoming reticence it omits the third aspect—that he was a religious leader—which to Julian himself and to posterity, if concerned at all, constitutes the important work of his life. He had found, he thought, the form of religious belief which would satisfy individuals and hold together the Roman empire; and he devoted himself to its introduction with steady directness. So hot a conflict has always raged about his attempt that in it is lost any realization

of the rather simple man he was. He had a large simplicity, fostered by his susceptibility to the spell of mysteries, and developed by the limited contact of a monarch with his subjects, which led him to misjudge, to overjudge the goodness of men. His conception of what constitutes living was simple. He saw the two great needs—set forth in the Christian catechism as our duty towards God, and our duty towards our neighbor;—and he made the keynote of his life helpfulness toward the State and trust in deity. No Christian could follow more whole heartedly his religious beliefs; none ever left life in more certain confidence of having kept the faith. His farewell to the few friends who were with him the night he died, if conventional, is noble and direct.

> Friends and fellow soldiers, the seasonable period of my departure is now arrived, and I discharge with the cheerfulness of a ready debtor the demands of nature. I have learned from philosophy how much the soul is more excellent than the body, and that the separation of the nobler substance should be the subject of joy rather than of affliction. I have learned from religion that an early death has often been the reward of piety and I accept as a favor of the gods the mortal stroke that secures me from the danger of disgracing a character which has hitherto been supported by virtue and fortitude. I die without remorse as I have lived without guilt. I am pleased to reflect on the innocence of my private life; and I can affirm with confidence that the supreme authority—that emanation of the Divine Power—has been preserved in my hands pure and immaculate. Detesting the corrupt and destructive maxims of despotism I have considered the happiness of the people as the end of government. Submitting my action to the laws of prudence, of justice, of moderation, I have trusted the event to the care of Providence. Peace was the object of my counsels, as long as peace was consistent with the public welfare; but when the imperious voice of my country summoned me to arms I exposed my person to the dangers of war with the clear foreknowledge (which I had acquired from the art of divination) that I was destined to fall by the sword. I now offer my tribute of gratitude to the Eternal Being who has not suffered me to perish by the cruelty of a tyrant, by the secret dagger of conspiracy, or by the slow tortures of lingering disease. He has given me, in the midst of an honorable career a splendid and glorious departure from this world; and I hold it equally absurd, equally base to solicit or to decline the stroke of fate. . . . My strength fails me; I feel the approach of death.[4]

VI

Most famous men have become a part of history by their achievements. Julian is a part by what he neither achieved

[4] Translation by Gibbon.

in his own lifetime nor established securely enough for others to achieve for him. He died, an unsuccessful man, defeated in his campaign, defeated in his reformation, defeated even in his reputation; for age to age has accepted him as an abnormal, chiefly because the very normal thing he attempted to do happened to be against the trend of the times. As it is twice an honor *laudari a laudato viro*—so it is twice a condemnation *censeri a laudatis viris;* and they were men of high repute who originated the phrase "Julian, the Apostate," and who have given to poets, to two dramatists, to controversialists that phrase to conjure with, "Thou hast conquered, Galilaean." The nickname and the quotation originated some generations after Julian's death, and have persisted because of the abhorrence there came to be toward any movement against the faith that was to redeem mankind. However, the conviction of neither the fifth century, red hot in its religious zeal, nor of the twentieth which sees in Christianity an organization totally different from the organization of Julian's lifetime should be the standard for judgment on the last pagan emperor. He must live in his own century, from which socialized religion as it is known today was more remote than Deucalion's flood, or the exploits of a Daedalus.

The temptation to justify Julian's Hellenism or to censure his revolt puts prejudice to an unusual degree into all discussions of the man. No reviewer escapes. The object of the present study has not been either to justify or to convince; its aim has been to discover again a half-forgotten reformer, one of that group of unrepresentative men who against the tide of human progress have put a mark of their own upon the age in which they lived. Julian may have been a courageous idealist, he may have been a superstitious fanatic. There can be no doubt that he set for himself and strove to set for the empire a life of simplicity, humility, obedience; that he looked upon ideal government as the embodiment of those principles which are demanded of an individual; that he believed the essential factor in every life is religion. "A man older in wisdom," according to his contemporary biographer, "than in years, zealous in all relationships, a severe judge in moral questions, an unconcerned despiser of wealth, whose heart was set on no

things men can bestow,"—who himself said: "there is one truth, one philosophy; but we different men as we travel toward it go one by one path, another by another."

Among the Fourth Century travellers toward the one philosophy, there is no figure more easily distinguishable than Julian—the young emperor, who as warrior is well entitled to wear in his proper person the laurels he courageously won, and as philosopher to have set down to his credit the sincerity of his belief in the religion he could not save.

THE CONVENTIONS OF THE CHORUS IN GREEK DRAMA

WALTER REID BRYAN

INTRODUCTION[1]

A dramatic convention may be defined as a tacit agreement or understanding between the dramatist and his public that plays shall be written and performed in conformity with certain fixed rules or usages.

There are laws which are fundamental and essential to the very existence of the dramatic art. Such laws can not properly be termed "conventions" since their basis is necessity and not agreement. It would be a physical impossibility, for example, for the greater part of the audience to distinguish the words of an actor on the stage were he to speak in the tone of ordinary conversation. Therefore it is a universal law of the theatre that an actor shall raise his voice to an "unnatural" pitch. Laws of this type sprang into being with the earliest dramatic efforts and are of permanent force.

Conventions properly so called depend merely upon temporary and local conditions. Owing, however, to the conservatism of art, and especially of the theatre, they frequently show a tendency to persist after the cause which produced them has ceased to operate. Thus the observance of the rules of the unity of time and place was regarded as incumbent upon the French tragedians of the seventeenth century, although these rules owed their origin to the presence of a chorus in the Attic drama, and French tragedy was without a chorus.

Conventions are of gradual growth. They usually embody the results of a long period of experiment, and do not become

[1] On the general question of conventions cf. Moulton, *Modern Study of Literature*, pp. 266-7; Mackail, *Lectures on Greek Poetry*, p. 227; on theatrical conventions cf. Saintsbury, *A History of Criticism*, II, 76. For an interesting exposition of the subject with reference to the drama in general read Brander Matthews' essay, *The Conventions of the Drama*.

authoritative until dramatists in general are in accord as to accepting them. A convention is necessarily artificial in the sense that it represents a departure from the conditions of actual life, or requires that a thing be done in a particular way under all circumstances. It is artificial because it is a rule of art, and art is not nature but an ideal representation of nature.

The striking conventions of the Greek drama are determined mainly by the following considerations: (1) The structure of the ancient theatre and the means by which the plays were staged; (2) the religious character of the drama; (3) the part played by legal restrictions; (4) the taste and education of the audience.

(1) The drama and theatre are always dependent upon each other and must be studied together. To quote Erich Bethe: "It may be maintained as a fully substantiated conception derived through every investigation that the drama and the contrivances for its representation arise and develop simultaneously, that they condition and influence one another mutually, and that they advance and retard one another."[2]

(2) The Greek drama was not only religious in its origin, but throughout its history it continued to be associated with religion. This fact was of immense importance in influencing its scope and tone. The external features of religion are not progressive. Once established, they tend to remain fixed and unchanged. As an act of cult, the drama maintained at a late period many of the features that are found in its inception.

(3) As all performances were under the auspices of the state, many of the details in the production of plays became subject to the regulation of law. When a certain practice became once fixed, there was less likelihood of its being changed than if plays were brought out under private and competitive management.

(4) The demands of the audience are instrumental in influencing the acceptance or rejection of certain practices. Their likes and dislikes vary considerably from one age to the next and between one people and another.

[2] *Prolegomena zur Geschichte des Theaters im Alterthum*, p. 12 (Introduction), Leipzig, 1896.

It is also important to observe that the establishment of one convention may lead to the introduction of another. The first may give rise to the necessity for a second. There is frequently a close connection between dramatic conventions. The chorus is the most important single factor in determining the particular conventions of the Greek drama.

The Chorus

From the time of Thespis to the time of the Middle Comedy, a period of approximately one hundred and fifty years, the part played by the chorus in the Greek drama underwent a constant and fairly consistent devolution. In the course of this change the chorus passed from playing the principal rôle in the piece to a subordinate position. Later it became quite adventitious and was finally suppressed. Because of this lack of fixity in its function, the only approach to a consideration of the chorus as a convention lies in an examination of its treatment in the hands of successive dramatists.

For the sake of convenience I recognize three periods. In the first period the chorus was not a convention at all because the plays then produced were lyric rather than dramatic. During the second period we witness the attempt made by the great dramatists, with varying degrees of success, to unite the conflicting choral and dramatic elements into a congruous whole. In the third period, with the decline of dramatic technique, this attempt at unification is abandoned, and the choral parts become completely conventionalized.

The Growth of the Convention of the Chorus

(1) The One-Actor Period

There is abundant proof that previous to the introduction of the second actor by Aeschylus the chief interest in dramatic performances centered in the lyrics, the music, and the dancing. The spoken parts could hardly have been more than interludes.

The early preponderance in importance of the chorus is attested, first, by Aristotle's express statement that tragedy originated with the authors of the dithyramb, and comedy with those of the phallic songs, and that tragedy advanced by

slow degrees. "Aeschylus," he says, "assigned the leading part to the dialogue."[3] A second proof lies in the fact that when agones were first established for comedy and tragedy, it was not the poets, or the choregi, or the actors, who contended for the prize, but the choruses alone.[4] In the third place, the ancient dramatic poets were called "orchestric,"[5] a term indicating the importance placed upon their function of dancing-master; they were also known as χορδιδάσκαλοι because they personally instructed the chorus. Lastly, the titles of the majority of pre-Aeschylean plays are derived from the personnel of the chorus. This is not the case with the plays of Aeschylus himself or his successors.

Although the fragments and notices preserved of the early dramatic poets are exceptionally meager, yet to some extent at least they confirm the evidence cited above. Phrynichus boasts of the innovations he introduced into the dances.[6] In the *Frogs*, Aeschylus is represented referring to Phrynichus as his predecessor in the fashioning of songs.[7] Aristophanes, in the *Birds*, compares the same poet to a bee feeding "on the fruit of immortal lays, drawing therefrom sweet song."[8] Old Philocleon goes to court humming snatches from his songs.[9] Nothing is extant of the plays of Pratinas except two titles, but a considerable passage from one of his odes is distinctly dithyrambic in tone. There is no evidence that I can find to indicate that the early plays possessed any decided dramatic quality.

Since the Greek drama developed from a choral entertainment and the lyric interest prevailed over the dramatic until the time when the second actor was introduced,[10] it follows that the chorus in its inception in the drama, and in its early history, can not be regarded as a convention. Only at that

[3] *Poetics*, Chapter IV.

[4] See Bethe, *Prolegomena zur Geschichte des Theaters im Altherthum*, p. 18 (Leipzig, 1896). This has been made a subject of special investigation in the Index Scholarum von Rostock for S. S. 1894, *de scaenicorum certaminum victoribus*.

[5] *Athenaeus*, I. 40.

[6] Plutarch, *Quaest. Symp.*, 8.9.3.

[7] II. 1298-1300.

[8] II. 749-751.

[9] *Wasps*, I. 269.

[10] See Aristotle's *Poetics*, Chapter IV.

stage of the development where the dramatic interest in the plot distinctly outweighed the lyric did the chorus cease to be essential to the production as a drama.[11]

(2) The Classical Period[12]

The chief concern of Aeschylus in his early plays was, probably, not how the chorus might be fitted into the action, but how to create characters suitable to participate in the fortunes of the chorus. In his earliest extant plays at least, the *Suppliants* and the *Persians*, it is the fate of the chorus that is the theme of the play. In the former, our interest in Danaus and the King of Argos is not comparable to our interest in the maidens themselves. In the latter, although it is to be expected that Xerxes and Atossa would be more seriously affected by the reverses of their arms then the Persian Elders, yet Aeschylus does not make it so appear. The Elders do not touch upon the private misfortunes of the King and his queen mother, but constantly lament their own evil fate and the public calamity.[13] It is significant, too, that both plays open with long choral odes exceeding one hundred and fifty lines each.

The next drama of Aeschylus in point of time, the *Seven Against Thebes*, is a good example of the transitional period between the superiority of the chorus, such as we see it in the *Suppliants* and the *Persians*, and its later complete subordination to the actors' parts. The transition has left its clear mark on the structure of the *Seven*. The burden of the earlier scenes of the play is the dire plight of Thebes attacked by an invading army. The chorus of Theban maidens is affected by the general disaster which impends. Their fate

[11] As to the date when this change took place, we can only say in general that it was about the time the second actor appeared. Even with sufficient data at hand it would be doubtful whether the date could be more than approximately determined. Much depends upon the individual point of view. Some may argue, for instance, that the *Suppliants* of Aeschylus—a two-actor play—is more lyrical than dramatic. Others may contend with equal weight that the interest aroused in the fate of the Danaides makes the production truly dramatic.

[12] In this part of the discussion I am indebted to the careful analyses of Hans Fries, *De conexu chori personae cum fabulae actione*. (Göttingen, 1913). I have also found "The Chorus of Euripides" by A. E. Phoutrides in Vol. XXVII of *Harvard Studies in Classical Philology* of some value.

[13] Cf. Campbell, *Guide to Greek Tragedy*, p. 130: "Xerxes can not be the hero of a drama in which he appears only towards the end."

is involved in the fate of the other personages and that of the city. Their position is a close parallel to that of the Elders in the threatened collapse of the Persian Empire. It is not until comparatively late in the course of events that attention is finally focused upon what proves to be the main theme of the drama, the fatal strife of the actor Eteocles with his brother Polynices. The importance of the chorus is also lessened in another way. The prologue has made its appearance. Eteocles' speech to the Theban citizens opens the play. The entrance of the chorus is deferred. Notwithstanding this improvement in dramatic technique, however, the tragedy is still largely lyrical and descriptive.[14]

The date of the *Prometheus Bound* is uncertain, but there is little doubt that it was one of Aeschylus' later productions. The actor has come into his own. The Titan chained on a Scythian crag is the centre of interest from beginning to end of the tragedy. The part of the chorus is completely subordinated to that of the protagonist. The number of lines delivered by the choreutae has been reduced in this drama to less than a fifth of the whole. Yet, despite this curtailment of their rôle, the Oceanides are as truly an integral part of the action as Prometheus himself. They are collectively an actor playing the minor rôle of friend and confidante. Their close connection with the plot is brought about in two ways. In the first place the environment is perfectly suited to ocean nymphs. One does not ask himself how they came to be where they are. They are as natural to the scene as the towering rock with the sea beneath and sky overhead. In the second place, by their sympathy with the suffering god, they run counter to the divine will of Zeus, and are hurled into Tartarus along with the defiant Titan himself.

When the *Oresteia* appeared, in 458 B.C., a long stride had already been taken in dramatic development by the introduction of the third actor, an innovation commonly attributed to Sophocles. The theatre had also been improved on its mechanical side. It is to be expected that, with the increase in

[14] Cf. the long description of the Argive and Theban chieftains, II. 375-676. Professor Campbell says the chorus of Theban women may be said to play the part of *δευτεραγωνιστής*.

facilities for rendering tragedy more truly dramatic, the chorus would be more and more overshadowed. This is what actually occurred. And so it is no accident that the *Agamemnon*, the first play of the Oresteian trilogy, is the most dramatic of all the extant dramas of Aeschylus, and that its chorus, at the same time, is the most slightly connected with the plot. The office of the aged Argives in the *Agamemnon* is to side with the King and against his slayers. They represent the loyal element in the state. They break out in angry defiance against Aegisthus and seem at one point about to use violence, but their interference is without effect. In the end they are constrained to bend to a hateful tyranny. They can hardly be said to play a rôle.

The chorus of Maidservants in the *Libation-Bearers* is also loyal to the memory of the murdered King and the rightful heir to the throne of Argos. It plays the part of confidante to Electra. Furthermore, the chorus persuades the nurse to alter the terms of the message she is bearing from Clytemnestra to Aegisthus so that, as a result, he falls into the hands of Orestes unattended and off his guard. By this direct participation in the plot the Maidservants exert an important influence on the success of the conspirators.

In the *Eumenides*, the union of the chorus with the action reaches its supreme perfection. In this tragedy, to quote Verrall, "the choric form is so suitable as to be almost a necessity; the Erinyes could hardly have been put on the stage in any other way."[15] Throughout, the chorus plays one of the two chief rôles.

Such information as we possess of many of Aeschylus' lost plays leads to the supposition that the chorus was of great importance in them. Four in particular should be mentioned: the Heliades, the Phrygians, the Myrmidons and the Carians.[16] Almost half of the eighty-one titles of plays by Aeschylus are derived from the choruses.

The Sophoclean drama shows a much more superficial connection of the chorus with the action than is the case in Aeschylus. The chorus is reduced more to the rôle of a specta-

[15] Eumenides, Appendix II-2.
[16] See Hans Fries, *op. cit.* 12, 13.

tor of the events enacted. The pure drama emerges with greater distinctness. In none of Sophocles' plays does the chorus compare in dramatic importance with the choruses in the *Suppliants*, *Persians*, *Seven Against Thebes*, *Prometheus*, or the *Eumenides*. In three of Sophocles' dramas the participation of the chorus in the action may be compared favorably with the *Agamemnon* and the *Libation-Bearers*. In the remaining four the chorus is of less dramatic significance than in any of Aeschylus' plays.

The three Sophoclean dramas in which connection of chorus and action is closest are the *Oedipus at Colonus*, the *Oedipus the King*, and the *Philoctetes*. In the former, the Attic Elders interfere in the plot at several junctures. They upbraid Oedipus because he has set foot on a sacred spot; they are prevailed upon to summon Theseus; they defend the blind wanderer against his oppressor. Their individuality is heightened by the self-interest they occasionally display. In *Oedipus the King* the aged Thebans persuade their angry monarch to use moderation, and not to inflict a severe penalty upon Creon. But their chief function is merely to sympathize with the unexampled misfortunes of Oedipus. In the *Philoctetes*, the chorus is in sympathy with that wronged and unhappy warrior, and it is largely through their zeal that the latter is persuaded in the end to follow Neoptolemus.

In the *Ajax*, the chorus of Salaminian sailors might be completely eliminated without disturbing the action.[17] Their interests, however, are so completely identified with those of their leader, whose life and honour are at stake, that the connection of chorus with play is by no means artificial. In the *Electra* the chorus is joined in friendship to the heroine and her brother. It asserts that it is furthering its own cause, but it is of the fate of Agamemnon's children that it chiefly speaks. In the *Antigone*, the chorus plays an ambiguous rôle. At first it sides with the King and shows no sympathy for the heroine; when it is too late to be of avail, it timidly sanctions her deed. It is not directly concerned in the outcome of events, but is an interested spectator. Finally, in the *Trach-*

[17] The chorus joins in the search for Ajax, but it is Tecmessa who finds the body.

inian Women, the chorus reaches a still greater degree of detachment. Deianeira and Hercules have made their home in a foreign city. The chorus of native maidens, almost strangers, come to console the heroine, but there is a gulf between them and her which Deianeira does not fail to note. They are young and without experience in trouble. She is a matron, and they are maidens. Neither Deianeira's nor Hercules' fate has power to touch them directly.

It would be tedious and not pertinent to our present inquiry to consider each in turn the choruses of all of Euripides' eighteen or nineteen plays. In many of them the treatment of the chorus does not differ materially from that of Sophocles. Where this is the case, no advantage is to be gained by their examination. I shall confine the discussion to the main points of divergence between Euripides and his predecessors, and shall indicate especially the tendency toward further subordination of the choral rôle.

There is greater diversity in the manner and degree in which the chorus participates in the drama of Euripides than can be found in either Aeschylus or Sophocles. I am inclined to think that this is partly due to Euripides' extraordinary versatility and to his profiting by the experience of the older poets. There is another consideration, however, which must not be overlooked: we possess a much wider field in his case upon which to base our conclusion.

There are several Euripidean plays in which the chorus shares more vitally in the plot than in any of Sophocles' extant tragedies. The most important of these for our purpose are the *Suppliants*, the *Bacchantes*, the *Ion*, and the *Helena*.[18] In the *Suppliants*, in fact, there is a close approach to the manner of Aeschylus in his play of the same name. The chorus of Euripides' *Suppliants* consists in part of the mothers of the seven Argive chieftains who fell in battle before the walls of Thebes. Their attempt to recover the corpses of their sons, and its result, is the argument of the play. The chorus not only assume a rôle, but are the chief personages of the drama. Contrary, also, to the rule then prevailing, the chorus is on

[18] The chorus of guards in the Rhesus is an important actor, but since the authorship of this play is in dispute it is omitted here.

the stage at the commencement of the tragedy. The choral part, however, in Euripides' *Suppliants* is much more curtailed than in any of Aeschylus' plays except the *Prometheus*. In the *Bacchantes*, too, the chorus plays a rôle, the rare one, as in the *Eumenides*, of opposing the principal actor. Haigh says of this chorus, "The wild and passionate enthusiasm of the *Bacchantes*, their breathless suspense during the progress of an action on which their very life depends, and their jubilant exultation over the victory, not only gives to the play its distinctive tone, but also excites a dramatic interest hardly inferior to the interest of the Eumenides."[19] The chorus of attendants on Creusa, in the *Ion*, is introduced in an extremely casual way. With the realism Euripides displays on occasion, they are seen admiring in feminine fashion the decorations on the walls of the temple at Delphi. This much looks artificial; but, as the action proceeds, they become thoroughly involved in its unusually intricate plot. Through their possession of a certain secret they have power over the course of events. Their life is threatened, and it is their presence of mind which, at the critical moment, saves the life of their mistress. The comparison of the intrepidity of this chorus with the feebleness of the Elders in the Antigone is profitable. The chorus of the *Helena* is also of the resolute type. It prefers to die rather than to desert its mistress. When Theoclymenus dashes into the palace to murder his sister, the chorus of women runs between him and his intended victim. They actually lay hands on him and restrain him until his sister is out of danger. It is rarely in Greek tragedy that physical coercion, though frequently threatened, is actually applied. The above is one example. There are others in the *Children of Heracles*, the *Rhesus*, and the *Suppliants of Aeschylus*. Except in the *Rhesus*, it is to be noted that the purpose of the coercion is to prevent some greater deed of violence.

We now come to that important class of plays where the detachment of chorus from argument exceeds anything we know of in *Sophocles*. The two most striking examples are, perhaps, the *Tyrian Women* and the *Iphigenia at Aulis*. In these two plays of Euripides the devolution of the chorus has reached

[19] *The Tragic Drama of the Greeks*, p. 256.

its penultimate stage. The motivation is slight. In the *Tyrian Women* it is sheer accident; in the *Iphigenia* it is caprice. The connection of both choruses with the plot is quite adventitious. In the *Tyrian Women* the chorus are on their way to Delphi and chance to stop at Thebes. While they are in the city it is attacked by the Argive host. The maidens, as Tyrians, are distantly related to the Thebans through Cadmus, but they have no personal concern in the fate of the city. They are without influence on the other personages of the drama. The chorus of the *Iphigenia at Aulis* consists of women of Chalcis who cross the Euripus impelled by curiosity to see the Greek armament encamped upon the shore. They are virtually ignored by all actors.

The question of interludes, or ἐμβόλιμα, in Euripides is a delicate one. It has provoked many conflicting opinions. Those who see in this dramatist the beginning of the decadence find in some of his less artfully constructed pieces choral odes lacking adequate relationship to the rest of the tragedy.[20] His champions, on the other hand, detect in these same odes a subtle connection with the argument which, they claim, does credit to the poet's acute appreciation of the psychology of the situation, and increases their own admiration for his art.[21] Discussion centers especially about the choral parts of the *Tyrian Women*,[22] the *Iphigenia in Tauris*,[23] the *Helena*,[24] and the *Electra*.[25] It may be possible to justify the relevancy of all the lyrics in the above plays on psychological or aesthetic grounds, but their place in the dramatic economy of the several pieces is, to say the least, questionable. A link between odes and play is never completely lacking, but it is sometimes far from obvious, and now and then quite artificial.[26] For exam-

[20] See Haigh's treatment of the chorus in Euripides, p. 251, *The Tragic Drama of the Greeks;* also Sittl, *Geschichte der Griechischen Literatur*, III, 240; J. R. Wheeler, "Tragedy" p. 119, in *Greek Literature*, Columbia University Press (1912).

[21] See especially Gilbert Murray's *Euripides and His Age*, Chapter XI; also Phoutrides, *The Chorus of Euripides, op. cit.*

[22] 638-689; 1019-1066.

[23] 1234-1283.

[24] 1301-1368.

[25] 699-746.

[26] Cf. Electra, 432-486, cited by Haigh, *op. cit.*, p. 254, as an example of artificial connection between choral and play.

ple, a few of the chorals are pertinent only to the extent that they describe events in the legendary history of the family of the *dramatis personae*. Some of these odes were criticized by the ancients for want of relevancy to the plot.[27] It will be pretty generally agreed that the lyrics of the type here considered represent a mean between the sympathetic choruses of Sophocles and the confessed interludes of Euripides' successors.[28]

The comedies of Aristophanes come next in order in our investigation of the conventionalization of the chorus. The general impression derived from an examination of the choruses in Aristophanes is that they are handled with greater freedom than in the tragic poets. Little embarrassment seems to have been caused by the problem of giving adequate motivation and dramatic significance to the chorus. Writers of the Old Comedy enjoyed great latitude in the treatment of their material. Theirs was the world of fancy in which sequence and consistency lost much of their importance. The parabasis, especially, seems to have invited disregard of verisimilitude in the rôle of the chorus. Its avowed purpose was to afford the comic poet opportunity for personal expression. While passing comment on contemporary politics the chorus might act merely as the poet's spokesman and thus be completely divested of a rôle. In some of Aristophanes' earlier pieces, as the *Acharnians* and the *Wasps*, the chorus takes a considerable part in the action up to the delivery of the parabasis, which is approximately the middle point of the play. After that its activity is relaxed. The reason for this is probably to be found in the weakening of its dramatic personality after the intrusion of matter out of character with the choral part and perhaps foreign to the argument. The *Lysistrata* and the *Thesmophoriazusae* belong to the later period—a time of comparative tyranny and curtailment of freedom of speech. They contain no parabases in the proper sense. In them the part played by the chorus throughout is comparable to that of any actor. The *Clouds* and the *Frogs*, on the other hand,

[27] *Sch. to Phoenissae*, 1019, 1053.

[28] Occasionally an ode of Sophocles is cited as irrelevant. The hymn to Dionysus in the *Antigone*, 1115-52, is an example.

are examples of the opposite extreme. Here the poet assumes the utmost license in his treatment of the chorus. The pure lyric impulse holds sway, and a complete divorce is established between chorus and argument.

(3) The Period of Decadence

The final stage in the devolution of the tragic chorus was reached with the end of effort to bring it into adequate relationship with the rest of the play. The chorus no longer participated actively or even sympathetically in the action. It merely sang interludes for the purpose of filling in the pauses of the play. The practice of inserting interludes, or ἐμβόλιμα, into tragedies had already begun during the lifetime of Euripides. It is to Agathon, a younger contemporary of the latter poet, that Aristotle ascribes the origin of this custom.[29] The practice begun by Agathon was continued throughout the fourth century. Tradition kept the tragic chorus from being altogether abolished.

Turning to comedy in the fourth century we find that the comic chorus not only suffered a period of decline but was, in the end, suppressed. Aristophanes' last two plays, the *Ecclesiazusae* (383 B.C.) and the *Plutus* (388 B.C.), belong in spirit, and partly in structure, to the obscure Middle Comedy. Political animosity and personal caricature are disappearing from the stage. The *Ecclesiazusae* has no parabasis. The *Plutus* is anomalous in that it is without lyrical parts although possessing a chorus which takes a cursory part in the dialogue. Pauses in the action of the latter play are indicated by the single word χοροῦ. It is probable, though not certain, that these breaks were filled by musical intermezzi. It was but a step from the effete chorus of the Plutus to its total disappearance. Aristophanes' successors in the Middle Comedy dispensed with it.[30]

The question arises here why the chorus disappeared so suddenly in comedy but enjoyed a prolonged life in tragedy. The change in spirit and subject-matter of comedy and the extinction of the chorus are no doubt related phenomena, but

[29] *Poetics*, Chapter 20, *fin.*

[30] It was occasionally revived. Even Menander and Philemon of the New Comedy introduced it in some of their plays, though only for the sake of interludes.

the reason for the one is not necessarily the reason for the other. Loss of interest in public men and affairs, hesitation on the part of poets to incur the enmity of the powerful, increase in general refinement, all contributed to curb the license of ancient comedy. These same things would profoundly affect the manner of the comic chorus, but would hardly strike at its life unless it were already moribund from other causes. That it was moribund is evident in the *Plutus* and to some extent in the *Ecclesiazusae*. Although public interest in the drama suffered no diminution, the comic chorus in the new order of things had become not only insignificant but a positive burden. It was a burden in the first place to the *choregus*. The disasters that attended the Peloponnesian War, beginning with the ill-starred Sicilian Expedition, had drained private as well as public coffers.[31] Few citizens would be found willing to undertake the extraordinary expense of costuming and training the required twenty-four *choreutae*. They could at least plead financial disability with greater success than at an earlier period. The *choreutae* themselves, also, must have become inferior in art and training during these stormy times. The comic chorus, in the second place, had become a burden to the poet. As comedy tended to reflect more and more the conditions of every-day life, the chorus became more contradictory. The possibilities of lyrical burlesque were well nigh exhausted. Originality of this sort grew more and more difficult. The unmixed lyrical impulse continued to find an outlet in the tragic choruses and the dithyrambs. There was no legitimate place for it in comedy. In the course of the successful revolution which changed the character of comedy, the latter acquired the vigour essential to rid itself of this convention imposed upon it by the past. The *Plutus* registers the lingering reluctance to dispense with the tradition. Tragedy, on the other hand, was under no compulsion to alter its nature. As it was not concerned with the present, so it was less affected by the changes incident to progress. It continued to treat of the myths hallowed by antiquity. Because of its high ethical seriousness and religious purport, the past had a stronger claim on it. Perhaps, too, the fact that the tragic choruses were

[31] For the cost of this expedition see Thucydides, Bk. VI, Ch. 31.

smaller and less costly was in their favor. At any rate, as Leo observes, tragic chorus and tragic play grew from the same root, while comic chorus and comic play were organically distinct.[32] In the former case the severance of the two was almost impossible; in the latter it was difficult, but finally accomplished.

In the preceding discussion I have endeavored to outline historically the growth of the chorus-convention in the Greek drama. As long as the drama was mainly lyrical, which it surely was in its infancy, the chorus was indispensable. Two actors, as a minimum, were necessary. The chorus during the one-actor period must have played the rôle of a second actor. The importance of the chorus would tend to diminish upon the introduction of a second actor in the proper sense. As tragedies began to develop true plots, and especially after the third actor had made his appearance, the conventional character of the chorus became prominent. Aeschylus realized most fully the dramatic possibilities of the chorus. He secured the advantage of an additional actor by giving to it a rôle and a place in the argument. Sophocles severed the chorus almost entirely from the action, but preserved its vitality by connecting it with strong bonds of sympathy to one or another of the characters of the drama. He developed the artistic possibilities of the chorus to the utmost. Euripides showed that he was a master of the methods of the two older poets, but, at the same time, he registers a further step in the devolution. In some of his tragedies the choruses are more or less unconcerned spectators of the events passing before their eyes, and occasionally sing odes having no manifest bearing on these events. Finally in the dramas of Agathon and his successors, the choruses degenerate into the mere interludes that provoked the censure of Aristotle.

The chorus was so essential a constituent of the Old Comedy as perfected by Aristophanes that it can not be regarded as a convention, even in those plays where it is completely severed from the action, in the sense in which the choruses of some of Euripides' plays are so regarded. The thread of the plot in most of Aristophanes' comedies is slight and broken. The dramatic

[32] *Geschichte der Römischen Literatur*, I, 101.

action, so to speak, is not self-sustaining. For this reason the choral element assumes greater importance than in a tragedy with fully developed plot.

The decline of the tragic chorus during the classical period is indicated also by the decreasing ratio of lines assigned to choral parts compared to the total number of lines in the plays. The maximum ratio is in the *Suppliants* of Aeschylus. The choral lines in this drama amount to sixty per cent of the whole. The average choral part in the seven plays of Aeschylus is forty-three per cent. In Sophocles and Euripides the average is almost equal; in the plays of each poet the lines assigned to the chorus constitute about twenty per cent of the total number. The minimum for an individual play is thirteen per cent in the *Orestes* of Euripides.

In conclusion, a word of caution is perhaps necessary. It should be borne in mind that the data for establishing the decline of the chorus are incomplete. If more of the plays of Aeschylus and Sophocles, and some, especially, of the plays of the minor poets were extant, many important facts would be added to the account; and it is also more than likely that some conclusions now regarded as fixed would have to be foregone or modified. There can be no reasonable doubt, however, that the history of the chorus was, in the main, as outlined above. The direct statements and inferences to be drawn from the *Poetics* of Aristotle preclude any other supposition.[33]

Reasons for the Persistence of the Convention of the Chorus

The remarkable persistence of the chorus as it continued to lose dramatic significance and increased in artificiality is the essence of the chorus-convention. There is no evidence, either direct or indirect, from the earliest times to Antiphanes and the Middle Comedy, of any attempt to produce a play without a chorus. Other conventions were occasionally violated, as will appear in the sequel. Phrynichus and Aeschylus, for example, produced single plays noteworthy because they were on historical instead of mythical subjects. Agathon even went to the extent of writing a piece—the *Flower*—in which

[33] See especially Chapter IV.

both plot and characters were invented. But no poet was so daring an innovator as to dispense with the regularly recurring dance and song. This is true not only of the Attic drama, but probably of the obscure Doric drama. It is sometimes stated that the comedies of the Sicilian poet, Epicharmus, had no chorus,[34] but this assertion requires some qualification. The chorus there was not of the type we are familiar with in Aristophanes, but the evidence is unequivocal that there were choral performances in some of his pieces,[35] and their presence is inferred in all.[36] The exact nature of the Sicilian chorus is uncertain. It is not probable, as some have inferred, that it was merely a mimic ballet without words. There is no trace of regular arrangement into strophes and antistrophes. The chorus was apparently of subordinate importance, and may have been without independent existence. It has been conjectured that it consisted of personages who had taken part in the action and that after the delivery of the choral part the chorus dissolved and its members became actors again.[37]

Aeschylus was quite scrupulous in the motivation of his choruses. He motivated not only their first appearance, but frequently the single lyric parts as well.[38] But the chorus came to be accepted so much as a matter of fact that Sophocles and Euripides did not invariably observe this practice. The chorus in the *Philoctetes* enters to deliver the parodos without a word from either Odysseus or Neoptolemus, who preceded it in the prologue, to intimate its coming. Since the plot to deceive Philoctetes requires great secrecy, one is tempted to ask whether it were not better for these men to remain aboard the ship for a while.[39] The slight motivation of the choruses in the *Tyrian*

[34] See Flickinger, *op. cit.*, p. 51; Jebb's *Classical Greek Poetry*, p. 200. The latter says that "Epicharmus does not seem to have used a chorus."

[35] Dances are referred to in the Ἄβας γάμος, and the Περίαλλος. A few fragments are lyrical in their tenor; see the Τρῶες. The title of one of his comedies, the Χορεύοντες, can with certainty be applied to the chorus.

[36] See Bergk, *Griechische Literaturgeschichte*, IV, 32; also Mahaffy, *History of Classical Greek Literature*, I, 405.

[37] See J. Denis, *La comédie grecque*, I, 78 ff., who discusses varying views of the chorus in Epicharmus. The entire question is hypothetical except for the fact that there were choral performances of some kind.

[38] Cf. *Agam.* 352 ff.; *Persians*, 623 ff., *Seven Against Thebes*, 287 ff.; all cited by Sittl, *Geschichte der Griechischen Literatur*, III, 240.

[39] Because the appearance of the chorus in the Philoctetes is not motivated Bergk assumes its presence in the orchestra from the beginning of the play.

Women and the *Iphigenia at Aulis* has already been referred to.[40] In Euripides' *Electra* the chorus appears in order to invite the heroine to a festival. In cases such as these the suspicion arises that the chorus was introduced merely because it was inevitable—that the prologue had reached its proper length and it was now time for the parados.

It is not difficult to perceive that the almost constant presence of a group of twelve or fifteen "outsiders," so to speak, must have caused frequent embarrassment to the poet. This would be especially true in confidential scenes. The difficulty could be met sometimes by placing such scenes in the prologue. It is there, for example, in the *Antigone* that the heroine declares to Ismene her intention to disobey the King's command and bury her brother. Often the chorus itself was of a fit character to be party to the confidence. This is the case in the Medea, where fidelity to sex forms such a strong bond that the wronged princess confides her secret intent to the chorus. Sometimes, however, the effort to dodge the ubiquitous chorus is only too evident. In the *Trachinian Women* (line 340), the messenger has something to say in private to Deianeira. The captives taken at Oechalia and their guards are just leaving the scene. Deianeira, referring to them, asks, "Shall we recall them, pray, or dost thou wish to speak to me and these?" meaning by "these" the women of the chorus. The messenger replies, "Nothing hinders me from speaking to thee and these, but let the rest depart." In the *Iphigenia at Aulis*, the brother and sister are constrained to discuss, in the presence of the chorus, matters which would be better considered in privacy.

The chorus-convention also prevented free use of the monologue, and again, as in the case of confidential scenes, the value of that part of the play which preceded the entrance of the chorus was proven. It is during a *μετάστασις* of the chorus that the celebrated monologue of Ajax preceding his suicide is delivered. In the *Alcestis* is an example of the artificial circumvention of this difficulty. Admetus begins that which professes to be a speech to the chorus (line 935). It begins with the word "Friends," and ends in the same

[40] See above p. 62.

style (line 960). But the sentiments expressed in these lines are of that self-searching and self-accusing nature which we are wont to regard as peculiarly appropriate to a soliloquy.

Such convenient devices as asides and eaves-dropping, which are of such moment in the modern drama, were also thoroughly discouraged by the chorus. The hampering effect of the chorus on the place and time elements of the drama will be discussed in a later chapter on the Unities.

When one considers the difficulties ordinarily involved in the motivation of a chorus and the further difficulties arising from its presence when once successfully introduced, he feels the necessity of going afield to justify it. He observes that the farther tragedy advanced from its primitive state the more embarrassing the chorus became. He is not satisfied to ascribe its longevity solely to the force of tradition.

An examination into the reasons accounting for the inevitability and prolonged existence of the chorus in the drama reveals the following as of fundamental importance: (1) the religious significance of the chorus; (2) its legal sanction; (3) the musical and orchestric education of the people; (4) certain technical advantages derived from the chorus.

The dithyramb and the phallic songs, from which tragedy and comedy respectively originated, were, as is well established, essential features of the Dionysus worship. The drama, as it developed, maintained the ritual character inherent in its sources and continued to be part and parcel of the cult practiced at the festivals of Dionysus Eleuthereus, Dionysus Lenaeus, and the Rural Dionysia. These festivals were of several days' duration. Other features of the celebration, besides the acting of plays, were processions, feasts, and cyclic dances. All of the ceremonies had for object the honouring of the god.

Tragedy began to enlarge its scope at an early date and soon passed beyond the narrow range of Dionysiac themes. It embraced the legends of the other gods and the heroes. The chorus, since it was an inseparable part of the dramatic performance, naturally shared in the expansion. But it was the plot that underwent the greater change. In the course of time it lost its early religious significance more completely than did the chorus. It is unnecessary here to hark back to the

primitive Dionysiac ritual, when the subject of the drama was the passion and epiphany of the god. The growing tendency to secularize the plot can be illustrated from historical times. In the tragedies of Aeschylus the divine destiny of Zeus plays a large part in theme and motivation. In Sophocles the religious element, though still fervid and sincere, is less pervasive. Human passion prevails as a motive force. In the plots of Euripides—where an approach is made to the modern drama—the secularizing tendency becomes pronounced. Rationalism and Faith come into conflict. Divine intervention, it is true, is frequent, but it is a transparent dramatic device. The religious inspiration has cooled.[41] The choral odes, on the other hand, preserved the contact between the tragedy, as a ritualistic act, and the gods, the object of the rite. They continued to keep alive the idea of direct religious devotion originally inherent in them. To have abolished the chorus from tragedy would have been to deprive tragedy of the spirit of the festival. Such an attempt would no doubt have been regarded as an attack on religion.

The general religious tenor of the lyrics in Greek tragedy is unmistakable. Richard Moulton fitly compares them to the Psalms. Distinctions exist between the two genres, as he points out, but in inspiration they are almost identical. Some of the choral odes are actual hymns sung in praise of certain gods.[42] Prayers are addressed to others.[43] The *Libation-Bearers* and the *Eumenides* contain ritual odes.[44] Many are the lyrics, not directly acts of worship as the above, which contain appeals to the higher powers. Sometimes one god is addressed; sometimes a number are appealed to in succession. In the parados of *Oedipus the King*, for example, the Delian Apollo, Athena, Artemis, Zeus, and Bacchus are all severally invoked. Supplications abound. The poet is always alert to catch the religious significance of the action and to embody it in the lyric parts, whatever their subject may be.

[41] The Bacchantes—the latest of Greek tragedies—proves an exception. Perhaps we are not wrong in seeing in this play a revival of the influence of Aeschylus.

[42] Cf. *Alcestis*, 962 ff.; *Helena*, 1357 ff.

[43] Cf. *Ion*, 1048 ff.; *Orestes*, 316 ff.

[44] Cf. also the ritual ode over the dead in *Alcestis*, 435 ff.

It should not be supposed that there is a contradiction involved between abatement of religious significance in motivation and argument, and the maintenance of religion as an important element in the choral odes. Rationalism makes its first inroads in those places where the reasoning faculty has freer scope, in the arrangement of the plot and the handling of the dialogue. In the choral parts it is the emotion, of course, that is of prime moment. Here "the unconscious poetry of religion" bursts forth. It is not pertinent to inquire too closely into the poet's faith in the efficacy of hymn or invocation. It is the poetry that concerns him, not the fact. This is the case with the tragedies of Euripides. He may have minimized the religious purport of the tragedy as a whole; he may even have made veiled attacks upon the popular belief, without lessening the religious fervor of the lyrics. The poetry of Lucretius will serve as an instructive parallel. His dissent from the prevailing religion is not a matter of doubt; the extent of Euripides' scepticism is at least debatable. Yet Lucretius, at the very beginning of a poem which has for object the overthrow of religion, utters a beautiful invocation to Venus.

Apart from all theorizing on the subject, the fact is patent that the chorals of Euripides are replete with religious expression.[45] The connection of the tragic ritual with the religious festivals continues to be manifest, largely through the instrumentality of the chorus. The Puritanic sombreness of Aeschylus has disappeared; in its place there comes a livelier, more exhilarating spirit, which is the more fit for fêtes of the wine-god. Décharme sees in Euripides direct inspiration of the religion of Bacchus. It is this, he says, "which imparts a rapid impulse (élan) to the poetry of Euripides, communicating to it its flame and transports."[46]

Not only the religious content of the odes, but the choral dance, too, served to maintain the close connection between the

[45] *The Medea*, a play of comparatively little religious content, is illustrative of the general tendency to give a religious tenor to the choral parts. The chorus refers to Zeus three times in the Κομμός which takes the place of the regular Πάραδος (II. 148, 157, 209); Cypris and her power are the theme of the second stasimon (627-662); the Pierides and Cypris appear in the third stasimon (II. 824-865); the Sun, "Zeus-born Light" is invoked in the fifth stasimon (1251-1292).

[46] *Euripides et l'esprit de son théâtre*, p. 514.

drama and the occasion upon which it was produced. The ancient dance had a religious significance that is difficult to appreciate at the present day. It was a highly dignified art, as much an act of worship as the song that accompanied it. Social sex-dancing in the modern fashion was unknown. Dancing was employed chiefly for ritualistic purposes at the festivals.[47]

Sittl sums up the importance of the tragic chorus in the following words: "Popular conception bound religious festivals and choral songs so indissolubly that the classical period continued to regard the chorus as the principal feature."[48]

The chorus had not only a religious, but also a legal sanction, because religion and the ceremonies attending it were a communal matter. The details to be observed in the celebration of festivals were jealously prescribed and guarded by law. The poet had no means of staging his play except through regular legal channels. The first step was to apply for a chorus. It was the archon eponymus who assigned a chorus to the poet at the Dionysia, the archon basileus at the Lenaea. A *choregus* was then appointed by lot to defray its expense. The *choregi* in the heyday of the drama vied one with another for popular favor. Lavish expenditure in the training and costuming of the chorus brought political preferment. The rivalry of the *choregi* sometimes furnished matter for public talk. There was rivalry, too, among those possessing the requisite talent, for a place in the chorus of the popular dramatists. Bernhardy says, "The *choreutae* were free citizens who, for the sake of honour only, participated in the gorgeous festivals and excluded every stranger from their company. The Dionysia became for them a desirable field in which to exhibit bodily dexterity and musical education; where they strove to give the most complete demonstration of their training, not only to the honour of the god but to the state."[49]

The popularity of choral performances in general is also attested by the vogue of the dithyramb, or cyclic dance, which

[47] See Blümner, *Home Life of the Ancient Greeks*, translation of Alice Zimmern, p. 320 ff. (Cassell & Co., 1895).

[48] *Op. cit.*, III, 208.

[49] *Grundriss der Griechischen Literatur*, II, 97.

was a regular feature of the Greater Dionysia. It took the form of an inter-tribal contest, each Attic tribe furnishing a dithyrambic chorus of fifty members. As there were ten tribes, no less than five hundred citizens must have participated each year. The training received in these dithyrambic contests, affecting a considerable portion of the free population of the state, must have increased appreciation for the musical and choregraphic elements in the drama. It also insured a supply of trained singers and dancers for which *choreutae* could be chosen for tragedy and comedy.

The education of the Greeks also contributed to their appreciation of the choral parts of the drama. The two branches of instruction in the Athenian schools were music and gymnastics. "Music," however, included not only lyre-playing and singing, but also reading, writing, and the mastery of Homeric poetry. Instruction in music proper began at the age of adolescence under a special master. Since the subjects taught were few, their relative importance was increased. To quote from Blümner, the Greeks regarded "music not from the standpoint of the modern amateur, as only a pleasant distraction for hours of recreation, but rather as an essential means of ethical development."[50] Some Attic vase-paintings depict schoolroom scenes with boys receiving instruction on stringed instruments. Dancing, except at Sparta, did not hold so important a place in the system of juvenile education as music. It is probable that it was taught, however, along with gymnastics.

On a preceding page I have enumerated some of the disadvantages the dramatist had to contend with because of the chorus-convention. It remains to consider the advantages derived from it. These were of no mean importance. Two of them arose from the existence of a second convention—the limitation imposed on the number of actors. Therefore we have the involved situation of one convention aiding to overcome the disadvantage imposed by another. In the first place, the chorus, while delivering a *stasimon*, gave time to actors to change their masks and costumes in order to reappear in a different rôle. The opportunity for such a change was essential

[50] *Op. cit.*, p. 111.

in a drama where three actors had to impersonate from five to eleven different characters. In the second place, the chorus was a potential third or fourth actor. The use that Aeschylus made of this advantage has already been referred to. The chorus, or the *coryphaeus*, always took part in the dialogue here and there during the course of a play, and could be drawn into the action if the occasion presented itself. In this way the rigor of the two and three actor-conventions was lessened. A third advantage secured from the chorus was the following: In the course of a drama of any considerable length some device is necessary to emphasize important breaks in the rise and fall of the plot. In the modern theatre the scene is shifted, or the curtain is brought into requisition. The Greek theatre used scene-shifting only to a very limited extent and was not supplied with a curtain. Instead of mechanical contrivances of this type the choral lyrics were used, with greater artistic effect, to divide the action into acts and scenes. During the delivery of a *stasimon* the action of the play was, of course, suspended. The poet, however, by means of the chorus, continued to control the emotional reaction of his audience. The lyrics not only divided but also united. This result is imperfectly obtained in the modern theatre by curtain and orchestral music. The chorus had the advantage of the word. It possessed the power of continuing or dulling the impression caused by the preceding action, and at the same time could prepare the spectators for the sequel. It was used with marvelous effect to calm the violent emotion produced by a harrowing scene, or to create suspense by dark intimations of what was to follow. Benefits of minor weights derived from the convention of the chorus were its convenience in announcing the arrival of new personages upon the scene; its use to close long speeches of the actors with a few iambic lines to give excitement caused by the recital a chance to spend itself; and to terminate the play itself in a graceful manner by means of the *exodos*.

Such were the advantages derived by the dramatist from the presence of a chorus. A review of these advantages indicates that, in spite of the fact that it was sometimes a hindrance, the chorus had much to recommend it to the poet. From the point of view of dramatic technique alone, considering the

conditions under which plays were then presented, it is doubtful whether a dramatist of the fifth or fourth century would have cared to dispense with it. It is important to stress this point, because the chorus in the classical drama is sometimes represented as almost useless. Bethe, for instance, says that as the true drama develops "it gives no office (*Stelle*) to the chorus and drags it on as ballast merely, because religion and custom refuse to exclude it";[51] and Gilbert Murray, who in *Euripides and His Age* can see no faults in that poet's chorals, expresses himself thus, in another work, in respect to the Greek chorus in general: "The chief function of the chorus seems to have been to minimize as much as possible the inconvenience caused by its presence during the action."

The peculiar position of the chorus gave it a value for the dramatist which can hardly be reckoned among the technical advantages mentioned above. Situated as it was between actors and spectators without being identified fully with either the one or the other, it was possible for it to serve as interpretor, or mediator, between the play and the audience. The dramatist could put into the mouths and actions of the *choreutae* the sentiments which he desired the various situations to evoke. In other words, through suggestion, he might give the cue to the spectators. This no doubt lightened his task.

Much can be said in justification of the chorus on aesthetic grounds, but this reasoning has little to do with the causes for the persistence of the convention. The beautiful is inherent in the lyric effusion, the melody, and the symmetrical evolutions of the dance. It is apart from the question of dramatic value.

Occasionally the dramatist, for the sake of particular effects, would introduce a second chorus of subordinate importance. Thus in the *Eumenides*, in addition to the principal chorus of the Furies, there are the *προπομποί*, who form a procession to escort the Furies in the final exit, and who sing the closing lyric in the play. There is evidence, also, of two choruses in the *Agamemnon* and the *Libation-Bearers*.[52] This is not surprising in the drama of Aeschylus, where not only the

[51] *Prolegomena*, p. 73.
[52] See Verrall's *Eumenides*, Introd. p. liv.

lyrics but religious ritual and the spectacular are so prominent. Nor is it unexpected in the *Frogs*, the *Thesmophoriazusae*, and the *Lysistrata*, a type of comedy fittingly styled "lyrical burlesque." But that Euripides should have countenanced this rare practice at a period when the chorus was entering its decline, is testimony to its remarkable vitality and popularity. The *Hippolytus* and the *Suppliants* contain sure examples of a secondary chorus. It is probable that there was one in the *Children of Heracles*. A scholiast declares for its existence in the last two plays of Euripides—the *Antiope* and the *Alexander*.[53]

Conventional Use of the Doric Dialect

Not only the chorus itself became a convention in the matured drama, but the language used by the chorus in the lyrical parts was conventional. At bottom it remains the Attic dialect, but there is such a free interspersion of Doric sounds and forms that the contrast is distinct between it and the language of the spoken parts. The most noticeable Dorism in the choral odes of both tragedy and comedy is the long *a*, which is employed quite consistently in inflexional endings but appears with less regularity in the stems of words.

The reason for this artificial fusion of Doric elements in the chorus of the Attic drama must be sought in the early literary history of Greece. It was among the Dorians of the Peloponnesus and Sicily that choral poetry of all kinds was especially cultivated, and it there reached that perfected form which we find in the odes of Pindar and the tragic poets. The three great names in the early history of choral poetry are Alcman, Stesichorus, and Arion. These poets all did their work in Doric communities under Dorian patrons. About the middle of the seventh century Alcman, a Lydian by birth, was composing hymns, paeans, processionals, and nuptial songs at Sparta. To him is ascribed the invention of the strophic and antistrophic arrangement of this kind of poetry. Half a century later Stesichorus, at Syracuse, introduced the standard arrangement of choral stanzas into triads by adding the epode to the strophe and antistrophe. Arion, a younger contemporary of the Sicilian poet, was famous for his dithyrambs.

[53] *Schol. to Hippolytus*, l. 58.

At the court of Periander of Corinth he elaborated this type of poetry performed by a chorus clad in goat-costume, and was the first to introduce spoken verses into the midst of the song.

The chorus in the Attic drama was merely a continuation on foreign soil of the development outlined above. The ultimate form that choral poetry was to take was already fixed when Thespis produced his first play. It remained with the dramatists to modify the content to suit the requirements of their art. The satyr-dithyramb was a distinct importation into Attica from the Peloponnesus. A long history of Doric achievement lay behind it. In its new character, as the chorus and main body of infant tragedy, its language was possessed of the force of a tradition which was not destroyed under foreign influences.

There is a curious parallel to the above phenomenon in Latin literature. The Atellan farce was native to an Oscan community in Campania. After it was brought to Rome to amuse a new and larger audience it continued to retain an interspersion of Oscan elements in the popular or plebeian Latin in which it was rendered.[54]

The Athenians already had in the language of Homer a precedent for the blending of dialects in literature. Furthermore, the epic language had become a *Kunstdialekt*, to use a word which has no English equivalent, and as such was the common property of the Hellenic world. Poets as widely separated geographically as Callinus, Tyrtaeus, and Mimnermus—all earlier than Thespis—made greater or less use of the epic diction in their elegiacs. It was required by convention in this kind of poetry. Just when the Doric dialect came to be recognized generally as the *Kunstdialekt* of choral poetry can not be determined. With reference to tragedy it can be said with certainty that the convention dates back as far as Thespis. Possibly it was already established in Attica when the first dramatic performances were given there. If it was, the tragic chorus would continue and strengthen the tradition. If not, the fact that the chorus was borrowed from Corinth, or Sicyon, or some other Peloponnesian city, would make its language seem quite appropriate.

[54] See Cruttwell's *Roman Literature*, p. 82; cf. also Le Jay's *Satires of Horace*, Introd., p. lxxx.

Not only did the tragic chorus inherit its characteristic dialect as a lineal descendant of the choral family with the dithyramb as its sire, but it never escaped the family influence. Doric choral poetry became widely distributed and imitated by the early part of the fifth century and even earlier. Simonides, a native of the Ionian island of Ceos, who was born about the middle of the sixth century, used Doric forms sparingly in his poetry. It was Stesichorus above all whose influence on the Athenian tragic poets was considerable. His poems enjoyed great popularity in Attica. Revellers sang his songs at banquets. Aristophanes parodied him and Socrates praised him. The language of the Sicilian poet was no doubt influential in determining the final cast of the dialect of the dramatic choruses. It represents no spoken idiom as that of Alcman does. It is rather a literary language in which Doric and epic are freely blended.

The satyr-play also was an off-shoot of the Peloponnesian dithyramb. Since it was introduced at Athens directly from Philus in Achaia, we may be sure that it would be as apt to retain its Doric characteristics as the tragic chorus. When the first chorus was granted to comedy in 486 B.C., tragedy had been established as a public function for almost fifty years. The language of all choral poetry was by that time a fixed convention. The official comic chorus was modeled on the tragic, and naturally conformed to the same usages.

The privilege of using Dorisms in their choruses was a distinct gain to the dramatic poets of Athens. The struggle is constant at all times to avoid the commonplace in poetic expression. Important means to this end are an unworn diction, unusual metrical effects, and harmonious sounds. These advantages were all latent for the dramatist in the Doric dialect. By blending it skilfully with his native Attic, by uniting the less familiar with the more familiar, he escaped the ordinary and produced a higher poetic effect. The Doric speech did not so differ from the language spoken at Athens as to be an obstacle to ready comprehension; at the same time it was far enough removed from it to be dissociated from the commonplace. This favorable circumstance was of great importance in the tragic chorals, which were invariably conceived

in a lofty strain. More often than not they are fraught with the solemnity or exultation of religious emotion. For such poetry a special diction is highly appropriate. The Catholic Church has recognized this truth in the preservation of its Latin ritual; at the expense, however, of intelligibility. The Protestants, too, have their Biblical style with its archaisms and allegory. In the choral parts of Comedy, Dorisms are used with greater moderation. Yet even here they are effective in heightening the lyrical charm, where the sentiment is comparatively base or trivial.

The full Doric sounds possess more of the musical quality than their equivalents in the Ionic dialects. The characteristic long *a* is spoken from well in the throat and with the mouth open as in singing. The first lines of the parodos to *Oedipus the King* will illustrate the resonancy of this sound:

> ὦ Διὸς ἀδυεπὲς φάτι, τίς ποτε τᾶς πολυχρύσου
> Πυθῶνος ἀγλαὰς ἔβας
> Θῆβας

If Attic forms were substituted for Doric in this passage, the change would be small as a matter of linguistics. The musical effect, however, would be materially reduced. Slight variations of tone in poetry as in music sometimes produce remarkable effects. The infusion of Doric sounds is sufficient to set the ode in immediate contrast with the spoken prologue preceding it.

The free use of Dorisms is the most striking feature of the diction of the choral parts because it was peculiar to them. But they also shared in a conventional dramatic diction in common with the spoken parts.

DIONYSOS IN THE SATYR-DRAMA

GRACE GOODRICH

By various scholars of varying conviction has the distinctly limited evidence for the relation of tragedy and satyr-drama been weighed and sifted during the last decade. Barring the discovery of new material, the problem of the origin of tragedy has been so thoroughly developed that it has become merely a case of inclining to this or that recognized possible solution of the given evidence.

The point of departure in any discussion of the question is of course the testimony of Aristotle and the supposed relation in fact and in name of *τραγῳδία*, tragedy, to the dithyramb as sung by *σάτυροι*, goat-men. The more or less clear statement of Aristotle is substantiated by the evidence of Herodotus, Suidas, the much discussed Hermogenes commentary, and the definitions of grammarians, the value of which is debatable. The literary evidence is complicated by significant but puzzling contributions of the few vase-paintings known to be relevant. The investigations in the field of primitive religion and the worship of Dionysos, in which early drama is of course rooted, afford a degree of corroboration for divers arguments; the history of the problems, and the various efforts toward its solution have been presented most recently by Nilsson[1] and by Wilamowitz,[2] each of whom presents a careful thesis. The summary and suggestions of Flickinger[3] are excellent and the article of Stahl[4] should be mentioned as a fresh correlation of literary evidence.

There is no purpose of a new solution of the "holzweg" problem in the present paper, nor is there presentation of new material. It is, however, the belief of the writer that the

[1] Nilsson, *Neue Jahrbücher f. kl. Altertum*, XVII, 1911.
[2] Wilamowitz, *ibidem*, XXIX, 1912.
[3] Flickinger, *Classical Philology*, VIII, 1913.
[4] Stahl, *Rh. Mus. f. kl. Phil.*, 1914.

virtual solution of the origin of tragedy and of the nature of those who sang the goat-song lies in the essence and practice of Dionysos-worship; and for this purpose various manifestations of the orgiastic cults of Dionysos and Artemis, the two divinities with a votary band, are passed in review. The insistence upon the vital relation of the official worship of Dionysos to tragedy—originally the song of the worshipper—in no way offsets the testimony of Aristotle that tragedy in its literary form developed from the satyr-drama, or satyr-like drama, if one pleases. This conclusion is further substantiated by a comparison of the legends and testimony for the origin of pastoral poetry in the worship of Artemis, or rather in the combined worship of Artemis and Dionysos.

It is fairly recognized that Dionysos entered Greece as a divinity with developed attributes, and was engrafted in many cases on already established worships of like nature and purport.[5] Fertility-rites, pageants of the struggle of winter and summer, vintage festivals, cthonic worship recognize the adventitious god in more or less obvious ways. That which gave the worship of Dionysos its distinctive nature and compelling power, by which it swept over Greece, was of course the orgiastic value of the cult,—the power whereby it imposed ecstatic devotion on the part of the worshipper, made him partake of the nature of the god, aroused a divine frenzy and delivered therefrom, a strange experience in Greek religion paralleled only by certain aspects in the worship of Artemis.[6]

Here at the heart of the worship of Dionysos, where the worshipper merges his identity with that of the god, a number of scholars have seen the beginning of tragedy. Clad in the skin of the animal sacred to the god and partaking of its flesh, the votary-band[7] became themselves ταῦροι, τράγοι; as the worshippers clad in goat-skins sang of the τραγοειδής divinity, there was tragedy, although the name was to come only when it became a conscious literary type. This, as can be readily

[5] Cf. Nilsson, *Griechische Feste*, 258-311; Farnell, *Cults of the Greek States*, Vol. V, Chapters IV, V.

[6] Nilsson, *Gr. Feste*, 259. "Der Feste Punkt ist aber immer der bakchische Orgiasmus."

[7] Reisch, *Festschrift Gomperz;* Farnell, *Cults of the Greek States;* Nilsson, "Griechische Feste," *Neue Jahrbücher f. kl. Altertum*, 1911.

recognized, would not prevent the sacrificial goat, nor yet the goat prize from having its due share in the concept of *τραγῳδία*.[8]

The song sacred to the orgiastic cult of Dionysos was the dithyramb. The dithyramb, as we know it, was sung to the bull-god, Dionysos. The women of Elis address him in dithyramb as *ἄξιος ταῦρος*;[9] the *ταυρόφθογγοι μῖμοι*[10] of Aeschylus, and the *Διόνυσος ταυροφάγος* of Sophocles,[11] the *Βοηλατής* dithyramb of Pindar,[12] the votaries of Dionysos Laphystios wearing horns in the worship of their divinity,[13] the bull offered as prize in the dithyramb contest, are ample testimony of the cult song of his worshippers. What of the statement that from those who lead in the dithyramb—the improvised dithyramb—tragedy is derived?[14]

The objection is made that we have no knowledge of a *τραγοειδής* Dionysos, nor of *τράγοι* worshippers, at any rate in the localities of interest in the story of tragedy, Attica, Sicyon, Corinth. The cult of Dionysos Melanaigis observed at the Greater Dionysia came too late, it is claimed, from Eleutherae to Athens to supply the goat skin and the tragic theme. These objections are met by scattered items of evidence that would seem to assure the worship of Dionysos in Attica with a goat sacrifice at a very early date. The indications are that the cult was orgiastic, centering about the death of the god or his substitute victim at the hands of his worshippers—a parallel to the familiar drama of Thebes and Delphi—an echo of the madness of the Argive women, the Menyae, the daughters of Proetus.[15]

The festival of the *Λήναια*[16] in Attica must once have necessitated the *Λῆναι*—the Madwomen, the theme of whose song was the rending of Dionysos.[17] To the trieteric rites on Mount Parnassus were sent from Athens Thyiades to join in the worship.

[8] Cf. Flickinger, *ibidem*, p. 271.
[9] *Plut. qu. gr.* p. 299 B.
[10] Strabo, p. 470-471.
[11] *Schol. Ar. Ran.* 360; *Lycophron Cass.* 6; Strabo, 15, p. 687.
[12] *Ol.* 13, 8.
[13] *Schol. Plato, Rep.* 394c.
[14] Arist., *Poetics*, 144, 9a-11. *Ἀπὸ τῶν ἐξαρχόντων τὸν διθύραμβον.*
[15] Cf. Farnell, *Cult of Greek States*, Vol. V, "Dionysiac Ritual."
[16] Farnell, *ibidem*, p. 154.
[17] *Schol. Clem. Alex. Protrept.* p. 3; Cf. Farnell, p. 171.

Ikarios, who introduces Dionysos into Athens, suffers the fate of Thracian Lykourgos and Thessalian Boutes. His daughter Erigone, to whom aetiological legend assigns the origin of the goat-sacrifice in Ikaria, is brought into the Dionysos cycle from still earlier strata of primitive myth. When Dionysos Melanaigis entered later from Eleutherae, the daughters of Eleuther were touched with the madness of those who oppose the coming of the god.[18] Pegasos held the honor of the feast of welcome to that god. The *τραγηφόροι* maidens were devoted to his service. He was adopted into the summer and winter drama on the Boeotian border. Tragedy as a concept was familiar to Attica from an early day.

In Corinth we have the legend of the child Aktaeon, beloved and rent bythe *βακχιάδαι*[19]—an echo of Minyan Boeotia. Sicyon, who derived her worship from Thebes, where orgiastic worship prevailed, worshipped Dionysos *βακχεῖος*, who brings the divine frenzy, and Dionysos *Λύσιος*,[20] who delivers. There likewise were the statues of the "women who rave" along with the statue of the god. Here surely was worship of the god by inspired bands,who must at an early day have sung in his honor the ritualistic dithyramb. The dithyramb was sung not merely by peasants,[21] though peasants they doubtless were, not by satyr rabble, but by worshippers.

At Corinth is made the historic connection of dithyramb and satyrs: *'Αρίονα—διθύραμβον πρῶτον ἀνθρώπων τῶν ἡμεῖς ἴδμεν ποιήσαντά τε καὶ διδάξαντα ἐν Κορίνθῳ.*[22] The improvised dithyramb that Archilochus knew how to lead received a definite structure: *'Αρίων λέγεται καὶ τραγικοῦ τρόπου εὑρετὴς γενέσθαι καὶ πρῶτος χορὸν στῆσαι κύκλιον καὶ διθύραμβον ᾆσαι καὶ ὀνομάσαι τὸ ᾀδόμενον ὑπὸ τοῦ χοροῦ καὶ σατύρους εἰσενεγκεῖν ἔμμετρα λέγοντας.*[23] Here form and metre and name are recorded and the lines are sung by satyrs. No longer the worshipper sang of the sorrows of the victim, but the revel rout of satyrs, themselves a product

[18] Hesych.
[19] *Schol. Apoll. Rhod.* 4, 1212.
[20] *Paus.* 2, 7, 5.
[21] Schmidt, *Zur Geschichte d. gr. Dithyrambus;* Ridgeway, *Origin of Tragedy;* E. Petersen, *Rhein. Mus.* 1913, p. 244.
[22] *Herod.* 1, 23.
[23] *Suidas, Arion.*

of the imagination of the primitive folk,[24] the inhabitants of mountain and forest, shaggy beastly creatures, out of whose clan a divinity might in time evolve, a Pan, a Father Silenos. By this "setting of tragedy to play," *τραγῳδία παίζουσα*, the purely ritual, liturgical dithyramb was divorced from its setting and started on the path of literary development. This is not tragedy, but satyr-song. In time the content of tragic dithyramb, the sufferings of Dionysos, and the choruses in praise of heroes lend themselves to Dionysos' service through this new vehicle. Then tragedy became serious anew.

The process has already been outlined in the vexed Herodotus passage (V. 67). Tragic choruses in honor of Dionysos were familiar in Kleisthenes' day as in that of Herodotus. Perhaps, as Mr. Flickinger suggests, only the goat prize is left to mark the tragic chorus of Dionysos at that time, but the quality and purpose of the cult-song remain.[25]

From the point of view of archaeology the satyr of satyr-drama cannot be proved to be *τραγοειδής*. He has no need thereof. Perhaps the Silenos of Attica took the cue from the Arcadian goat-creature. At any rate in Attica as at Corinth tragedy turned to play; and therein Corinth and Arion deserve the credit of innovation.

An interesting parallel that has not been sufficiently considered has been pointed out by Nilsson[26] near Argos on the shores of Erasinos. There the satyrs danced a dithyrambic dance in honor of Dionysos and Pan. Thus was Dionysos made at home in the satyr-drama, among the gods of the Peloponnesus.

Most interesting and significant of the alliances of Dionysos for our purpose was that with Artemis, out of which legend has derived pastoral poetry. The sources have been carefully gathered for us by Maas, Dieterich, Reitzenstein, Otto Kern, Petersen, Nilsson, and others.[27] At the festival of Artemis Karyatis at Karyai, on the boundaries of Laconia and Arcadia,

[24] Cf. Wilamowitz, *Euripides Cyclops*, Introduction.
[25] Flickinger. *Cit.* 274.
[26] Nilsson, *Gr. Festivals*, 303; Ref. R. L. Voigt, I, 1069.
[27] Maas, *Orpheus;* Dietrich, *De Hymnis Orphicis;* Reitzenstein, *Epigramm und Skolion;* Kern, *Jahrbuch. der Kais. Inst.*, 1896; Petersen, *Rh. Mus. f. Phil.*, 1913.

a festival was held in honor of Artemis, into the origin of which Dionysos enters. The aetiological legend explains the presence of peasants in the chorus of Artemis, rather than her usual attendant maidens. At Syracuse and at Tyndaris, there were songs of like nature sung by peasants in honor of Artemis Lyaia. In these instances the origin of pastoral poetry is derived from peasant-song. The foundation legend of the temples of Artemis Lyaia is elaborated by the grammarians and the ceremonies are fully and significantly described. The *βούκολος κατ' ἐξοχήν* carried a sack of first fruits, cakes molded in the form of animals, on his head now a crown and now the horns of a deer, on his shoulder the nebris, in his hand a staff. As a beggar he gathered gifts from the countryside; as victor in contest of song he shared the gifts, accrued and surrendered by the vanquished, with those with whom he met. The cult-significance is clearly to be seen. The ceremony of the Eiresione lies behind the innocent relation of grammarian and epigrammatist. For our purpose, the significance of the account is the revelation that these were no ordinary peasants who sang the first pastoral songs, but *βούκολοι*, solemn members of a cult derived plainly from the influence of the cult of Dionysos, the bull-god of the dithyramb. Even though there may be conscious adaptation of many details in imitation of the worship of Dionysos, the shepherd garb and worship as he sang the sorrows, once of Dionysos, now of Daphnis, are proof of the origin of the earlier song.

ON LIVING IN HARMONY WITH NATURE

GRANT SHOWERMAN

I

"You marvel at my wisdom," says Cato at eighty-four to his young friends Laelius and Scipio, who have noticed that to him old age, so hateful to most men that they say it weighs heavier than Aetna, is never burdensome. "I wish I deserved it. As a matter of fact, my wisdom consists only in this, that I regard nature as the best guide of life, and follow and obey her as I would one divine. It is not likely that, having composed all the other parts of life's drama well, she has been like an unskilful poet and neglected the last act. There must of necessity be something to conclude with, just as in the case of the fruits of the trees and the increase of the soil there comes in the fulness of time a ripening and a falling to earth. The wise man will submit to this with patience. . . . He will grieve at old age no more than the husbandman grieves at the passing of the pleasant springtime and the coming on of autumn. For spring, so to speak, is an image of youth, and gives an earnest of fruits that are to be, while the remaining seasons are suited to the reaping and garnering of the harvest. . . . All that comes to pass in harmony with nature is to be regarded as among good things. And what is so much in harmony with nature as for the aged to die?"[1]

"Living in harmony with nature" is a phrase which was as familiar to ancient ears as it is to modern. It was probably familiar to Epicurean as well as to Stoic. The Epicurean existence, too, was in harmony with nature, but more exclusively in the physical and mechanical sense: body, senses, and soul, like all other things animate and inanimate, were material in their birth, life, death, and ultimate dissipation. To live in harmony with nature was to run the course of life according

[1] Cicero, *De Senectute*, 5, 70, 71.

to the law of atoms; the Epicurean was distinguished from the Stoic by his seeing in sensation rather than in virtue the great object of existence.

It was the Stoic, however, to whom the phrase was really consecrated. Life in harmony with nature was the keystone of the Stoic philosophy. Yet, though modern times are more in sympathy with Stoicism because of its glorification of reason and virtue rather than of sensation and pleasure, "to live in harmony with nature" calls up in the minds of most men today ideas far from identical with those entertained by the Stoic, whether the Stoic by profession, like the Greek schoolman, or the Stoic by nature, *anima naturaliter Stoica*, like Cato and the serious Roman world in general. There are no doubt today philosophic individuals who reason below the surface, but even the average cultivated mind entertains in its thought of nature only a comparatively shallow and unsystematic conception of mere externals; of life in the woods and fields, for example, as opposed to life in the town. It is the prevailing conception of romantic literature, which is for the most part responsible for its presence in the general mind.

With the ancients, too, the thought of the general mind was largely crystallized by the art of literature, and the Stoic mode of thinking, as far as nature was concerned, was as prevalent in letters then as the romantic is today. What the ancients were thinking of when they spoke of life in harmony with nature was systematic, reasoned conformity with total, universal nature.

To the ancient, however, nature did not mean sentiment; it meant law. To live in harmony with nature was to live in conformity with law: with the law of one's own being, with the law of human relations, or society, and with the law of the universe. "Look straight to this, to what nature leads thee, both the universal nature through the things which happen to thee, and thy own nature through the acts which must be done by thee. Every being ought to do that which is according to its constitution." "For we are made for co-operation, like feet, like hands, like eyelids, like the rows of the upper and lower teeth. To act against one another then is contrary to nature; and it is acting against one another to be vexed and then turn

away. . . . Now the good for the reasonable animal is society; for that we are made for society has been shown above. . . . The world is in a manner a state." "No longer let thy breathing only act in concert with the air which surrounds thee, but let thy intelligence also now be in harmony with the intelligence which embraces all things. For the intelligent power is no less diffused in all parts and pervades all things for him who is willing to draw it to him than the aerial power for him who is able to respire it."[2]

As for identifying spasmodic retirement into wild solitude, or a return to the life of primitive man, with living according to the law of nature, nothing was farther from the ancient mind. The Golden Age, to be sure, was the era of effortless living in the lap of primordial nature; but this was the stuff of poetry, and not even a Virgil in the *Pollio* seriously expected such an age to return. For the ancients, the Golden Age was forever in the past. The individual found himself alive, in the midst of men, in the presence of universal purpose. To ascertain in terms of law what this purpose was, to establish in terms of law what his conduct was to be, was the problem of existence. To live in harmony with nature was reasoned conformity with law.

The great purpose of conformity with nature, however, was not, as is usual with the modern soul, sympathy, communion, and enjoyment, but acquiescence and consolation. Man was born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward; he was of few days, and the end of his little existence was not to be escaped or even deferred. To penetrate the secret of the inevitable, to be able to recognize such of the lesser ills of life as were fixed by the constitution of nature, as well as to realize that death, the greatest evil of all, was implacable and impartial, was to lessen the unhappiness that came of fruitless struggle against law, and to reduce the waste of striving for what was not in the province of law and for that very reason not virtue and not a good. To realize that death itself was in the category of the good because it was in accord with universal law was to transform the greatest misery of the soul into a blest, if not a happy event. The life in harmony with nature was the life of intelli-

[2] Marcus Aurelius, *Thoughts* (Long), VII, 55; II, 1; V, 16; IV, 4; VIII, 54.

gent submission and calm acquiescence. "Pass through this little space of time conformably with nature, and end thy journey in content, just as an olive falls off when it is ripe, blessing nature who produced it, and thanking the tree on which it grew. . . . Waiting for death with a cheerful mind, as being nothing else than a dissolution of the elements of which every living thing is compounded. For it is according to nature, and nothing is evil which is according to nature."[3]

It was a life not without struggle, but its struggles were against only the incidental and unessential, always against only that which could be overcome, never against the eternal decrees of universal law; and their end was peace. It is not justice to call this a philosophy of life which was only negative and resulted only in resignation; it could summon the soul to action as well as fortify it for endurance.

Whatever the occasional extravagances of Stoicism in the mouths of professional philosophers, this reasoned contemplation of life which gave it character possesses the attractiveness of sanity and self-control. So far is it from placing an emphasis upon fanciful or whimsical details of the life in conformity with nature that it leaves us less enlightened than we could wish regarding the particulars of conduct, and contains almost nothing that indicates what we call today communion with nature. Its concern is with human existence, contemplated as a whole against the universal existence. It does not, as the result of a contemplation showing the brevity and futility of life, revel in romantic self-compassion, or stage its melancholy after the fashion of an Omar, or weep itself into pessimism and despair. The spirit of Stoicism in action, as seen especially in the discourse of Cato on old age, is calm and self-contained and full of health. Whether we consider the Stoic here as Cato the dramatis persona or as Cicero the author, throughout there is a well-tempered purity of feeling and expression that becomes the old man of much experience who calmly looks the facts of existence full in the face.

An assemblage of the similes employed in this golden piece of literature is eloquent proof of this. Life is a stream; life is a drama written by the hand of nature, the composer who

[3] Marcus Aurelius, *Thoughts* (Long), IV, 48; II, 17.

never grows careless in the last act; life is like the fruit on the tree, which has its blossoming, its greenness and growth, its ripening, mellowing, and falling stages; it is like a fire, which rises, burns fiercely, spends itself, and turns to ash of its own motion; it is a lamp, which flickers and goes out in old age unless constantly fed with oil; or it is picket duty, whence to withdraw is forbidden unless by order of the Great Imperator, that is, God; or it is a voyage, in which everyone has his appointed duty, and the final sight of land and the sailing into the long expected harbor bring with them joy; or it is a race, at the finish of which no man wishes to be called back to the starting-line; or it is a brief sojourn at an inn before continuing an eternal journey; or a year with its natural seasons, each with its peculiar richness; or, best of all, it is the playing of a drama in which the actor is privileged, if he is of the proper stuff, to make a reputation for all the play in the very first act: "Nor need the actor play the play to the end in order to please; let him only prove himself in whatsoever act he does appear. A brief space of time suffices for the living of life honorably and well. The wise man need not keep on to the *Plaudite*."[4]

It is hardly accident that not one of these images bears the least mark of triviality or unhealth.

II

To the modern mind, life in harmony with nature has a different meaning. There are a few, but only a few, who conceive of it in the calm and reasoned manner of antiquity; and these, when they do so, are for the most part consciously influenced by the literature of antiquity. The usual conception is superficial and incomplete, or even false. The romantic idea of man and nature has taken the place of the reasoned conception. Time and the participation of the North have brought about a reversal. There is probably as little reasoned conformity with nature today as there was romantic conformity in the days of Zeno or Marcus Aurelius.

What the average man today considers living in harmony with nature is not a reasoned, but a sentimental, conformity.

[4] For this assemblage of Ciceronian figures in another connection, cf. the author's "Life and the Simile," *Sewanee Review*, (July, 1912) 333-341.

He thinks of it as sleeping rough rather than in a bed, of living in a tent in the woods or a cave in the rocks rather than in a residence in town, of dressing in skins and eating uncooked foods and drinking of the mountain stream, of sleeping with the setting of the sun and waking with its rising; in a word, of doing violence to the customs of civilized man in general and to his own habits in particular. Or, for the less vigorous, there is the more poetic and more easily practiced Wordsworthian contemplation, or the passionate Byronic "interview," or the Shelleyan communion. In any case, it is not so much acquiescence with nature as disagreement with man. It is not so much the law of the universe the would-be child of nature is keeping as it is the law of human custom he is breaking. It is not submission to the inevitable so much as rebellion against routine. It is not a consolation for the hardships of trouble and death, but a vacation from civilization. It is not really a philosophy of life he is seeking, but an indulgence of self.

> There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
> There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
> There is society, where none intrudes,
> By the deep Sea and music in its roar:
> I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
> For these our interviews, in which I steal
> From all I may be, or have been before,
> To mingle with the Universe, and feel
> What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

This is not really an interview with nature, but a novel and enjoyable meeting with one's self. It is not really a stealing away from all one has been before; it is keeping a clandestine appointment with an ego. It is not so much a mingling with the universe as a demand upon the universe for approval. It is not so much sympathy with nature as the identification of solitude and the sweep of wind and wave and the pour of the rain with the Byronic passions. As is usual with those who in the love of nature hold communion with her various forms, the various language she speaks is in fact only the dialects of her interlocutor echoed back to his expectant ear.

> Rough wind, that moanest loud
> Grief too sad for song;
> Wild wind, when sullen cloud

Knells all the night long;
Sad storm whose tears are vain,
Bare woods whose branches stain,
Deep caves and dreary main—
Wail for the world's wrong!

This is not the communion of man with nature, but the compulsory communion of nature with Shelleyan man. And as for *Love's Philosophy*—

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother:
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What are all these kissings worth
If thou kiss not me?—

this again is but the pretense to conformity of life with nature. What it is actually, as is usual with romantic poetry of the kind, is the investiture of nature with the moods and actions of wilful humanity.

In a word, life in conformity with nature in the usual modern sense is not a reasoned penetration into the constitution of universal nature, but a fleeting, light-hearted incursion into novel places. It is not a serious wooing of nature, but a light, sentimental coquetry. Its result is not a deep and fruitful pleasure, but a titillation; not a philosophically earnest attempt, but an irresponsible diversion; not communion, but intrusion; not edification, but intoxication.

To say this is not necessarily to disapprove the fact. To spend weeks in the woods and by the water or among the mountains, to contemplate, to enter into so-called communion with nature, is not in contravention of the law, is pleasant and stimulating, and may be even salutary and beautiful. The question is not one of approval or disapproval, but of the use of terms. It is not the thing itself that is culpable, but the description and acceptation of it as the life in harmony with nature. The extended living of life in harmony with nature in this manner would result in the surrender of invention, the overthrow of custom, and the wreck of civilization.

Happily, to live thus to any considerable extent is less possible than at first sight seems. To go to bed with the

shades of night and to rise when the first cock his matin rings, pursued the year around in the temperate zones, would be a serious undertaking, to say nothing of attempting to live in harmony with solar nature in less convenient latitudes; as

> In climes beyond the solar road,
> Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam.

To go still farther, and to live in accord with the seasons after the manner of tree or flower or hibernating animal is an ideal perhaps as justifiable, when viewed as an attempt to live in harmony with nature, as to live like an American Indian. Civilized men, however, have not found this possible. According to such an ideal, the spring should be the time of love and frolic and the impulse to action, the summer a season of the steady putting forth of energy, the autumn a period of realization and enjoyment, and the winter a barren interval of dormant inactivity.

Men still uncivilized do live more or less in this very manner. The American savage did. The vagrant does, as far as he is able. The less advanced of the rural and mountain classes in America do, and the majority of them in older lands. The life of the people in *Daphnis and Chloe* was of this sort. "As every one was of necessity confined within-doors, most of the laborers and shepherds were glad at having an interval of release from their wonted labors, and immediately after their morning-meal lay down, and enjoyed a lengthy sleep, winter appearing to them more pleasant than the summer, the autumn, or even the spring."[5]

But persons like these do not represent the highest form of civilization. The intellectual, the ruling, the more creative classes contravene the law of the seasons. It is in autumn, not in spring, that the enterprise of men flowers into fresh vigor. The season that naturally invites to repose, "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness," witnesses the most strenuous outbursts of energy on the part of church and college and of industry, energy that rises to its height in the winter, season of natural inertness and death. In spring, the season of the rebound into life and creative action, man is exhausted, and driven to tonics. In summer, when every cell of nature is swelling and every

[5] III, 4.

fibre quivering with the irresistible energy of growth, man must have his vacation. The higher the life of man, the less conformity with nature in the ordinary modern meaning of the phrase. Only the savage and the beast are in any measure in accord with her.

On the shore of the lake I saw a kingfisher, with a sudden nose-spin from his arboreal watch-tower, come up from the plunge and dart away with a minnow in his beak. A minute later, a dragon-fly met death in the air above the trees as a jay with neat manoeuvres arrested his flight forever. In the darkness of the night, a pitiful piping of distress arose from the shrubbery where two ugly felines were maltreating a tiny wild rabbit. To live by the law of the bloody fang is to live in harmony with nature. Yet no civilized man can so live without destruction to his own nature as civilized man. Whenever a whole people has abandoned itself to such a conception of life in harmony with nature, all civilization has been perturbed, and the deluded offenders have found themselves swiftly overtaken by Nemesis.

III

The fact is, civilization is a contradiction of nature. Civilization is a war against things as they are. Man does not accept nature as she is; she must be improved. What Mr. Woodberry says of life and art we may say of nature and civilization, which is the great art: "Nature is a chance medley; civilization an arrangement." Man is a rebel against his environment. The liberty of bird and beast and the lilies of the field is not the liberty he craves. That liberty he wills to sacrifice for the liberty of civilized man. He violates the so-called laws of nature, and gladly for the sake of freedom submits to the penalty. He enters into the slaveries of civilization in order to possess its freedoms. He tills the surface of the earth and digs into its depths. He navigates the sea and the air, he turns night into day and winter into summer, he annihilates time and space, he perverts the processes of nature in general. All this means the myriad restraints of ordered existence with the great slavery and labor.

Man perverts the processes of nature—save in one respect. The one thing in nature which man does not pervert is his own

nature, which is as much a part of the universe of nature as blossom or crystal. All other perversions are necessary because the soul of man demands them in order to fulfill the law of its own being. For man to interfere with external nature at the bidding of his own nature is itself to act in harmony with nature. We hardly need Anatole France to remind us that from all other animals, to say nothing of the remainder of creation, man is distinguished by two things, *le rêve* and *le rire*. He can laugh and he can dream, he can reflect. He is of imagination all compact. He is never satisfied with mere living to himself or for the moment or in the actual. He is never free from the inner urge to bend the world to his purposes. Effort against material obstruction is the law of his being.

IV

Thus the ancient emphasis upon the nature of man and the ancient neglect of sentimental contact with external nature are sane and true. To search for the laws of being—the laws of one's own nature, the law of society, the laws of the universe—is the only real way of striving to live in harmony with nature. The principal thing in nature is not rock or tree or flower, or bird or beast, but man. In studying the law of man's individual nature, the ancient was probing for the secrets of the most potent force in nature. In attempting to realize the limitations imposed upon himself by the law of the universe as expressed in external nature and in other men, in order that he might resist such impulses as were in contravention of social and universal law, he was really but studying afresh the law of his own nature.

The proper study of mankind is man. The proper study of nature will make its center the nature of man. The proper life in harmony with nature will make its first object conformity with the nature of man. To know what man has willed to do and what he has succeeded in doing or failed to do is the proper basis for expectation as to future failure or success. The habit of reasoned conformity will rob the romantic of many of his cherished excitements, but it will also protect himself and his fellows from the falsely grounded enthusiasms of the restless visionary, and leave more time for actual living.

THE CHARACTER OF AUGUSTUS

MOSES STEPHEN SLAUGHTER

Through the portals of sleep there came a dream to Cicero: A youth, comely in face and figure, let down by a golden chain from heaven, stood by the entrance to the Capitol and there received from the hand of Jupiter a whip of gold. Chancing the next day at the Capitol to meet the young Octavius, who had come up to Rome to witness one of the triumphs of his uncle, Julius Caesar, Cicero recognized in him the youth of his vision and related his dream to the bystanders. Was the whip of gold a scourge with which he was later to chastise his adoptive father's murderers, or was it symbolical rather of a beneficent power destined to bring peace to the troubled Roman world? Both interpretations are true, despite the apparent contradiction. For more than ten years Mars was in the ascendant, but more than forty years of peace and quiet made the Roman world lenient toward the youth of a man who had rescued the state from chaos and placed it on a stable foundation.

While still a youth, not yet nineteen by some six months, Octavius found himself by the force of circumstances plunged into the midst of great personal danger.

For the first few years after Julius' death, Antony dominates though he does not control the situation. As an experienced man of forty he thought to deal shortly and abruptly with the youth of nineteen, inexperienced and of delicate health.

After repeated attempts to work with Antony only to find himself ignored or rebuffed, Octavian turned against him and apparently gave up his intention of punishing Caesar's murderers. He listened to the overtures of Cicero and the senatorial party, who were anxious to make use of him, as he was perfectly well aware, to destroy Antony. Through this alliance he gained the power to levy troops and was invited to assist the consuls of the year in an attack on Antony, now openly defiant

and laying siege to the senate's army at Mutina under command of Decimus Brutus, one of the assassins of Julius. This was a great triumph for a youth of nineteen and was obviously the only way he could preserve himself or make any progress toward the realization of the end he had in mind. There is no other explanation for the double dealing of which Octavian was at this time guilty. The story of these months is found in the letters of Cicero, who in a burst of optimism hoped to save the senate and the conservative party. As Antony had tried to deal roughly with Octavian, so now Cicero thought to deal cunningly with him, as a youth to be flattered and then discarded, *laudandum adulescentem ornandum et tollendum*. But Cicero was once more self-deceived. Octavian played with the situation, and Cicero, ex-consul, pater patriae, a man of sixty years, soon discovered how utterly he had misjudged the strength of the young Caesar. Events developed rapidly.

The story of the formation of the Second Triumvirate is too familiar to call for repetition, and the horrors of the proscription that followed fast are too ghastly to be recalled. The guilt of the butchery belongs alike to the three men who had formed this unholy alliance. The degradation of it, the vilest details are more than likely attributable to Antony. Octavian was too young to have formed many enmities; only his father's murderers would he follow with savage ferocity; but Antony had many old scores to pay off. True, we are told that Octavian was loath to begin the butchery but having begun it was relentless in its execution. Self-preservation perhaps, or was it the cruelty of youth, of inexperience of life? The veterans regarded Antony as the strong man of the triumvirate. They had served under him in the army of the divine Julius. To Octavian they transferred in part an allegiance once given to Julius. To Lepidus they were indifferent.

Again the scene shifts. This time to Macedonia and the battle-field of Philippi, where Brutus and Cassius were encamped. Cassius had managed to get possession of some legions which had been quartered in Macedonia by the Dictator preparatory to his contemplated expedition against Parthia. Cassius was a man full of energy, eager for power, crafty in politics, but, as the sequel showed, lacking in the qualities that

go to the making of a great general or a great man. Brutus had joined him in Macedonia, coming from Athens, where he had been spending his time reading Greek poetry and philosophy and listening to the lectures of the successors of Plato and Aristotle in the company of such young men as Horace and Cicero's son. Casting aside the hesitancy and vacillation that were the limitations set by nature on his will, in this last crisis of his life, Brutus shows a sincerity of purpose and courageous devotion of which even modern scholarship can not rob him. His death, futile as it was, was the death of a brave though disillusioned man and goes far toward palliating his offense in the colossal and stupid blunder of Julius Caesar's assassination.

"I killed not thee with half so good a will" is the fitting and illuminating farewell word of Brutus as he seeks oblivion and release from the forces he had set in motion but was too weak to control. So much had they accomplished, Octavian and Antony,

> The peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honor,
> Joined with a masker and a reveller.

Philippi was the final defeat of the Roman republic. At Philippi fell the best that was left of the Roman aristocracy. The years of preparation for its downfall had demonstrated the utter selfishness of its leaders, their greed for wealth and jealousy of rival interests.

After Philippi, Antony and Octavian redistributed the Roman world without consultation with Lepidus. Octavian returned to Italy and to Rome to lay the foundation of his future power. Antony departed to the East and to Cleopatra where he speedily forgot his country and his country's gods, and he does not again occupy the leading place in the contests that followed. The legions were after all Romans and they resented Antony's defection to the Egyptian queen and the splendors of an oriental court, rumors of which coming from Alexandria were not allowed to grow less when they reached Rome.

Octavian found no easy task before him on his return to Italy, but his opponents in these early years always underestimated his abilities and reckoned his ambition far too cheaply.

The struggle with Sextus Pompey lasted for five years and more than once the power of Octavian was on the verge of collapse. During this time the personal relations of Octavian and Antony had become much involved. Fulvia had died and Antony, married to Octavia, made one more futile attempt to free himself from the fascination of Cleopatra and the dream of a royal kingdom in the East with himself at its head. Octavian had divorced his wife Scribonia to marry Livia, who with her husband Tiberius Claudius Nero had fled to Sextus Pompey after the fall of Perugia. Roman society professed to be shocked by the abruptness of the arrangements of this marriage between Octavian and Livia, whose elderly husband not only accommodatingly divorced his young wife but was present at her marriage with Octavian and gave the bride away. The significance of this marriage can hardly be overestimated in any attempt to judge the character of Octavian or to understand the events of the time.

The defeat of Sextus Pompey off the coast of Sicily and his flight and death a few months later left Octavian and Antony the virtual masters of the world. Lepidus is no longer a factor to be reckoned with. Octavian, the favorite of fortune, was now, at the age of twenty-seven, at the head of an immense army, forty-three legions and six hundred ships. In the eight years of constant struggle with armed opposition, he had gained the prestige that success confers. He had gained too a reputation for astuteness, for resourcefulness of purse and sword; but along with these he was charged with ferocious cruelty in the pursuit and punishment of his enemies. Had Octavian died in 36 B.C. at the age of twenty-seven, the Roman world would have execrated his memory and our world would scarcely have known him.

It is a great mistake to think that Octavian found things arranged for him; that all he had to do was to step into his uncle's place. He had to fight against frightful odds and was matched with men of much greater experience and of many more years. He had been under constant menace from armed and able enemies and his hold over his own soldiers had been very insecure. He had been driven forward by the necessity of self-preservation no less than by the desire to avenge his

uncle's death, and he doubtless deserves some of the epithets his enemies showered upon him. He may very well have seemed arrogant, fierce, greedy, jealous, and revengeful.

Octavian was not by nature a man of action. In ordinary times he would in all probability have given himself to an intellectual life. He had a bent for philosophy and a real interest in literature. He was not physically vigorous.

Octavian preceded his return to Rome, after the victory over Sextus Pompey, by the announcement of his intention of dealing with all factions in a spirit of leniency and clemency and actually courted the favor of the people and the confidence of those who had opposed him. This was good news at Rome. From this time on he consistently maintained an attitude of fair dealing and was eager to keep on good terms with all good patriots. Different explanations are given for this sudden facing about. It is attributed to the influence of his wife Livia and to the fact that now for the first time he felt himself secure. It has been called only the clever playing for power on the part of a scheming and unprincipled politician. It is fairer to assume, in view of the facts, that for the first time he was at liberty to show his real character. By temperament he was moderate, conservative, and prudent. Whether he was calculating, or whether for the first time he was following his natural inclination, certain it is that from this time on Octavian maintained his position of patriotic citizen devoted to the best interests of his country. He was aware of the prejudices against him, of his own lack of personal magnetism for the multitude of men. His instinct for power was not military but distinctly civil, and he believed that in devoted attention to the restoration and preservation of the republic lay his only chance for real service to the state or for making and preserving for himself a position of dignity and influence among his fellow men.

Octavian's very evident intention of serving and conserving Italy gradually won him confidence. His presence in Rome and his exaltation of Rome and Italy as the center of the Roman power brought out in violent contrast the conduct of Antony. When the inevitable conflict between these two men came, some five years later, Octavian had so far advanced in the good

will of all believers in the supremacy of the west that his contest with Antony was looked upon as a holy war in defense of Rome against Egypt and the Orient.

The defeat of Antony and Cleopatra at Actium and their death a year later at Alexandria left Octavian in sole control in the east as well as in the west. Horace's

> Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
> Pulsanda tellus

gives spirited and enthusiastic voice to the chorus of approval with which the joyful news was received at Rome. On his return at the end of the year, Octavian was received with every mark of favor.

He held the consulship continuously for three years and by virtue of the powers inherent in the consulship brought about many important reforms. He set to work at once to purge and purify the senate. This he conceived to be the first step, if the republic were to be restored in any real sense. Octavian was serious and very much in earnest in the reforms he sought to bring about, religious, constitutional, and social. He deliberately set out to revive the old Roman religion, because he hoped that in such a revival the people would be elevated and the state benefited. He succeeded beyond his expectations. In his efforts to restore the city to its former magnificence he spent money lavishly, his own, his friends', and the state's. Temples were rebuilt, roads reconstructed, new building enterprises were pushed rapidly to completion, every thing possible was done to add to the pleasure and comfort of life in the capital.

Soon after his return from Egypt the temple of Janus was closed for the first time in two hundred years. This is highly significant. Octavian sought to impress the imagination of his contemporaries with the thought that at last Rome was at peace. Not only *Pax* but *Otium* was to be deliberately cultivated. Vast armies were disbanded. The number of the soldiers was reduced to the lowest limit consistent with safety. The arts of peace were cultivated. Having inaugurated his many reforms, having shown the Romans what it might mean to live in peace under a stable government, Octavian astonished

the Roman world by coming before the Senate in January, 27 B.C. and announcing his intention of laying down all his powers, constitutional and extra constitutional. He desired to live as a private citizen. He plead the uncertainty of his health as an excuse for laying aside the responsibilities that had accumulated upon him. Was he posing, sure of the reception with which such a proposal would be met? Did he merely desire a new set of powers or at least a new set of definitions of the powers he already held? Was this only a ruse by which he hoped to show how impotent the government would be without him and thus stop the criticism that he felt was being passed upon the extraordinary position he held? Or did he seriously mean what he said? It was an extraordinary scene and is open to a cynical interpretation; but why not take him at his word? True, he was only thirty-six years of age at this time, but he might very well feel that he had paid his debt to the state and had earned a release. Whatever his motive, he was not allowed to carry out the suggestions of retirement and withdrawal from control. At this meeting he was proclaimed *Augustus*. His extraordinary position at the head of the government was legalized, he was granted unusual and extraordinary powers, he was freed from all embarrassment by having all his past *acta* ratified. He declined all titular honors and insisted that he be known simply as *Princeps*, chief citizen. That *Princeps* came more and more to mean monarch under his successors is not the fault of Augustus. Had he insisted on withdrawing from participation in the government at this time nothing but confusion could have resulted and he himself would again have been placed in a most precarious position. His contemporaries were entirely correct in insisting on his remaining in control. The debatable point lies in trying to discover what the real nature of the government was of which Augustus was for the next forty years the recognized head. Julius had said, *Nihil esse rem publicam, appelationem modo sine corpore ac specie.* "There is no republic, only a name without form or significance." Augustus claimed that he had given back the republic into the control of the Senate and the people. Rem publicam ex mea potestate, Senatus populique Romani *in arbitrium* transtuli. These are words

taken from an account of his career written toward the end of his life and have been interpreted as meaning what he wanted the world to think of his acts, the expression of an old man reviewing his life and desirous of putting things in the best possible light. It is quite in keeping with the character of Augustus that he should really desire to restore and maintain the old order. I believe that at this time (27 B.C.) he was sincerely desirous of retiring from the control of things, but when he became convinced that in order to preserve the peace he must continue in a position of responsibility, then he earnestly endeavored to combine the restoration of the old republic with himself in a peculiar position of guide, philosopher, and friend. The anomaly of such a situation could not have escaped him but the use he made of the extraordinary powers conferred upon him shows the sincerity of his purpose. His world and ours have refused to let him deal frankly with the situation. So much has been said about his calculated reserve, his penetrating look, his marvelous self-control, that the habit has become fixed with scholars of always trying to find some hidden motive in his acts, of attributing everything he did to self-interest. Men gaze at the various busts of Augustus that have come down to us and proceed to read into his features their own preconceived notions of his character. Was it Niebuhr who protested that he could not work with calmness and composure in a room where stood the head of the young Augustus, because, forsooth, the youth was too calm and composed?

The anomaly of a restored republic with a leader quite outside the reach of ordinary laws and regulations continued to increase rather than to grow less and it is no doubt true that in the end it became impossible for Augustus to deal frankly with the situation. But in 27 B.C., when at the request of the senate and people, he consented to continue in charge of affairs, he entertained the hope, I am convinced, that the new order would ultimately mean a restored republic. Experience with the situation may soon have changed his attitude toward the problems that at once arose from the dual form of control, his and the senate's. At any rate, four years later, his powers were at his own request restated, redefined, and he was given

more control rather than less and henceforth until the end of his life he exercised a control that was more and more absolute, due quite as much to the lack of initiative of his contemporaries and the lazy acceptance on their part of the results of his good government as to any determination on his part to usurp power.

It was a mistake on the part of Augustus to believe that it was possible to restore in any real sense the republic of the Scipios and the Fabii. Nevertheless he believed it.

> Limits we did not set
> Condition all we do.

More than he realized or was willing to admit, Augustus was the creature of circumstances. He was obstinate in his determination to continue the forms of the republic and he outwardly declared his belief, whether he continued to cherish it to the end or not, that the republic had been restored. He could not see, what is very clear to us, that the Romans themselves had changed. He could not see this either because he was too near to the situation, or because he did not grasp the full meaning of the power that was ready at his hand. The power of Rome had passed from Italy and included the civilized world, but Augustus was a Roman, not a world citizen, and stoutly maintained that Rome was for the Romans. Julius had grasped the larger idea and freely granted Roman citizenship to provincials of all conditions. Augustus as resolutely resisted the granting of citizenship. He waged no wars of conquest against barbarians. He was a strong nationalist, but not an expansionist, not an imperialist. His wars were all in the interest of peace in the already conquered territory. He preached incessantly the doctrines of peace. He knew that conquest meant an enlarged army, a large army meant the enrollment of those who were not citizens, an increase in the number of the citizens was undesirable because then the distinctions of the old republic would have to be given up. The mass of Roman citizens could not be depended upon. In all his reforms, civil and social, Augustus had to depend on the upper classes, and class at Rome was always distinguished by a property qualification. The equestrian order rose to

the occasion and the business of government was placed on a solid foundation that endured for many years, the business of running the vast political machine and the business of commerce. The social reforms depended more particularly upon the senatorial class, and here Augustus met with defeat again and again, but persevered in his attempt to bring about the moral and physical regeneration of his fellow citizens; marriage laws and sumptuary laws of all kinds were put forth in quick succession, fast and radical enough to satisfy even the law factory of a modern progressive state, and with quite as little lasting result. The *Lex Papia et Poppaea*, a law passed toward the end of Augustus' life, was a final effort on his part to compel Roman citizens to marry and beget more Romans citizens and so save the state from decay and the creeping-in of the foreign born. This marriage law gets its name from the men who proposed it, both of them impervious old bachelors. Augustus tried to bring about reform in the society of his day, not simply by his legislation, which was mistaken and largely futile, but by constant exhortation and in a very real sense by example.

The virility of his early years had found expression in a vigorous reorganization of the state, in well-directed efforts to procure and maintain peace at home and abroad. Credit had been restored through his efforts and there followed a long period of marvelous prosperity, a great economic reorganization and development. The provinces first felt the change, especially in the west, and because of his success in managing the provinces committed to his care the contrast with the ill-managed senatorial provinces under proconsular control was all the more marked. The old republican proconsular system of provincial management was the spoils system in its finest flower. When Augustus began to appoint officials for provincial duty because of fitness and not because of influence, he may have been inaugurating the empire. Yet the provinces were the gainers. By far the greater part of his time Augustus spent in Rome. His heart was always there and he made of Rome a capital of which the whole world might be proud. It is not without significance that under Augustus the city was for the first time called *Urbs Aeterna*, by the poet Tibullus, and the *Eternal City* she has ever since been.

It is quite impossible to understand Augustus unless his intense earnestness is recognized. The attempt to account for what he did on the grounds of pretence, of play acting, of a conscious and continuous betrayal of the state in his own interest leads nowhere and ends in confusion. Augustus brought peace to a distracted and divided people and he maintained peace and encouraged the arts of peace, commerce, agriculture, art, architecture, and above all literature, and he labored untiringly and unceasingly and with remarkable intelligence to build up a strong state, with Rome at its head, whereby the civilized world might be made better. First and foremost always with him this meant that Italians, that Romans, might find the earth a good place in which to live. That he failed to restore the republic in any real sense was not so much due to the fact that he himself occupied a unique position and held powers and exercised office in such a way as virtually to annul the constitution or to call for strained interpretations of it as it was due to the faulty human material with which he had to deal. To be the most privileged among the privileged does not necessarily spell monarch or king or feudal lord; it may mean, as Augustus insisted it did mean, in his case, *princeps dignitate*, and it may mean greatest servant and benefactor. The decay that is said to have caused the fall of the Roman empire dates far back before the time of Augustus, even to the palmy days of the Scipios and the Fabii, the days after the second Punic War, and was not a sudden growth arising from surrendered liberties or constitutional changes introduced to satisfy the demands of an autocrat.

Government by experts was a favorite resort of Augustus. By nature a reactionary but forced to be an innovator he became the founder of an efficient bureaucracy in order to bring about a higher public service. That he was himself so frequently one of the members of these various boards, boards to regulate the price of corn and the food supply, boards to investigate morals, to formulate and execute building regulations, even a board to keep the Tiber in check, that he found it necessary to serve on many of these boards himself, at least for a time, may as well be put down to his desire to secure efficiency as to his desire to curtail the liberties of his assistants.

That Augustus was able to accomplish so much in the way of improving the condition of things in Rome and Italy and the provinces is largely due to his success or good fortune in choosing his helpers. In this respect he is again brought into striking contrast with his far more brilliant uncle. The friends of Julius slew him. Augustus' friends remained true to him, some of them from his youth to his old age; others, once opponents but later his warm supporters, gave him constant and loyal assistance. It was not an accident that he had as his helpers men like Maecenas and Agrippa, nor that men like Messala and Asinius Pollio, once in open and armed opposition, found it possible to accept service under him in a manner entirely consistent with their dignity and with a high sense of personal honor. Such friends are not made and kept by mere shrewdness nor by the skillful cleverness of a political opportunist. Nor in a different and higher sphere were his friends and supporters made and kept by gracious rewards and empty social honors. Virgil and Horace, Varro and Livy, and a score of others, could speak the glories of the Augustan régime, could praise the peace that had come to Italy, could laud Augustus himself as Italy's restorer, protector, and benefactor, because such praise and laudation had been fairly won and could be sincerely given. It may be that a wise patronage of letters was one of Augustus' fixed policies but he had a real interest in literature, appreciated fully the value of men of letters in making popular his conduct of affairs, and felt the truth of Horace's

> Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
> Multi.

Anything like the close personal affection that Maecenas won seemed impossible between Augustus and the men of letters who did so much to glorify his deeds. An element of reserve in Augustus, of coldness, if you will, prevented such a relationship. Augustus made no attempt to coerce their wills, but accepted what they could give. To Horace, who had declined the post of private secretary to him, Augustus writes, "Even if you have in your pride spurned my friendship, I do not mean to act haughtily in return." And later, "Are you afraid that to posterity it will be a disgrace to you to have been

a friend of mine?" Livy dwelling in the same palace with Augustus did not thereby surrender his independence and was laughingly dubbed *The Pompeian* by Augustus himself, because of his great love for the old republic and the intense partisanship of his histories. Varro kept his love for the old republic unspoiled by contact with the Princeps.

Latin literature was, in all periods, a medium for patriotic eloquence and it lends itself in all sincerity at this time to praise of what Augustus had done. The *Aeneid*, the great national epic, was designed to glorify Rome and magnify the rule of Augustus, as is apparent enough to the most casual reader. Virgil early sets forth his theme and repeatedly returns to it. It is of the Romans that he sings:

> Romanos, rerum dominos gentemque togatam.

To Augustus, as a ruler sent from heaven, the *Aeneid* stands as a *monumentum aere perennius*, a call to all good citizens to join their leader in devotion to the state, to religion, and to the humaner things of life. Nor was the high idealism of Virgil in vain. The immediate and widespread recognition given the *Aeneid* must have cheered Augustus in the belief that this appreciation meant also an equally universal appropriation of the high ideal of the state there set forth.

Horace gladly lent his pen to the praise of what Augustus had done and in his more serious political odes deliberately outlined Augustus' policies. More of a courtier than Virgil could ever have been, Horace is nevertheless deeply serious in his Roman odes in praising the peace that has come to the world through Augustus and in proclaiming the necessity for every good citizen to aid in the movement for the betterment of society that had been inaugurated by Augustus.

The Augustan peace was a very real and concrete thing. A beautiful altar, *Ara Pacis Augustae*, set up in the Campus Martius, was dedicated in 13 B.C. and finished in 9 B.C., the year before the death of Horace. The pictures of peace in Horace's last odes were very real and concrete things too. They had come to pass.

> Tutus bos etenim rura perambulat,
> Nutrit rura Ceres almaque Faustitas
> Pacatum volitant per mare navitae
> Culpari metuit fides.

In safety the cattle roam the fields. The fields are nourished by kindly Ceres, the goddess of fertility. In peace the sailors sail the seas and faith fears no blame.

With Caesar our guardian, no civil strife destroys our peace, no force, no wrath, which sharpens swords and drives wretched cities into war.

Custode rerum Cæsare non furor
Civilis aut vis exiget otium
Non ira quae procudit enses
Et miseras inimicat urbes.

The whip of gold has ceased to be a scourge and has become a beneficent power.

All this was twenty years before the end. The last years saw no formal changes in the government, but more and more things were shaping toward the monarchy. This could not have escaped Augustus, and he may have quietly acquiesced and sought a successor, when he saw that it had been a mistake to think the republic could be restored, but he protested still, nor do I think too much. At the end he hopes he has played his part well, and inquires of those about his couch, *Equid iis videretur mimum vitae commode transegisse,* and quotes the comic actor's plea for applause,

εἰ δέ τι
ἔχοι καλῶς τὸ παίγνιον, κρότον δότε
καὶ πάντες ἡμᾶς μετὰ χαρὰς προπέμψατε

"If our little play pleases you well, grant us applause and send us all happy away."

Whether this be elaborate pretence or the irony of a courageous spirit it seems futile to inquire. There is at least no complaint nor any demanding of the fates a reversal of their decree. Dignified and reserved as he had lived, so he passed away. The ἐυθανασία for which he had always prayed was granted him by the gods. And we may leave him with Virgil's prophetic words in the sixth Aeneid,

Hic vir, hic est, tibi quem promitti saepius audis,
Augustus Cæsar, divi genus, aurea condet
saecula qui rursus Latio regnata per arva
Saturno quondam.

"Augustus Caesar, he will build again the golden age."

AUGUSTUS AND THE RELIGION OF RECONSTRUCTION*

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In the days of uncertainty that followed the assassination of Julius Caesar on the Ides of March, 44 B.C., there was surely no one, either in the ranks of the liberators of the aristocratic republic, or among the followers of that great iconoclast in war and statecraft, who dreamed that the Roman world was to be reconstructed and Roman civilization saved for four centuries by the unknown youth of nineteen, Gaius Octavianus, the grand nephew and heir of Julius.

For us who stand like Octavian upon the threshold of a new period of reconstruction after the great war which has just closed fifty years of armed peace in Europe, the years from Sedan to the November armistice of 1918, it is peculiarly appropriate to look back for a moment at the closing years of that earlier and longer period of civil dissensions which marked the downfall of the Roman republic. The Romans of those days weathered the three successive crests of the Ides of March, 44 B.C., the field of Philippi, 42 B.C., and the shores of Actium, 31 B.C. The Ides of March determined that Caesar was not to be the reconstructor of the world he had conquered. The field of Philippi determined that the liberators were not to impose on the world the rule of the senate. Actium, the culmination of thirteen years of civil strife, determined that the principles of reconstruction were to be shaped by the future Augustus, the representative of the more vigorous, the more simple, and perhaps the cruder ideals of an occidental capital, and not by Antony and Cleopatra, the representatives of the complex Hellenistic culture of Greece, Egypt, and Asia Minor.

We Americans, whom destiny has also placed like the Romans upon the periphery of an older civilization of whose

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great cultural inheritance we are the heirs, may well pause before the problems that confronted Augustus and Rome. For Rome was the occidental power of those days. Her seven hills stand on the periphery, not at the centre of the Greco-Roman civilization. Have we, then, nothing to learn from Augustus? From his respect for the traditions, the beliefs, the idiosyncrasies even of an older world? From his cautious, but never-flagging rebuilding of a new world, not *in vacuo*, but from the *disiecta membra* of the old? Are we to gather no inspiration from his successes, learn no lessons from his failures? The Romans too in the days following Actium believed that they were to see a new world born from the womb of time, quite as confidently as did we in the days following the armistice of November 1918. What we shall see, it seems to me, is what they saw, a new world slowly and laboriously reconstructed from the materials of the old, into whose frame the faith and aspirations of the people themselves must breathe the spirit of the *pax mondalis*, the world peace, just as Rome's rulers breathed into the old world the spirit of the great *pax Romana*.

In the limits of a single hour I shall make no attempt at the diagnosis of the torn and war-weary world which on the morrow of Actium confronted the cool-minded Augustus. Nowhere will you find those conditions better summarized than in the words of the great English historian of Rome, Pelham, in his chapter on the Domestic Policy of Augustus.

For Augustus' general plan of reconstruction we may accept at their face value his own words, as recorded for us by Suetonius, from one of his edicts:

"May it fall to my lot to establish the state firm and strong, and to obtain the wished-for fruit of my labors, that I may be called the author of it, and that when I die I may carry with me the hope that the foundations which I have laid may abide."

In this general scheme of reconstruction the religious policy of Augustus is an integral part. One may even say that his policy of religious reconstruction occupies the central position. For Augustus was statesman enough to realize that economic reconstruction alone or the repression of vice was insufficient. Above all he wished to create in the hearts and minds of the

people, war-weary and brutalized by the long years of strife, a healthier public opinion, political, moral, and religious.

To create a healthier public opinion in the field of politics, it was necessary to create a loyalty for something larger than the republic of the old city state, to substitute for the old loyalty to the Rome of the seven hills, of the senate, the forum, and the *comitium*, the ideal of *Roma aeterna*, of Rome as the symbol of Italian unity. "Augustus demanded the allegiance of the Italians for a Rome which was in fact Italy, and in which all Italians could share." In the Augustan poets, the praise of Italy, of the beautiful face of this lovely land, of her rustic virtues, and her age-old customs goes hand in hand with the praise of the Fabricii, the Reguli, and the Catos, the men of old Rome, the true bulwark of her greatness.

To create a healthier moral tone something could perhaps be done by legislation, though not much. That little, Augustus attempted to do—and failed. In the years 18 and 17 B. C., two famous laws were passed, on adultery and on the marriage limitations of the social orders. The main object of the former was to enforce a stricter observance of the marriage tie, and to substitute for the decaying jurisdiction of the *paterfamilias*, or the husband, confronted with the aggressive frontal advance of the *femina nova*, a more regular legal procedure. But *quis custodiet custodes?* Who shall guard the guardians? Why should a Roman noble or a Roman freed-woman regard the sacredness of a tie so flagrantly disregarded by the *princeps*, or first citizen himself? For the *princeps*, as you will remember, constrained her husband to yield to him Livia while the future Drusus still lacked three months of being born. The *princeps* himself forced his elder stepson Tiberius to divorce for dynastic reasons his dearly beloved Vipsania, and to marry the wanton, Julia. Against such examples of the "new morality" it availed little for the son of the plain burgher of Veletrae to use the same sleeping chamber on the Palatine in summer and winter or to wear homespun.

On the other hand, the law for the marrying of the orders sought in essence to encourage marriage and the production of children by civic rewards, and to limit celibacy by severe

penalties. This was a return to the traditional standpoint of Roman statecraft.

The reconstruction of the Roman religion was an equally pressing task. In the last century of the republic the decay of religious feeling and of ritualistic practice, both private and public, had advanced at an ever accelerating rate. For this there were various reasons, not all of them discreditable either to the intelligence or the spiritual aspirations of the Roman people.

In the first place ever since the introduction of the Sibylline books, early in the republic, there had been in the religion of the state a dualism. On the one hand stood the old patrician cults, largely of Italic origin, permeated at first with the naïve and practical animism of a simple agricultural people, and later showing distinct traces of the expansion of such a rural centre into a small trading and commercial city. The guidance and protection of this earlier organism of faith and worship was the peculiar function of the college of the *pontifices*.

Over against this college stood the commission of the fifteen for the performing of the sacred rites, the *quindecemviri sacris faciundis*. This commission since the introduction of the Sibylline books had control of celestial immigration, so to speak. These immigrant deities were largely of Greek or of Greco-Etruscan origin, and more universal in their powers and their attributes than the Italic deities. Consequently their more congregational ritual afforded a natural vent for the religious emotions of the plebeians and the lower classes of the city. The Greek ritual or *Graecus ritus*, rather Greco-Roman than exclusively Greek, grew up beside the Roman ritual, the *ritus Romanus*, which was more narrowly Italic.

This tendency to dualism was further accentuated by another factor. From the days of Numa Pompilius—a convenient name with which to epitomize the earlier religious organization of the Roman people—to the days of Pius IX, the conception of the concentration of spiritual and temporal power in the hands of a single director endured through good report and ill on this Roman soil. In the days of ancient Rome the statesman was the director of cults; in the days of mediaeval Rome, the churchman was, or long sought to be, the director of states.

Hence in the republic even, a religion which sought rather to exercise its influence upon social and political developments than to make its appeal to the spiritual gropings of the masses, and the intelligence and aspirations of the classes, gradually lost its hold on both classes and masses. This was the fate which slowly undermined the state religion in the period which followed the conquest of the east, and which I find it convenient to call the Greco-Roman Renaissance. The classes turned for guidance to philosophy, especially to stoicism. The masses found spiritual satisfaction and sustenance in the more orgiastic, emotional, and ecstatic cults of the east.

It is clear, then, that Augustus could not have restored the original Roman religion in the sense in which that religion had been a moving force down to the beginning of the Second Punic War (218 B.C.). That religion no longer existed nor was its restitution desired either by the masses or the classes. What then was the goal of Augustus?

We may perhaps get some light on this question from an interesting passage in Varro, the greatest of all Roman scholars. Since Varro wrote the *res divinae* and dedicated that great work to Julius Caesar, we may fairly regard his work as representing enlightened public opinion in the years immediately preceding the accession of Augustus to power.

In brief, Varro accepted and popularized a doctrine previously formulated, that there were at Rome three distinct religions, the religion of the poets, of the philosophers, and of the statesmen. The religion of the poets is unworthy of the gods, and therefore to be rejected. The religion of the philosophers is unsuitable for the state because it involves many doctrines which it is inexpedient for the people to know. Therefore as a patriotic citizen one must submerge his personal predilections, and turn to the religion of the state; that is, the rigid observance of all the imposing ritualistic acts and ceremonies hallowed by the unbroken tradition of the state religion as administered by generations of statesmen-priests. This is in essence the *religio civilis* of Varro. And the *religio civilis* of Varro is in essence the more conservative element in the religious reconstruction of Caesar and of Augustus. But with this element was cunningly combined the new element of

the worship of the emperors, an institution largely Hellenistic in origin, which lies outside the scope of this paper.

The youthful Octavian was in some measure the inheritor of the religious policy of his grand-uncle Julius. Since, however, in the centre of the new Caesarian religion was to stand the worship of the monarch himself as God-king, it will be more convenient to reserve a consideration of the religious policy of Julius Caesar. We shall thus be able to compare more clearly the differences as well as the similarities between the religious policies of the two men. It is now time to say a few words of the general policy of Augustus himself, and of the temper of the man that we may be able to see his religious reforms in their true perspective.

Augustus' policy was far less grandiose than that of Caesar. He seems to have taken to heart and to have meditated upon the lesson of Caesar's fate. His temperament was more cool, more cautious, more bourgeois than that of his great-uncle. Above all he seems to have been a past-master of the policy of "nibble," the same policy which, on the battlefields of France, snatched victory from defeat, the only policy which could, after Caesar's assassination, have saved the world from ruin. Augustus based his policy far more than Caesar upon the temperament, institutions, and ideals of the western Mediterranean. Caesar—and here in a sense Mark Antony and not Augustus is his real successor—sought the creation of a cosmopolitan state in which the complex, sophisticated, and partially decadent civilization of the Levant would have played inevitably a far greater part. The greater caution of Augustus, as has been well said, "saved for posterity a Latin civilization and postponed for two centuries the triumph of undisguised military barbarism."

At the very heart of the reconstruction policy of Augustus lies the determination to substitute for armed violence the rule of law, and thus to restore peace to a distracted world. Augustus frequently emphasizes his pride in his peaceful accomplishments. In the record of his exploits, the famous *Monumentum Ancyranum* he dwells upon the fact that he had three times closed the temple of Janus. On the very field of Mars was erected by order of the senate in 13 B. C., the beautiful Ara Pacis

Augustae, the essential remains of which you may see at the Delle Termae Museum. On his coins peace is represented. A Greek inscription found at Halicarnassus in Asia Minor, now in the British Museum, proclaims: "His providence not merely fulfilled the prayers of all, but even surpassed them. Peace rests upon the land and sea. The cities enjoy the benefits of a good constitution, of concord, and of prosperity." In short, to adopt the convenient Greek terms, Augustus is the εὐεργέτης or benefactor, and the σωτὴρ or savior of society. The same note constantly recurs in Augustan poetry, as we shall see.

Again, if peace and order are to be restored, it is of vital importance that the provinces be given an administrative system that is just, sane, and efficient. That under the empire the provinces came into their own; that the fate of Roman civilization in the next four hundred years rested quite as much upon the provinces as upon the capital was largely due to the firm foundations laid by Augustus. During the ten years of his first lease of absolute power, 27-18 B.C., his attention was largely centred upon the task of provincial reorganization. In the larger sense it was only after 19 B.C., when he returned from the east, that he was free to devote himself to Rome and Italy.

Finally, Augustus had the power, which in my judgment Julius somewhat lacked, of working through other men and with other men. And these men were not only his ministers, men like Agrippa, Maecenas, and his stepsons, Drusus and Tiberius, but also men who could popularize his policy. Here Augustus worked, quite consciously, it seems to me, through the Augustan poets.

To adopt for a moment the vernacular of the American university—Augustus succeeded in establishing what would today be impossible even for that most completely equipped popularizer, the American university president—a poetical press bureau. And what is more, this press bureau consisted of a group of men, marked by perfection of finish, sincere patriotism, and at times high poetic inspiration. In studying the religious policy of Augustus, it is a cardinal error to overlook the Augustan poets. Miss Haight, of Vassar College, in an article on *An Inspired Message in the Augustan*

Poets, has shown in a most convincing manner how the aims of Augustus in reconstructing the cult of Apollo were furthered by all the Augustan poets. Not only did these poets celebrate in their verse the *fait accompli*, but they also brought before the bar of cultivated opinion at the capital the general outlines of prospective measures of reform upon which Augustus desired to test out or to educate public opinion. The modern analogy of the press bureau is therefore fairly accurate.

Through all Augustan poetry there runs, as it were, a great musical theme. Under the rule of law and order, restored by Augustus, Rome is to experience a new birth, to be worthy of her great past—and to spread the blessings of peace—the famous *pax Romana*—throughout the Mediterranean world. Augustus is the benefactor and savior of the human race, called by providence like the heroes and gods of old to his appointed task. He is ever struggling against and surmounting difficulties and dangers, like Hercules, like Dionysus, like Mercury, like Romulus, above all like Aeneas. He is benefactor, savior, pathfinder. Yet under his guidance society must save itself through a return to the moral law, the *mos maiorum* or ways of the fathers. Then will return the golden age, prophesied by Virgil in the 4th eclogue:

> Ultima Cumaei venit iam carminis aetas
> magnus ab integro saeclorum nascitur ordo.
> iam redit et origo, redeunt Saturnia regna;
> iam nova progenies caelo demittitur alto.

It is with regret that I omit the consideration of the names of Tibullus and Propertius to turn at once to the even more important aid extended to the moral and religious programme of Augustus by the greatest of the Augustan poets, Horace and Virgil.

Horace, the least romantic and the most modern and critical of all the Augustan poets, is a priest of the imperial policy of reconstruction, second in importance to Virgil alone. In this respect it is difficult to exaggerate the importance of certain odes in the 4th book and of that noble sequence of six odes with which the 3rd book begins, and of which alone I shall speak.

Here the critical poet rises to the heights of a far-flung vision of that true fatherland, the city bulwarked not by walls, but by the plain-living, the dour strength, the trusty silence, the justice and tenacity, the sanity and love of order, the martial courage, the religion and purity, of the citizens. To miss these odes in a college education is to lose one of the loftiest expressions of admonitory patriotism in the literature of the world. And has patriotism no need of admonition today?

By birth, by education, by temperament, Virgil stands out from all the other Augustan poets as the predestined laureate of Augustus and his policy. He expresses that policy with unerring tact and felicity, but transcends it, as the work of the great poet must always transcend that of the statesman.

Virgil was a country boy. We catch glimpses of him amid the luxurious salons of the capital, but as the inspired rustic, timid, silent, ill at ease. He remained to the last, as Macrobius tells us, a Venetian of peasant parentage, reared amid the forests and the underbrush. But by virtue of this very simplicity he could and did enter into complete sympathy with the Italian policy of Augustus. This policy found in the Italian countryside with its unending toil, its simple faith, its hardy virtues, the symbol of all that was best in the Italian patrimony, which the statesman would have the rising generation, just on the threshold of a new world, claim as its birthright. Never has a poet given higher expression to that more poignant and simpler aspect of patriotism which draws its sustenance from the very breast of the land that bore it, and broods upon the austere face of the mother of men. The *Georgics* give us the breath of Italy, not of Rome. The *Georgics* are the final expression of the hold of the Italian country upon the souls of her people, upon the souls of all those pilgrims who have looked upward from the rivers and valleys of Italy toward her immemorial towns upon their hills:

> adde tot egregias urbes operumque laborem,
> tot congesta manu praeruptis oppida saxis
> fluminaque antiquos subterlabentia muros.

In the *Aeneid* Virgil has given us an epic which is at once historical, Augustan, religious, and supremely human. The

Aeneid is an historical epic because in a very real sense its subject is the greatness of Rome. It continues the tradition founded by Ennius of telling the history of a people in the dactylic hexameter. Aeneas is not the naive hero of a popular epic like Achilles, Ulysses, or Roland. He is an instrument foreordained by fate to struggle on sea and in war until he shall lay the civic and religious foundations of the eternal city:

> multo quoque et bello passus dum conderet urbem
> inferretque deos Latio, genus unde Latinum
> Albanique patres atque altae moenia Romae.

Today I must confine myself to the briefest consideration of the *Aeneid* as an Augustan poem and as a religious poem; but since the two conceptions are constantly interpenetrating it will be best to consider them together.

As a religious poem we must remember that Virgil was preëminently the scholar poet, intimately familiar with the vast body of Roman religious lore. Virgil was for his contemporaries what Dante was for the Italians of the XVth century, "a theologian who knows every dogma." To students of Roman religion the *Aeneid* and the commentary of Servius upon it are a mine of Italic ritual.

More important, Aeneas, as a priestly hero, whose mission it is to bring to Latium the cult of Vesta and the Penates, symbolizes in a very real sense though implicitly, the all-important functions of Augustus as *pontifex maximus*. What stress Augustus laid upon these two cults, so intimately connected with the family life of every Roman and with the national life of the city, we shall see presently. The *penates* are, so to speak, pledges of the constancy of Roman character and of the continuity of Roman rule. Thus in the *Aeneid* XII, 192 ff., Aeneas in the course of a solemn prayer utters the words, which to Boissier seem to explain the whole design of the *Aeneid*, and by implication of Augustus, the *pontifex maximus:*

> Sacra deosque dabo; socer arma Latinus habeto.

Mine the task to give the sacred rites and the gods. Let my father-in-law Latinus keep the arms.

And later, XII, 836, even the implacable Juno relents so far as to say:

> Morem ritusque sacrorum
> adiciam faciamque omnes uno ore Latinos.

I will add thereto the sacred procedure and ritual, and will make all the Latins speak a single tongue.

The *Aeneid* also, partly by the use of the divine machinery of the Olympian divinities, the traditional tools of epic poetry, but even more largely by the use of prophecies, oracles, and the fates symbolizes the reign of Augustus as the culmination of the divine will. In a sense, then, the *fata Aeneae*, the *fata Augusti*, and the *fata populi Romani* form a harmonious trinity. It is probably not fanciful to connect this use of oracular machinery in the Virgilian epic, so much more prominent than in the Greek epic, with the constant preoccupation of Augustus with the Sibylline books and the religion of Apollo.

The spirit of Virgil, however, transcends the explicit mission assigned to him by his imperial patron and makes of the *Aeneid* an epic of human life. The men of the Augustan age were conscious, as we are today, that they stood on a "great divide" in the history of their race. They looked back with romantic longing to their past, and forward with a new hope to the new world that was to rise under the guidance of their "first citizen," the *princeps Augustus*.

But the brooding spirit of the poet transcends even this vision. Virgil stands on that "great divide" of the ages which separates the pagan past from the Christian future, the future which ever fades before us as we move, but towards which we all must move. His poetry is a symbol of the hesitating advance of the human soul into the darkness of the unknown. He moves forward with slow and timid steps, and as he moves, himself ever fronting the darkness, he holds behind him the light which illumines and enlightens those who after him are to follow the same arduous road. For some of us he is, as he was for Dante and Dante's Statius in the *Purgatorio* XXII, 64 ff., the great pathfinder of our common humanity:

> Ed egli a lui: Tu prima m'inviasti
> Verso Parnaso a ber nelle sue grotte,

E poi, appresso Dio, m'alluminasti.
Facesti come quei che va di notte,
Che porta il lume retro a sè non giova,
Ma dopo sè fa le persone dotte,
Quando dicesti: 'Secol si rinnova;
Torna guistizia e primo tempo umano,
E progenie discende dal ciel nuova.

But it is time that I should turn from the ministers and the poets to the concrete task of their imperial patron in reconstituting the Roman religion.

For this department of his great task of reconstruction Augustus was technically well qualified. For years he had been a member of the three great colleges, of the pontifices, the augurs, and the quindecemviri. Moreover, the man who wrote out his marital admonitions and then read them to his wife that all the decencies might be observed, must have been by temperament a thorough-going ritualist, and as such in complete sympathy with the most highly codified of religions.

We must not think of such a man as a religious reformer in the modern sense of the word. There was nothing of a Wesley or a Newman about Augustus; nor would the Romans of his or of any age have understood such a reformer. Augustus rather concerned himself with the *sacra Romana;* that is, with the performance of the ritualistic acts of the national religion by the priests he had reconstituted, and in the temples he had reconstructed. At the same time, under the cover of such a restoration, he really transformed the spirit of the old religion. He did this (1) by substituting for the old Roman ritual, the newer Greco-Roman ritual under the general supervision of the quindecemviri sacris faciundis; (2) by especially emphasizing the cults of certain deities closely associated with the fortunes of the Julian family and the future imperial policy; (3) by the adroit introduction of the worship of the deified Julius and various approximations to the worship of himself. I shall first examine his more immediate task as restorer of the old Roman religion.

In the first place in pursuance of a decree of the senate Augustus undertook in 28 B.C., the restoration of the Roman temples in ruins. Horace heralds the necessity of this in the well-known lines of the odes, III. 6:

Thy fathers' sins, O Roman, thou, though guiltless, shall expiate till thou dost restore the crumbling temples and shrines of the gods, and their statues soiled with grimy smoke.

In the *res gestae*, or record of his exploits, Augustus declares:

In accordance with the decree of the senate in my sixth consulship, I restored eighty-two temples of the gods in the capital, omitting none which at that time should have been restored.

With justice, therefore, he is called by Livy *templorum omnium conditor ac restitutor*.

It is worthy of notice that the building policy of Augustus like that of his predecessor, Julius Caesar, was animated by a clearly defined political tendency. Both emperors wished to tear loose the imagination of the people from the great political and religious centres of the republican epoch.

Thus the Roman forum was to be outranked by the new forum of Caesar, dominated by the temple of Venus Genetrix, the patroness of the Julian family. The old rostra or speakers' platform stood just at the juncture of the forum proper and the *comitium*. At the lower end of the forum and almost directly in front of the *regia*, the traditional dwelling place of the pontifex maximus, Augustus erected in 29 B.C., the temple of the deified Julius. This building almost completely masked the older republican structure for all looking toward the east. In front of the vestibule of this temple a new speakers' platform was built, which, following the model of the old rostra, was decorated with the beaks of ships; in this case the trophies of the fleet of Antony and Cleopatra.

In the following year on the 9th of October, 28 B.C., Augustus dedicated, somewhere on the Palatine, the famous temple of Apollo Palatinus, which he had vowed in 36 B.C., during the campaign against Sextus Pompeius. It is important to remember that Augustus' own house probably stood in close proximity to the Augustan group of buildings on the Palatine. This group comprised the temple and portico of Apollo, the library, and the new temple of Vesta. Moreover, when Augustus finally became Pontifex Maximus in the year 12 B. C., he refused to occupy the *regia*, the official dwelling place of the Pontifex Maximus, and continued to live on the Palatine. An important motive in this decision must have been his desire to associate

himself with the new and magnificent religious precinct of Apollo and Vesta.

In the year 25 B.C., on the Campus Martius, Marcus Vipsanius Agrippa, the son-in-law of Augustus, dedicated the Pantheon. In this temple of all the gods, special honors were paid to Mars, Venus, and the deified Julius, while statues of Augustus himself and of Agrippa stood in the pronaos or vestibule. It seems probable, then, that the primary emphasis in this magnificent seat of worship was upon the cult of the ancestral deities of the Julian family.

The policy of Julius Caesar in the construction of the Julian forum was continued with greater magnificence by the construction of the forum Augusti. The building of this forum with its huge retaining walls, which we may still see, was the work of years. It was dominated by the magnificent temple of Mars Ultor, Mars the Avenger, vowed by Augustus during the campaign against Brutus and Cassius, and finally dedicated in the year 2 B.C. It is obvious that the construction of this forum and the dedication of the temple to this ancestral god of Rome and of the Julian gens, invoked to avenge the murdered Julius, was in direct correspondence with the dedication of the temple of Venus Genetrix as the centre of the new Julian forum. The huge Corinthian columns to the left of the Via Bonella and the *exedrae* in the sides of the retaining walls are the most grandiose relics of Augustan Rome.

Finally in the year 12 B.C., when Augustus became Pontifex Maximus on the death of Lepidus, he turned over the *regia* in the forum to the Vestal Virgins, and on the 28th of April dedicated a new temple to Vesta on the Palatine, close to the temple of Apollo. Both structures were so closely connected with the imperial palace that Ovid declared in the *Fasti:*

> Phoebus habet partem, Vestae pars altera cessit
> Quod superest illis, tertius ipse tenet.

Phoebus has one part, the other part falls to Vesta, what they leave he himself holds as a third.

That is, the living emperor is here a living co-tenant, or σύνναος with the two great gods of the Julian family, just as by his statue in the pronaos of the Pantheon he was co-tenant with the whole company of gods.

By such a juxtaposition Augustus clearly desired to impress the popular imagination with the belief that the Vesta and Penates of the imperial house were likewise those of the state. The entry of the corresponding festivals in the religious calendar of the state is proof of this. Are we perhaps justified in assuming that the Vestals must have now added to their traditional duties in the older shrine in the forum the new duty of tending the sacred fire in its new home in the house of the imperial pontiff?

With the assumption of the post of *pontifex maximus* in the year 12 B.C., Augustus gained complete control over the religious policy of the state. He thus had an opportunity to restore the old Roman ritual, and even more important to transform it in the interests of the new monarchy.

His first attention was naturally devoted to the revival of certain priesthoods, long obsolete. Thus he revived the office of the *flamen dialis*, the special sacrificial priest Juppiter, and perhaps the most primitive of all Roman priesthoods. Originally a highly honorable post, this office had been vacant for seventy-five years because of the exacting nature of the taboos connected with it. By relaxing the severity of these requirements Augustus succeeded in filling the office.

He adopted a similar practice in reference to the Vestal Virgins. He sought to make this ancient sisterhood more attractive by augmenting the public honors accorded them. Thus the Vestals, when they went through the streets, were now attended by a lictor, a privilege accorded only to the highest officials of the state. The emperor, moreover, declared publicly that if he had a granddaughter of the proper age he would gladly make her a Vestal Virgin.

Even before he was pontifex maximus, in fact as early as 27 B.C., Augustus undertook, as head of the college, the reorganization of the college of the twelve *fratres Arvales*, the revival of its ritual, and its amplification into a most efficient instrument of honorific reverence for the emperor and the imperial family.

This primitive Italic college of twelve brethren goes back to a period so old that the use of iron and of baked bread was originally taboo in its ritual. This old priesthood took part

in the month of May in the purification of the land. This ceremonial was called the Ambarvalia, because it took the form of a solemn procession around the boundaries of the fields to secure the divine blessing for the growing crops. A large fragment of the records of the brotherhood dating from shortly after the battle of Actium has been found at the site of the fifth milestone of the *Via Campana* between Rome and Ostia.

The duties of the revived college fall into two divisions. The first is the performance of the processional just mentioned and of a most elaborate ritual in honor of the Dea Dia, a divine but unnamed potency or *numen*, possibly connected with Ceres, the personification of the growing grain, and Tellus, the personification of the sown field of the landholder. You will find a full account of the most elaborate ritual of these May festivals in the 11th chapter of Warde Fowler's *Religious Experience of the Roman People.*

The second part of the ritual of the brotherhood was the element of honorific veneration for the emperor and his house, deftly interwoven with the old ritual by Augustus. "All sorts of events in the life of the emperor himself and his family were the occasion of vows, prayers, or thanksgivings on the part of the *fratres*." To make assurance doubly sure the college was recruited from the imperial household and within the limits of the noblest senatorial families. It thus became a bridgehead, as it were, to the more formally organized imperial worship.

The Arval brethren may also be regarded as an excellent example of the successful effort of Augustus to interest the senatorial classes in his policy of religious reconstruction. This is in keeping with the underlying principles of his economic and social reforms, whereby he sought to assign to each class a definite status and career, and to bind each class to the new régime by the ties of religion. Similarly other priesthoods of lower rank were assigned to the knights. Thus the ancient and baffling rite of the *Luperci*, a solemn circumambulation of the Palatine city for the purpose of purification and of securing fertility in crops, animals, and citizens was revived and turned over to the knights. Other less known colleges, connected with the Julian family tradition, were also assigned to them.

But perhaps the most striking example of this aspect of Augustus' policy was in connection with the new division of the city into fourteen regions or wards, and their subdivision into *vici*, or precincts. This reform took place in 7 B.C. Augustus took advantage of this occasion to revive the cult of the Lares Compitales, the Lares of the Compita, or cross woods.

This worship of the spirits who guarded the boundaries of the city districts was the favorite cult of the "plain people" of the metropolis. The *ludi compitalicii* were dear to the hearts of the freedmen and slaves. Augustus revived both the worship and the games. Formerly, regular associations or *collegia*, "the social centres" of Rome without the sting of patronage, had existed to conduct this worship. These associations after many vicissitudes in the political struggles of the republic had been finally abolished by Caesar. In reviving them Augustus made them official appointees of the state, and transformed their cult in the interest of the new imperial idea. This was done by associating with the older images of the *Lares Compitales* the image of the Genius of the emperor; that is, the spirit of creative energy inherent in every man, and *a fortiori* in the *princeps*. Just as the worship of the individual house, and, *par excellence*, the worship of the slaves and freedmen of that house, centred in the cult of the Lares and the Genius of the *pater-familias*, so first for Rome, and later for the cities of Italy and the empire, it was declared clearly that the public worship of the lower classes should centre around the veneration of the Genius of the emperor.

In the record of his exploits contained in the *Monumentum Ancyranum*, Augustus singles out four new cults only as having received rich gifts from his spoils: "I consecrated gifts from the spoils in the Capitoline, in the temple of *divus Julius*, in the temple of Apollo, in the temple of Vesta, and in the temple of Mars Ultor." It is obvious, therefore, that these four cults stood in the very centre of the reconstructed religion of Augustus. By means of these four cults Augustus, while seeming to restore the old Roman religion, deftly transformed it into a supple instrument for the glorification of the new régime. These four cults then are worthy of our special consideration.

The temple of Mars Ultor, as we have seen, stood in the centre of the new Forum Augusti. Here Mars was honored nominally as the avenger of the murdered Caesar, but also as the divine founder of the Julian house and of Rome itself. His statue, as in the Pantheon, was grouped with that of Venus Genetrix. This temple was therefore in a sense that of the divine ancestral parents of the Julian Gens. In virtue of this fact the members of the imperial family must sacrifice here. But the temple was more than this. It was also one of the more important civic and political centres in the life of the new régime. As such it usurped to a considerable degree the politico-religious ceremonies formerly associated with the great temple of Juppiter Optimus Maximus on the Capitol; the religious centre, *par excellence* of the politico-religious life of the republic. From this new temple the magistrates now departed to their provinces. Here the senate met to discuss wars and triumphs. Here were deposited the standards won from the enemy. Into the walls of this temple the censor drove a nail on the completion of his term of office.

Since the previous paragraph was written at Rome in the winter of 1921 the important study of Professor Lily R. Taylor of Vassar College, "The Worship of Augustus in Italy" has appeared in the *Transactions of the American Philological Association*, LI, 116-133. With the results of this significant paper I find myself in essential agreement. Moreover, Miss Taylor has brought into clear relief the importance of this foundation of Augustus in popularizing in Rome and Italy the kindred cults of Mars the father of Rome, of the whole Julian race, and of Augustus, and that of the Genius of the living emperor. She rightly emphasizes the significance of the coincidence in the year 2 B.C. of the dedication of this temple, the institution of the Neapolitan games, Ἰταλικά, Ῥωμαῖα Σεβαστὰ ἰσολύμπια (clearly reminiscent of the Ῥωμαῖα Σεβαστά, celebrated every four years at the provincial temple of Roma and Augustus at Pergamum) and the assumption by Augustus of the title of *pater patriae* bestowed upon him by the senate. This title has distinct politico-religious value.[1] It was conferred at a

[1] In this connection Livy's account I, 16, of the apotheosis of Romulus is worthy of study in view of the religious and political associations favored

time when the emperor saw in the popularity of his grandsons, Lucius and Gaius, a pledge of the perpetuity of his family. Through Augustus, these youths, the *principes iuventutis*, were brought into relation to Mars, the founder of the house, and associated, perhaps by significant ceremonies with this new temple. Ovid's *Ars Amatoria* I, 203, written in the very next year, and an inscription from Athens (I G III, 444a), where Gaius is addressed as the son of Ares, testify to this association with the god. On the iuvenes see the discussion of Rostovtzeff in his "Römische Bleitesserae," in *Klio*, Beiheft III (1905), 59-93.

The *iuvenes* of senatorial and equestrian rank with Gaius and Lucius Caesar at their head, organized for preliminary military training at Rome, were also associated with this temple, from which after sacrifice the governors departed for their provinces. The youths were to continue their military apprenticeship in the suites of these governors. They were to go to this temple, presumably to sacrifice when they assumed the *toga virilis*. And further there were held at this temple every year special games of the *iuvenes*, the *ludi sevirales*, directed by the *seviri equitum Romanorum*.

Moreover, it seems probable that Virgil in the famous procession of Roman heroes in the sixth book of the *Aeneid*, and Horace in the *Odes*, 4, 8, were acquainted with the plan of Augustus to associate with the new glories of the Julian house and their tutelary deity Mars, the glories of the great mythical heroes of the regal period and the statesmen and warriors of the republic. At least we know that there were thirty-six niches in the *exedrae* and rear walls for such statues, and we can reconstruct a list of twenty worthies beginning with Aeneas and extending down to Lucullus who were represented there.

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between Romulus on the one hand, and Caesar and Augustus on the other. Livy lays stress upon the fact that Romulus was a *deus a deo natus* as son of Mars. (So Augustus was *divi filius*, as son of the *divus Iulius*.) Again *Romulus* is *parens urbis Romanae* just as Augustus is *pater patriae*. Proculus Iulius, a representative ancestor of the imperial house, bears witness to the apotheosis of Romulus. The message of Romulus: "abi, nuntia Romanis, caelestes ita velle, ut mea Roma caput orbis terrarum sit, proinde rem militarem colant, sciantque et ita posteris tradant nullas opes humanas armis Romanis resistere posse," is strikingly similar to the more famous lives from the *Aeneid* VI, 851–853. In fact Livy's whole chapter bears the impress of his Augustan environment.

This list shows striking correspondences with Virgil's. Query: Was the procession of heroes in the sixth book of the *Aeneid* regarded as a procession of *iuvenes?* Contemporary Virgilian criticism is inclined to connect the *ludus* Troiae, *Aeneid* V, 545 ff. with the Augustan revival. In this connection *Aeneid* VI, 771 is worth noting:

> qui iuvenes! quantas ostentant, aspice, viris . . .
> . . . .
> atque umbrata gerunt civili tempora quercu!

In fact we today who pass the bare walls of the Augustan forum are perhaps beholding the ruined frame of a Roman Hall of Fame, or shall we say a Roman Westminster Abbey? But to repeople those walls with their band of heroes we must turn to the poets, who bestow a fame outlasting that of stone.

The worship of Vesta was likewise adapted to the purposes of Augustus. The temple dedicated on the Palatine, on April 28, B.C. 12, was strictly speaking his own Vesta, as Professor Carter has well said. "But the prominence of the temple of Vesta on the Palatine had an effect similar to the prominence of the temple of Apollo on the Palatine, and the whole state began to worship at the hearth of the emperor, and in time the emperor was worshipped at each individual hearth." By this act also Augustus further facilitated the acceptance by the public of the Julian legend enunciated in the *Aeneid* which proclaimed the Trojan origin of the public cult of Vesta and the Penates, the gods of the hearth of the Roman state.

Augustus made Apollo his patron, and favored his cult beyond that of any other divinity. The dedication of the temple of Apollo on the Palatine has been sufficiently discussed. It remains to say a few words upon the significance of the worship of Apollo for the Augustan age. In the first place we must remember that Apollo was a divinity standing in the closest relations to the cults of the Julian gens. The origin of this relationship between the god and the gens may be due to the fact that Veiovis, a subterranean god of death, worshipped by the Julian gens at its ancestral seat in Bovillae (just under the modern Albano) came to be identified with Apollo. Consequently, Apollo came to be worshipped by the gens. Thus we have at Delos an inscription which does

honor to Gaius Julius Caesar, the father of the dictator in common with the deities Apollo, Artemis, and Leto. In the Augustan poets also, as Miss Haight[1] has so convincingly shown, the worship of Apollo is deliberately emphasized, notably in the *Aeneid* of Virgil. But most important of all is the fact that Augustus looked upon himself in a very real sense as under the direct patronage and protection of Apollo, and perhaps even at times considered himself the son of the god, or a divine revelation of his power on earth. As proof of the protection of the god he adduced the aid rendered him by Apollo and his sister Diana in the naval war against Sextus Pompey, and above all the active intervention of Apollo in his behalf from his temples on the cliffs overlooking Actium. This latter event is celebrated in the grand manner by Virgil in his description of the shield of Aeneas in the 8th book of the *Aeneid*.

Again Augustus sought to enhance the prestige of his new temple by having the Sibylline books, which had originally been deposited in the temple of Juppiter Optimus Maximus on the Capitoline transferred to the keeping of the new Palatine temple. This new temple, theoretically the private chapel of the greatest Roman citizen, thus gained in a moment the prestige of a great state cult.

Moreover, Apollo, as god of light, healing, salvation, benefaction, and intelligence, symbolizes in a preëminent degree the ideals, which Augustus, as savior of society σωτὴρ and as benefactor of mankind εὐεργέτης wished to associate with his new régime. These ideals gain final expression in the great celebration of the saecular games in 17 B.C.

These *games* take their name from the word *saeculum*, and the old Italic *saeculum* was naturally conceived as a period of one hundred years, the maximum length of human life. With the *saeculum* went the connotation of a new birth in the material and spiritual history of the state. This concept, as early as the year 249 B.C., under the influence of the Sibylline books had been brought into close relation with two deities of the lower world, Dis and Proserpina, worshipped at the so-

[1] "An 'Inspired Message' in the Augustan Poets," in *American Journal of Philology*, XXXIX, 341-366.

called Terentum, a mysterious site on the Campus Martius near the present Ponte Sant' Angelo. The original festival was, therefore, largely aversive and purificatory in its nature, as being addressed to the *numina* of the lower world and being carried on at night.

This negative and gloomy festival Augustus now sought to transform into a communal expression of the aspiration for a new age which the world had come to associate with the completion of his reforms. Accordingly a Sibylline oracle was set in circulation. This oracle declared that a great cycle of four times one hundred ten years had been completed. A new age was being born. The saecular games, now celebrated, omitted nothing of the old ceremonies by night at the Terentum. After all these deities were deities of fate and fortune. With them, however, were associated the more helpful deities called the Moirae or fates, and Eilithyia, who lent aid at childbirth, and Mother Tellus.

More important still, three days were to be added to the festival, and the deities worshipped on these days were to be deities of light, power, and positive benefaction; to-wit, Juppiter and Juno Regina of the Capitoline, Apollo and Diana from the new precinct of Augustus on the Palatine. Such an equalization of Apollo and Diana, the special protectors of the new régime, with Juppiter and Juno, the traditional patrons of the republican state, is a striking innovation.

On the third day, which formed the climax of the festival, a solemn procession of three times nine youths and three times nine maidens sang the ode which Horace wrote, and which has come down to us in his writings as the *carmen saeculare*. Those of you who visit the Delle Terme Museum may see the long inscription which records many of the administrative details of the celebration, and amid them the statement, impressive from its simplicity: Carmen composuit Quintus Horatius Flaccus.

It is appropriate that we should leave the emperor today to enjoy his short hour of triumph. Every true religion, even a paganism, is an expression of the spiritual aspirations of the people themselves, of their strength and their weakness, not a marvellously articulated system of morality and ritual

designed by the head of religion and of the state along clearly outlined paths of civic righteousness. Of all the religious reforms of Augustus, those only left a permanent impression upon the Roman religion which found an echo in the needs of the people. The Worship of the Emperors alone endured, because for better and for worse it was a comprehensible symbol of the need of the Mediterranean world for peace, for order, for an efficient absolutism, bringing to a world weary with strife the benefits of a material well-being.

Can not we whom fortune has placed in Rome today also feel that the ode of Horace has caught something of that cool intelligence which rescued a world from ruin and gave the great Roman experiment in civic imperialism four centuries in which to complete its work? Let us leave Augustus with the gods of his choice and with Rome.

Phoebe silvanumque potens Diana
lucidum caeli decus, o colendi
semper et culti, date quae precamur
tempore sacro,

quo Sibyllinae monuere versus
virgines lectae puerosque castos
dis quibus septem placuere colles
dicere carmen.

Alma Sol, curru nitido diem qui
promis et celas, aliusque et idem
nasceris possis nihil urbe Roma
visere maius.

O Phoebus and Diana, queen of forests, radiant glory of the heavens. O ye ever cherished, and ever to be cherished, grant the blessings that we pray for at the holy season when the verses of the Sibyl have commanded chosen maidens and spotless youths to sing the hymn in honor of the gods who love the seven hills.

O quickening Sun, thou in thy shining car, usherest in the day and hidest it, and art reborn another and yet the same, ne'er mayst thou be able to view aught greater than the city of Rome.

AUGUSTUS

MICHEL ROSTOVTZEFF

Augustus is one of the most striking figures of the bloody time of the Roman revolution and of the peaceful time of Roman reconstruction. A master in the domain of cruel and ruthless extermination of his enemies, of elaborate political combinations, of skillful diplomatic tricks, of shameless political propaganda on the one hand and the builder of the Ara Pacis, the solemn pontifex maximus, the guardian of morality on the other. No wonder if both his personality and his political activity are a subject of a hotly debated controversy which is still as unsettled as it was fifty years ago. One of the most important sides of the activity of Augustus was undoubtedly his religious policy. Augustus as a religious reformer! There is not the slightest similarity between Augustus and religious reformers as such, both those of the past and those of the future. And yet his activity in the religious domain was as energetic and systematic as in the other domains of his social and political work. How shall we solve this contradiction? What were the ends and aims of Augustus in his religious activity?

Let me express briefly my own opinion on this fascinating problem which does not entirely coincide with the picture generally given by most of the historians of this period. The religious policy of Augustus formed but one part of his political and social policy in general. Was his work in general a work of restoration or a revolutionary work of destruction and of replacing the old régime by a brand-new one? Both views have their apostles in the scientific world and both to my mind are wrong. The work of Augustus is a work neither of restoration nor of destruction; it was that of adaptation, of compromise, if you like this word. The force of Augustus lies in his fine understanding of the main social features of his own time, of the psychology of the masses, and therefore in his attempts at

PLATE I

THE ALTAR OF CARTHAGE

adapting himself and his régime to the new aspect of the world, which had been created by the eighty years of almost uninterrupted social and civil war. If we want to understand Augustus and his activity we must first study the social conditions of his own time and grasp the main currents of the changed mood of the population. One of the most important sides of this mood was the attitude of the population towards religion, as created by the civil war.

Most of the scholars who have dealt with the time of Augustus speak of this time as of a time of growing indifference to religious problems, a time of atheistic tendencies or rather of tendencies which paid almost no attention to the problems of religion. The old religion was dead, the new one not yet born. I can not accept this view. There was no other time when the religious movement was as strong as at the end of the last century before Christ, i. e., the time of Augustus. No one of the religious currents of the past was dead, and many new ones emerged from the troubled conditions of the civil war.

The so-called civil, official religion of the Roman State which identified religion and State was still alive and thriving both in Italy and in the provinces. Witness the spread of the cult of the personified State—the goddess Roma and of the cult of the Capitoline triad throughout the Roman empire. Now, as before, it was an expression of Roman patriotism on the one hand and of Roman supremacy over the civilized world on the other. And is it fair to speak of this movement as of an exclusively rationalistic and political one where religion and religious feelings had no share whatever? I think not. Times of revolution and of following reaction are always times of a spreading worship of the past; in comparing the troubles of the present with the quiet life of the past, which appears, of course, more quiet in the imagination of the victims of a revolutionary turmoil than it really was, men are ready to look at the past from a romantic point of view, to cover it with a rosy veil and to nourish toward it a kind of worship, to make it an object not only of reverence but of a regular cult. Since religion was regarded as and really was one of the mightiest foundations of State and morals in the Roman past, as in most of the post-revolutionary epochs, the attitude towards the old state-religion

of the leading classes of the population, who are always the great sufferers in revolutionary times, especially of the intellectuals whose conceptions were thoroughly rationalistic, became more and more friendly, more and more romantic. Against their convictions they were ready to accept this religion and to show towards it the greatest reverence. Was it not one of the signs of the victory of religion over rationalism? Was the Epicurean Horace a mere liar when he composed his lofty hymns and his carmen saeculare? I think not. For a post-revolutionary mood such a combination of rationalism and romantic old-fashioned religiosity was only natural. No doubt Horace was not alone in giving place in his soul and brain both to religious and rationalistic conceptions of life. Another instance is Virgil. In his soul rationalism was completely defeated by religion. One part of his complicated and rather confused religious ideas formed the traditional state-religion, viewed from the romantic point of view.

The philosophical religion of the educated classes assumed evermore an almost purely religious character in the treatises of the later stoics, faithful pupils of Posidonius. The so-called religion of the poets, which is an artificial creation of Varro and never existed after the times of Homer and the great tragic poets of Athens, does not count. But even if we accept this category, we may point to the revival of the poetical conception of the gods in the poets of the Augustan age.

More important than these old currents were the new ones which spread rapidly all over the Roman empire. As always and everywhere, the civil war with its sufferings, despair, uncertainty of the future, demoralization, et cetera, caused a mighty revival of the true religious spirit, weakened temporarily under the influence of rationalism, and, as always, in the minds of both the educated and the uneducated classes it assumed a mystical aspect. Men and women turned their minds from this unhappy world to the other world, sought consolation in the belief of the existence of another life both before and after death, a purely spiritual life where men unite with God. Never were such religious creeds as Neo-Pythagoreanism, Orphism, the Messianic expectations, so popular as at the end of the civil war. The best expression of this mystical

mood may be found in the fourth Eclogue of Virgil, in the sixth book of the *Aeneid*, and in the newly discovered hypogaeum in Rome, be it a sanctuary of a mystical sect or a grave of an adherent of such a sect. Strong was the belief all over the Roman world, just as in Judaea at the time of Ezekiel, Deutero-Isaiah, and later, that the sufferings of humankind are temporary and a Messias, a savior, is coming and with him the golden age. From this point of view we may understand also how the greatest rationalists of this age, Augustus himself and Tiberius forming no exception, could believe in astrology and in magic. Do not forget the part played by astrology and magic in the philosophical teaching of Posidonius and of the later stoics. The scientific aspect of astrology and its religious substratum are the best expression for the troubled state of mind of this period when rationalism could no more yield before the victorious advance of religiosity in its various forms.

This was one of the currents. The other, more accessible to the masses, was of a more material aspect. Fortuna was the great ruler of the world in the times of revolution, and to this mighty goddess millions prayed, asking for the salvation of their lives, for material welfare, for peace, for prosperity. And along with Fortuna there was Mercury, the god of prosperity, and the Lares and the Penates, the guardians of one's home and of a settled, prosperous life in general. As soon as the thunderstorm of the revolution passed, the cult of these gods acquired an enormous importance. Prosperity is coming back, pray to the Great Gods who brought it back; to Fortuna, to Peace, to Mercury, to the Lares and Penates of the State (Vesta), of the neighborhood (Lares compitales), of the house!

The civil war was a time of individualities. Marius and Sulla, Pompey and Caesar, Antony and Octavianus; at these men the common man looked sometimes with hope, sometimes with hatred and despair; but mostly with hope. Gradually he became accustomed to think that if peace and prosperity should come they would be given to men by one of these leaders, a man sent and inspired by God, a hero who would reëstablish prosperity as did Hercules, Mercury, Apollo, centuries ago. No wonder if the idea of a savior, of a Messias was associated with living personalities, and that mankind was ready to accept the

cult of a bodily savior, was ready to believe in the divine essence of such a personality, provided that the personality brought back peace and prosperity.

Such were the main religious currents. Augustus was himself a child of his time, a keen observer, a man able to grasp the importance of these currents and to use them for his political aims. And, no doubt, he himself experienced the influence of this religious revival. In his religious activity he has not created anything new, he did not introduce any new religious idea. What he did was to direct the existing religious currents in a channel where they would help him in his work of restoration of peace and prosperity on the basis of his personal power which was to be perpetuated in his successors. His work is not merely a work of restoration, as it is assumed by most of the scholars who dealt with his religious activity. Of course, he acted as a restorer also. He restored the temples, he revived the state-religion of the Capitol, the old agrarian religion of the Dea Dia, the cult of Janus the peacemaker. It was a tribute paid to the romantic and antiquarian mood of his contemporaries, which was probably his own mood also.

But much more important were his own new ways, his creations not his restorations. He understood the materialistic tendency of his time, and he built for Fortuna, Peace, Mercury, sanctuaries where his name was associated with the divine essence of these abstract divinities. Fortuna Augusta, Pax Augusta, Mercurius Augustus bore the same surname as Caesar Augustus, a name which meant prosperity and sanctity. Rome—formerly the mistress and the warrior—became now a goddess of peace and prosperity and received the same surname of Augusta. Vesta—another expression for Roma—came to dwell in the palace of Augustus on the Palatine. The Lares whose cult was supported by elected presidents of religious associations who were devoted, as e.g., in Pompei and Delos, to the cult of Mercury gradually found themselves in the company of the genius of somebody, maybe of the Populus Romanus, maybe of Augustus. And the magistri of this cult received very soon the name of Augustus, just like the gods and goddesses enumerated above.

A savior was expected by mankind, a Messias. Was he not already among men, was he not descended from heaven to bring peace and prosperity, and was not a new era, a saeculum novum, the golden age begun? Read the lofty hymn of Horace to Mercury, who, like the Mercury of the magistri Mercuriales, can not be distinguished from Augustus, the peace-and-prosperity bearer. Somebody saved Rome. This was evident, because peace and prosperity came back; they came unexpectedly, they showed themselves suddenly, but they were there. Who was the savior? In creating his gorgeous cult of Apollo, in giving to Apollo a large part of the Palatine, of which another part was reserved for Augustus, in celebrating the ludi saeculares, et cetera, Augustus suggested: the savior, as in the old times, was the Delphian and the Delian god of light and civilization, Apollo, the forefather of the Gens Julia and perhaps the bodily father of Augustus, the divine serpent who visited in night-time his mother, Atia, and procreated the divine child, Octavius. He came to help Augustus in the battle of Actium and he assisted Augustus, his neighbor, from his shrine on the Palatine in his work of regeneration. Apollo acted through Augustus, and nobody knew whether Augustus was not an epiphany of Apollo, an Apollo ἐπιφανής. The mystical mood of the population was ready to accept this solution and the quicker intellect of the Greeks grasped and formulated this idea at once.

Venus, Aeneas, and the Gens Julia, the new star of Caesar, the romanticism of the ancient tradition, and the astrological mysticism of the new generation transformed the cult of divus Julius—originally an artificial creation of political character—into a real cult, into a subject of half-religious speculations, where the connection of Caesar with Augustus, the savior, played an important part. Augustus did not fail to insist on this point and his temple to Caesar in the Forum, his shrine of Venus in the Forum Julium, and the temple of Mars Ultor in the Forum Augusti were there to point out the ties which united divus Julius and the future divus Augustus, whose numen was to find its abode in the beautiful mausoleum, not a grave but a heroon, built on the field of Mars, the avenger of Julius Caesar and the leader of the Roman youth.

Thus every act of the religious policy of Augustus was connected both with the mighty religious movement of his time and with the tendency to introduce his personality into the formal expression of these religious feelings. Wherever the population found an opportunity to give way to its religious aspirations it found alongside with the object of its worship the figure of Augustus. In the worship of the State, in that of the divinities of material welfare both public and domestic, in the mystical aspirations, even in the graves,—Augustus was there. He was the companion of Roma and Vesta, the leader of the population in its devotion to the Pax Augusta, the creative spirit of the reborn domestic prosperity, the mystical Messias, the first to come to heaven on the wings of the divine eagle to unite with the gods through apotheosis.

This all-penetrating figure of Augustus, the hero and the leader, dominates also in the life of the younger generation, its education. In my book on the Roman lead tesserae I endeavored to show how Augustus organized the youth of the upper classes of the Roman and municipal world. Ancient half-religious organizations of the youth both in Rome and Italy were revived and new life infused into them. They became the bearers of the new spirit of the Augustan age, the spirit of the Roman odes of Horace. And one of the main points in this new organization was to regenerate the religious spirit of the younger generations and to combine it with the allegiance of this young generation to Augustus personally. How closely connected with Caesar and Augustus were e. g., the highly romantic Trojan games revived by Augustus, of which such a brilliant picture was given by Virgil! And do not forget that the carmen saeculare of Horace was sung by boys and girls of the leading families of Rome, the same boys who paraded on their horses in the solemn military review presided over by Augustus in the Forum of Augustus before the temple of Mars Ultor.

Such were the intentions of Augustus. Did he succeed? Have the religious aspirations of the Augustan age taken the channels carefully constructed and cleared by Augustus for this purpose? We may say: yes and no. In his own lifetime Augustus was successful and his successors still shared for some scores of years in this success, still lived on the gener-

ally accepted belief in Augustus as the divine savior, a god who came back to heaven after having performed his duty on earth. This is shown by many well-ascertained facts. I can not deal with this topic at length. The best proof is given by three series of facts. By the spread of the cult of Augustus all through the civilized world, a cult which was spontaneous and which was not imposed from above. By the spirit which permeates the literature of this period regardless of the peculiarities of the genius of each of the leading Roman writers. And by many objects of art which express just the same feelings and give them the same shape as the contemporary writers.

The topic of the imperial cult has been treated by many and competent scholars and there is among them, I think, a general agreement on the main point, i. e., that the cult of Augustus was not imposed from above, was not artificially created, was not an expression of mere flattery and servility but grew up gradually from below, from the masses of the population in the Orient, in Italy, in the western provinces. Different is the attitude of some of the most acute observers and investigators towards the Augustan literature. There is still a tendency to speak of the circle of Maecenas as a kind of organized bureau of publicity, press-agency, or propaganda office. I can not share this view. But first of all, what is propaganda and what kind of propaganda may be successful? No propaganda, be it the meanest or the loftiest one, is successful if it does not grasp the existing mood of the masses, if it does not appeal to the masses, and if it has not scores of men who carry out propaganda because they sincerely believe in the ideas which they are spreading and not because they are paid for it. The mightiest propaganda in the domain of ideas is that which is led by deep conviction, nay by fanatic belief in some new ideas. Was the work of the prophets in Israel an organized propaganda? Were the Sibyllae of the late Hellenistic period paid agents of somebody? If the Augustan poets carried out propaganda, which they, of course, consciously and subconsciously did, they did it because they believed in the truth which they were preaching. They were children of their own time and they shared the mood and the aspirations of this time. They were sincere and frank, and they helped

very much their contemporaries to formulate their own ideas and to understand their own psychology. The Augustan poets had an enormous popularity. Witness—the walls of Pompei and the graffiti of these walls. The explanation of this popularity and especially of the popularity of the best of them, Virgil, lies in the fact that they preached a gospel which everybody accepted, for it was just what they thought and felt in a clear-cut, short, and beautiful shape.

The same must be said of the monuments of art. There is a wonderful coincidence between all the three sources of our information. The monuments of art may be illustrated trait by trait by the verses of Virgil, Horace, Propertius, and both may be successfully used, and the objects of art were used, for illustrating the main ideas which are behind the thousands of inscriptions which speak of the religious devotion of the population and of their feeling towards Augustus. Such a coincidence can not be and never was artificially created. Let me finish this article by describing some of these objects of art, which unfortunately have never been investigated and collected in full for illustrating the religious life of the Augustan age. We still are regarding archaeology as a mere source of illustration for the information which we get from written sources. We still are learning, and very slowly indeed, how to make the objects of art speak just the same language which we find in our written texts.

Among the not very numerous monuments of Augustan art there is a class which gives a splendid illustration of the religious policy of Augustus and its full although temporary success. I mean the altars of private sanctuaries devoted to the cult of the most popular divinities of this time, the Lares of the cross-streets and the genius of Augustus or his family (Gens Julia). Many of them were found and were published. The artistic decoration of these altars is always beautiful and sometimes very instructive. I can not deal with the whole class. Let me produce two monuments only, both found not in Italy but in the provinces and both having no official character whatever. One is a monumental marble altar found recently in Carthage in a private villa. Originally it formed the centre of a private shrine built to the Gens Julia. The upper part of

PLATE II

THE ALTAR OF CARTHAGE

the altar has the usual form of two voluted cylindrical cushions adorned with acanthus leaves (Pl. II). The peculiarity of the volutes of this altar consists in the fact that the volutes are formed by two beautiful serpents, the genii of Augustus and Livia. On the front of the altar the figure of the goddess, Roma, is carved. She sits on a heap of arms (armours, shields, helmets, swords) (Pl. I); her left arm leans on a shield; on the outstretched right hand she holds a pillar with a round clipeus which Victory, descending from heaven, has just brought down and placed on the hand of Roma. Before the goddess an altar is seen on which repose a big cornucopia with a caduceus and before them the globe—the orbis terrarum. Is it not a beautiful symbol of the Augustan Rome, the mighty world empire consolidated by Augustus? The majestic figure of Roma is resting. War is finished, Rome is victorious, no need any more for arms and weapons. They may serve now as the main base of the Roman power. Peace is restored. Rome looks proudly at the signs or symbols of her world empire: the base, the foundation, is piety, religion (the altar); it supports the prosperity of the world as symbolized by the cornucopia, the caduceus, and the globe.

But who was the man who brought with him victory, piety, and prosperity? The figure of Roma dominates the picture; but the pillar on her hand tells to everybody who was the man who saved Rome. The clipeus on the pillar brought from heaven by Victory is one of the shields which were consecrated to Augustus by the Senate and the people and which adorned his house on the Palatine. On them everybody could read the name of the Savior of the State and everybody knew what the representation of this shield meant. To this great symbol of restored Rome corresponds on the opposite side of the altar the figure of the great god Apollo (Pl. II). Like Roma he sits majestically on his throne, a beautiful arm chair supported by griffins. Against the chair leans the lyre, before it stands the monumental Delphic tripod. The god is half-naked; his head is crowned with a laurel crown; his legs covered with the chlamys. His right hand is stretched; it holds the symbol of peace—the laurel branch; the left arm rests against the arm of the chair and the left hand holds one end of his chlamys. It is a pity that the face of this figure is destroyed. Has the god the features of

Augustus? In any case it is the Apollo of one of the best known sanctuaries of Rome. Was it the Roman sanctuary of the *Gens Augusta?* On the sides are represented: on one, the pious Aeneas carrying on his shoulders Anchises and leading by the hand little Ascanius-Julus, the ancestor of the Julii; on the other, the usual scene of sacrifice, Augustus immolating the bull; a curious feature of this last picture is the fact that the victimarius holds not the axe, but the primitive, prehistoric mace (Pl. III).

The leading idea of the decoration of the altar is evident. The foundation of life is piety; the pious Aeneas represents the traditional Roman piety, the sacrifice, its modern form. The objects of piety are Apollo and Roma, and along with them Augustus, who is associated by indissoluble ties with both of them. On piety rests the prosperity of the world, the orbis terrarum which is now the orbis Romanus. It is useless to show by means of quotations from the poets of the Augustan age how characteristic this set of representations is for the religious and political romanticism of Augustus and the Roman world of his time. Everybody who knows his Horace and Virgil will easily illustrate each scene by scores of the most beautiful verses of their poems.

The second object which is perhaps still more characteristic of the religious tendencies of the Augustan age is a silver patera found in 1912 at Butae in Switzerland near Geneva. The find to which the patera belongs is now in the Museum of Geneva and was published recently by W. Deonna with an exhaustive commentary. Let me briefly describe this object which certainly was made in Gaul by a native artist and thus represents the current ideas in this part of the Roman world (Pl. IV).

The centre of the patera is occupied by a medallion, imitating a coin, with the head of Augustus with the laurel wreath and the inscription *Octavius Caesar*. The field of the patera surrounded by a serpent and forming a frieze is filled up with five scenes. On the left hand is represented Apollo slaying the divine serpent Python, and Apollo after his victory over the three Cyclopes; on the right hand, Apollo and Poseidon in face of the walls of the city of Troy which they have built, and Mercury surrounded by his attributes. The centre beneath

PLATE III

THE ALTAR OF CARTHAGE

PLATE IV

THE PATERA FOUND AT FINS D'ANNECY

Pythagoreanism, and finally in the child born under Augustus in Bethlehem. Augustus' success and solution of one of the most important problems in history was a temporary one. But is not everything in history temporary?

NOTE ON THE MONUMENTS REPRODUCED ON PLATES I-IV

The altar reproduced on my plates I-III was excavated in Carthage by Mr. Ch. Saumagne on his private property near the hill of St. Louis in 1915. It formed the centre of the sacred precinct built by P. Perelius Hedulus on his private ground to the Gens Augusta and was located in front of a small temple of which the architrave bore the following inscription which can still be seen above the door of the entrance to the house of Mr. Saumagne: *Genti Augustae / P. Perelius Hedulus sac(erdos) perp(etuus) / templum solo privato / primus sua pecunia fecit.* A map of the ruins excavated by Mr. Saumagne in 1913 and a facsimile of the inscription were published by Mr. R. Cagnat in *Compte-rendu des séances de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres*, 1913, p. 680 ff. A reproduction of the altar and an analysis of its bas reliefs were given by Mr. A. Merlin in the *Bulletin archéologique du Comité des travaux historiques*, 1919, pp. clxxxvi ff. and ccxxxiv, note 1. I have but little to add to the comments of Merlin. The cornucopiae and the caduceus were the usual symbols of wealth and prosperity in the art of the Augustan period, see P. Ducati, "Ara di Bagnacavallo" in *Röm. Mitth.*, XXVIII (1908) 131, especially p. 142. The leading idea of the principate of Augustus (Rome and Augustus as protectors of peace and prosperity) was fully expressed in the bas reliefs of the famous Ara Pacis, especially in the figure of Terra Mater with the two children surrounded by symbols of prosperity in agriculture, cattle breeding and commerce. It is worthy of note that the Ara Pacis of Rome was certainly reproduced in the provinces. To such a reproduction at Carthage belonged the well known replica of the bas relief with the Terra Mater found in Carthage and now in the Louvre, see A. W. Van Buren in *Journal of Roman Studies*, III (1913) 134 ff. Compare my article printed as Appendix III to the article of the late Prof. F. Haverfield, "Roman Cirencester" in *Archaeologia*, LXIX (1920) 204 ff. I cannot help thinking that the altar of the temple of the Gens Augusta in Carthage was also a more or less true reproduction of a monument created by one of the leading sculptors of Augustus for a similar sanctuary of Rome during the lifetime of Augustus or shortly after his death. To my mind the Gens Augusta does not mean the family of Augustus only and is not identical with the domus Augusta. The Gens Augusta is the sequence of the divine forefathers of Augustus, beginning with Aeneas and Venus, Apollo and Mars, and ending with Julius Cæsar and Augustus himself, including of course the family of Augustus as well. It is a pity that Professor Lily Ross Taylor in her excellent article "The Worship of Augustus in Italy during his Lifetime" in *Transactions of the American Philological Assoc.*, LI (1920) 116 ff., especially p. 125 ff. has not dealt with the figured monuments referring to the cult of Augustus during his lifetime (comp. now her recent article, "The Altar of Manlius in the Lateran," *Amer. Journ. of*

THE SATIRIST'S *APOLOGIA*

LUCIUS ROGERS SHERO

"Cur satiras scribat" was the terse heading of an ancient scholiast's commentary upon the first satire of Juvenal. This concise, yet adequate, statement of the satire's theme would be entirely applicable, in my opinion, to two other extant Latin satires as well—the first satire of the second book of Horace's *Sermones* and the first satire of Persius. Its applicability to these is perhaps less obvious than in the case of Juvenal's satire. Yet even a hasty comparison of the three satires reveals the fact that, with all their differences, they have much in common. Each of them stands first in a collection of satires and is obviously prefatory in character; and in each of them the satirist, employing the device of a conversation between himself and an interlocutor, seeks to justify his choice of satire as the medium of his literary expression. Any one of the three, it would seem, might appropriately be entitled "The Satirist's Apologia."

It is my purpose in this paper to make a detailed study of the common element in these satires and to consider what traces are to be found of a similar satire in Lucilius.[1]

The differences between the satires mentioned are, to be sure, more immediately apparent than the similarities. The greater part of Persius' satire is devoted to discussion of literary ideals and to detailed literary criticism; and Juvenal's satire is mainly a succession of vivid sketches of contemporary

[1] Various features which are found in one or more of these satires are also found in other satires as well, especially, as might be expected, in those which are devoted to a discussion of the satirist's art. These latter are, notably, Horace *Serm.* i. 4 and i. 10, and a satire in book xxx of Lucilius which seems to have resembled Horace *Serm.* i. 4 in several particulars and to have been, like it, a defense of satire against hostile criticism (see Marx on Lucilius 1008-1038; Cichorius, *Untersuchungen zu Lucilius*, pp. 181-192). A consideration of the relationship, however, between the satires which are to be dealt with in this paper and other satires, such as those mentioned in this note, lies outside the scope of the present study.

Roman follies and vices. In respect to content each of these two satires differs as widely from the other as it does from Horace's realistic conversation with Trebatius. In respect to style and tone, moreover, the divergence is even more complete. Each satire exhibits a marked individuality, reflecting faithfully the peculiar genius of its author. The satire of Horace, so cleverly conceived and skilfully executed, with its engaging wit and humor and its extraordinary lightness and delicacy of touch, is in manner and spirit typically Horatian. In the satire of Persius, too, all the mannerisms of this author's highly-colored style are conspicuously represented—the overcharged figures, the labored eccentricity in the presentation of even the most commonplace ideas, the abrupt and often apparently unmotivated transitions, the crabbedness of the dialogue, the prevailing obscurity. Juvenal's satire likewise exhibits in a pronounced degree the important traits of his style; the vigorous, forceful declamation, the unrelieved tension, the brilliant rhetorical effects, the genius for epigram, the diffuseness, the disregard for structural proportions—all are fully exemplified.

But in spite of all this diversity of treatment, involving to a considerable extent even the choice of topics treated, the various features which the three satires have in common are of such basic importance, I believe, as to justify us in regarding the satires as belonging to a single distinct type.

The first of these common features which may be noticed is the employment of the device of the dissuading interlocutor. To be sure, there is a great contrast between Trebatius Testa, Horace's clearly depicted, flesh-and-blood jurisconsult and the vaguely outlined, shadowy lay-figures of the other two satirists. Persius' interlocutor is so sketchily drawn that editors have been unable to agree as to whether he was meant to be thought of as a friendly Monitor or a carping Adversarius. And even more hazy and more lacking in individuality, if possible, than Persius' *quisquis es* is Juvenal's man of straw, who is really no more than a "rhetorical second person singular." What is more, while Horace artistically maintains the pleasant fiction of the legal consultation throughout his composition, Persius gives up his dramatizing for a considerable space to

deliver a lengthy monologue, and Juvenal's interlocutor is introduced for the first time only a score of lines before the end of the piece. But in spite of all these differences, each of the interlocutors, as we shall see, serves his purpose adequately enough. Indeed, the differences merely go to show what latitude in matters of detail the various satirists allowed themselves even when employing a recognized stock device. Wide variation in the details of presentation, in fact, will be found in the case of many of the features which are common to these satires.

Furthermore, a detailed comparison of the three satires will make evident the essential similarity between the pleas of the various interlocutors.

First of all, let us examine the various utterances assigned, in Horace's satire, to Trebatius. In response to Horace's request for advice as to the course which he should pursue in view of the criticism directed against his satires, Trebatius first suggests that the poet give up writing altogether (vss. 5-9):

> 'quiescas.' ne faciam, inquis,
> omnino versus? 'aio.' peream male, si non
> optimum erat: verum nequeo dormire. 'ter uncti
> transnanto Tiberim somno quibus est opus alto,
> irriguumque mero sub noctem corpus habento.'

But as it is evident that Horace will demur to the prescription of a merely physical regimen as a cure for his *cacoethes scribendi*, Trebatius advises him to divert his bent for composition into a more profitable field, that of celebrating in epic the victorious exploits of Augustus (vss. 10-12):

> aut si tantus amor scribendi te rapit, aude
> Caesaris invicti res dicere, multa laborum
> praemia laturus.

When the satirist pleads that his talent is not adequate to the demands of such a pretentious style of composition, Trebatius urges him at least to write a panegyric, following the example of Lucilius, upon the civic virtues of his great patron (vss. 16 f.):

> attamen et iustum poteras et scribere fortem,
> Scipiadem ut sapiens Lucilius.

Then, after a curt refusal to permit the poet to blurt out what he really thinks of the average Roman of his day ('nolo,' vs. 11), the interlocutor, in spite of all Persius' objections, proceeds to urge upon him with some insistence the desirability of winning popular praise and esteem (vss. 24 f., 28-30, 40-43):

> quo didicisse, nisi hoc fermentum et quae semel intus
> innata est rupto iecore exierit caprificus?
>
> at pulchrum est digito monstrari et dicier "hic est";
> ten cirratorum centum dictata fuisse
> pro nihilo pendes?
>
> 'rides' ait 'et nimis uncis
> naribus indulges. an erit qui velle recuset
> os populi meruisse et cedro digna locutus
> linquere nec scombros metuentia carmina nec tus?

This discussion has no precise parallel in the other two satires which we are considering. Yet it is to be noted that Persius' monitor is by implication exhorting the poet to give up writing satire and to employ his talent in some other form of literary endeavor; for after calling attention to the unpopularity of satire, he straightway urgently commends the pursuit of popularity. Now, we have already found Trebatius explicitly exhorting Horace to transfer his attention to another field of literature; and we shall find a similar exhortation put into the mouth of Juvenal's interlocutor. Hence the significance of the exhortation implied in the words of Persius' adviser must not be overlooked.

After this discussion the interlocutor is lost sight of for some time, to reappear at vs. 92 for the purpose of arguing certain questions of literary criticism with the poet. We may pass on to the point where he resumes his effort to dissuade the latter from writing satire. "What is the use of offending people?" he argues (vss. 107 f.):

> sed quid opus teneras mordaci radere vero
> auriculas?

We may note that Persius' adviser is here referring to that inevitable dislike of the satirist about which we found Trebatius cautioning the earlier poet; and it is interesting to note

the similarity between the verse-close "mordaci radere vero" in this passage and the "tristi laedere versu" of the corresponding passage in Horace (vs. 21). The interlocutor then goes on to warn Persius, just as Trebatius had warned Horace, that he is in danger of incurring the disfavor of his influential friends (vss. 108-110):

> vide sis ne maiorum tibi forte
> limina frigescant, sonat hic de nare canina
> littera.

This warning is the last word which Persius allows his counsellor.

In the satire of Juvenal we meet the interlocutor for the first time at vs. 150, where he expresses the fear that the satirist may be lacking in ability to do justice to his theme and suggests that conditions are not as favorable for writing satire as in the days of the earlier satirists (vss. 150-153):

> dices hic forsitan 'unde
> ingenium par materiae? unde illa priorum
> scribendi quodcumque animo flagrante liberet
> simplicitas?'

These are arguments which we have not met in either of the other satires. However, as the poet assumes an air of bravado, the interlocutor straightway has recourse to the familiar argument of the risks to which the satirist exposes himself (vss. 155-157):

> 'pone Tigellinum: taeda lucebis in illa,
> qua stantes ardent qui fixo pectore fumant,
> et latum media sulcum deducis harena.'

To be sure, Juvenal is warned, with some humorous exaggeration, of a graver peril than those against which his predecessors had been cautioned, a graver peril even than that which Horace was represented as likely to face under the law forbidding the composition of *mala carmina*. But the intent of the warning is the same; and the risks run by the satirist were in reality greater, no doubt, in Juvenal's day. A renewed outburst of indignation on the part of the satirist is followed by a reference to the suspicion and dislike which people feel toward the satirist (vss. 160 f.):

> cum veniet contra, digito compesce labellum:
> accusator erit qui verbum dixerit "hic est."

The interlocutor then suggests that the poet might safely and without offense apply his talent to another form of literary activity (vss. 162-164):

> securus licet Aenean Rutulumque ferocem
> committas, nulli gravis est percussus Achilles
> aut multum quaesitus Hylas urnamque secutus.

Juvenal's counsellor, like Trebatius, suggests epic in place of satire; but here it is neither the historical nor the encomiastic epic recommended to Horace, but the mythological epic so popular in Juvenal's day. The poet is then warned, by way of contrast, that if he persists in his determination to write satire, he is certain to incur hostility, for the satirist, as Trebatius reminded Horace, is invariably the object of fear and hatred (vss. 165-168):

> ense velut stricto quotiens Lucilius ardens
> infremuit, rubet auditor, cui frigida mens est
> criminibus, tacita sudant praecordia culpa.
> inde irae et lacrimae.

The interlocutor then brings his appeal to a conclusion by urging the poet to take heed before it is too late (vss. 168-170):

> tecum prius ergo voluta
> haec animo ante tubas, galeatum sero duelli
> paenitet.

From this comparison of the pleas of the three interlocutors it is evident that, while they exhibit distinct variations from one another, the chief points are the same in each case. We have seen that each of the interlocutors in turn speaks of the animosity which the satirist inevitably arouses toward himself,[2] gives warning that the satirist runs the risk of incurring the disfavor of his influential friends or faces even graver dangers,[3]

[2] Horace *Serm.* ii. l. 21-23; Persius l. 107 f.; Juvenal l. 160 f., 165-168. The fear and hatred inspired by the satirist are frequently referred to elsewhere in satire. Trebatius' words "cum sibi quisque timet, quamquam est intactus, et odit" (vs. 23) were meant to be thought of, perhaps, as a conscious reference to a statement made by Horace himself in *Serm.* i. 4. 33: omnes hi metuunt versus, odere poetas. And there are numerous other allusions to this hatred of the satirist both in the satire of Horace just quoted (e. g., vss. 24, 34 ff., 64 f., 70, 78 f.) and in book xxx of Lucilius (e. g., vss. 1014, 1022 f., 1026, 1033, 1037 f.).

[3] Horace *Serm.* ii. l. 60-62, 79-83; Persius l. 108-110; Juvenal l. 155-157.

and urges the poet to turn his attention to some other field of literature.[4]

When we turn to a consideration of the replies of the various satirists to these appeals, we again find a marked similarity in their essential features. It will be advisable to call attention first to the significant portions of Horace's conversation with Trebatius.

Horace opens the conversation by telling Trebatius about the criticism directed against his satires and asking for advice. When Trebatius, however, suggests that the poet give up writing altogether, Horace declares that he is consumed with a passion for writing which can not be restrained (vss. 5-7):

> ne faciam, inquis,
> omnino versus? 'aio.' peream male si non
> optimum erat: verum nequeo dormire.

Trebatius then proposes other forms of composition as means of satisfying this craving; but Horace offers an objection to each of the proposals.[5] And then, in spite of Trebatius' reference to the ill-will inevitably aroused by satiric composition, the poet, appealing to the proverbial differences in people's tastes,[6] makes it perfectly clear that his temperament forces him not merely to write, but to write satire after the manner of Lucilius (vss. 28 f.):

> me pedibus delectat claudere verba
> Lucili ritu nostrum melioris utroque.

[4] Horace *Serm.* ii. l. 10-12, 16 f.; Persius l. 24 f., 28-30, 40-43 (by implication: cf. 2 f.); Juvenal l. 162-164.

[5] Horace's objection to the first of Trebatius' proposals, viz., that he has not the requisite ability for epic composition (vss. 12 ff.: cupidum pater optime, vires deficiunt: etc.), while not paralleled in any of the satires under discussion, is a favorite commonplace of Latin poetry. The various occurrences of the commonplace are given in Riedner, *Typische Aüsserungen der römischen Dichter über ihre Begabung, ihren Beruf und ihre Werke* (Nürnberg 1903), pp. 24-30. Suggestive remarks on this commonplace and its relation to "program poems" may be found in an article by Professor A. L. Wheeler in *Class. Phil.* VII (1912), 464 f.

[6] The difference in people's tastes is a commonplace of satire as of literature generally. Thus, in satire, we find it elaborately worked out at the beginning of the first satire of the first book of Horace and in the fifth satire of Persius (vss. 52 ff.); see also Marx on Lucilius 628-630. In the kindred field of comedy, as well it is conspicuous. Terence's famous aphorism (*Phormio* 454: quot homines, tot sententiae: suos cuique mos) can be matched in Greek comedy by a couplet of Philemon (fr. 89 Kock). A familiar treatment of the theme in poetry of a more lofty type is the first ode of Horace.

After describing how Lucilius made his writings the confidants of the inmost secrets of his heart,[7] and asserting even more explicitly his dependence upon the older satirist ("sequor hunc," vs. 34), Horace declares that it is only natural that a man sprung from such a warlike race as his own should take delight in a literary *rencontre*. But he hastens to give assurance that his sword is sheathed and that he will not draw it without provocation,[8] adding, however, that if he is provoked, his blade will prove to be a sharp one (vss. 39-46):

> sed hic stilus haud petet ultro
> quemquam animantem et me veluti custodiet ensis
> vagina tectus: quem cur destringere coner
> tutus ab infestis latronibus? o pater et rex
> Iuppiter, ut pereat positum robigine telum,
> nec quisquam noceat cupido mihi pacis! at ille
> qui me commorit (melius non tangere, clamo),
> flebit et insignis tota cantabitur urbe.[9]

[7] Persius may have had this passage about Lucilius in mind when writing the lines in which he makes his book the confidant of his own secret (i. 119-121):

> me muttire nefas? nec clam? nec cum scrobe? nusqam?
> hic tamen infodiam. vidi, vidi ipse, libelle:
> auriculas asini quis non habet?

[8] This declaration is generally interpreted as an avowal of a revised conception of satire on Horace's part, which was to find its embodiment in the second book of the *Sermones*. The spirit of that book is certainly much more urbane than the spirit of the first book, and its tone is less acrimonious and more reflective. The assumption, however, that Horace in this satire is enunciating revised principles of satiric composition is not in the least inconsistent with the view that he was also seeking to justify the writing of satire by means of devices and arguments which were traditional. It is interesting to note, incidentally, that a similar disavowal of any intention to attack without provocation is found in another type of literary *apologia*, the prologues of Terence. See Terence *Phorm.* prol. 14-16:

> ille ad famem hunc a studio studuit reicere:
> his respondere voluit, non lacessare:

Also *Eun.* prol. 4-6:

> tum siquis est, qui dictum in se inclementius
> existumabit esse, sic existumet,
> responsum, non dictum esse, quia laesit prior.

[9] The threat of the poet to bring notoriety upon his enemies is a commonplace of literature going back as far as Archilochus (fr. 94 Bergk: *νῦν δὲ δὴ πολὺς/ ἀστοῖσι φαίνεαι γέλως*). Other parallels may be found in the commentaries on Horace. A variation of this commonplace, however, is found elsewhere in satire in the accusation made by the satirist's critics that he takes delight in bringing notoriety upon his victims. See Lucilius 1015 (gaudes, cum de me ista foris sermonibus differs) and 1016 (et male dicendo in multis sermonibus differs) and Horace *Serm.* i. 4. 36-38 (et quodcumque semel chartis illeverit, omnis / gestiet a furno redeuntis scire lacuque, /et pueros et anus).

Every living thing, he asserts, has its own peculiar weapon; his is satire. And again he alludes to his uncontrollable propensity for satiric writing (vss. 57-60):

> ne longum faciam: seu me tranquilla senectus
> exspectat seu Mors atris circumvolat alis,
> dives, inops, Romae seu fors ita iusserit exsul,
> quisquis erit vitae scribam color.

Then when Trebatius warns him that his determination to write is fraught with peril and that he is in danger of incurring the disfavor of his influential friends, the poet replies by citing the case of his predecessor Lucilius, who, in spite of the fact that he attacked without discrimination every one who did not measure up to his standard of virtue, yet, so far from incurring the disfavor of Scipio and Laelius, became for that very reason the more intimate with them (vss. 62-74):

> quid, cum est Lucilius ausus
> primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,
> detrahere et pellem, nitidus qua quisque per ora
> cederet, introrsum turpis, num Laelius aut qui
> duxit ab oppressa meritum Carthagine nomen
> ingenio offensi aut laeso doluere Metello
> famosisque Lupo cooperto versibus? atqui
> primores populi arripuit populumque tributim,
> scilicet uni aequus virtuti atque eius amicis.
> quin ubi se a vulgo et scaena in secreta remorant
> virtus Scipiadae et mitis sapientia Laeli,
> nugari cum illo et discincti ludere donec
> decoqueretur holus soliti.

The poet adds that no one, however envious, can deny that he, too, enjoys the intimacy of distinguished friends. Trebatius, however, while assenting to this statement, warns the satirist, in a final effort to dissuade him from his course, of the law against *mala carmina;* but Horace parries the warning with a *jeu de mots* which gives him an opportunity not only to refer to Augustus' commendation of his satires but also to assert that they are directed only against persons deserving them. This last claim is made in Horace's final words (vss. 84 f.):

> si quis
> opprobriis dignum latraverit, integer ipse?

With these replies of Horace to Trebatius we may now compare the corresponding passages in the satires of Persius and Juvenal. It will not be necessary to consider these two satires separately; and we may deal with the various topics in the order in which they occur in Horace's satire.

In the first place, there is the satirist's contention that, whatever the objections, he simply can not help writing satire; his impulse to speak out and say just what he thinks is irresistible. Just as Horace declares (vss. 5-7) that he is consumed with a passion for writing which can not be restrained, making it perfectly clear a few verses later (vss. 28 f.) that it is the writing of satire which he has in mind and nothing else,[10] so Persius affirms that his "saucy spleen" is too much for him and that he must have his laugh (vs. 12):

> quid faciam? sed sum petulanti splene cachinno.[11]

Moreover, this same idea is presented very dramatically in the same satire by means of the device of the bursting out of a secret which the satirist has refrained from divulging for a time but which it becomes impossible for him to hold back any longer (vss. 8-11, 119-121):[12]

> nam Romae quis non—? a, si fas dicere—sed fas
> tunc cum ad canitiem et nostrum istud vivere triste
> aspexi ac nucibus facimus quaecumque relictis,
> cum sapimus patruos; tunc tunc ignoscite. 'nolo.'
>
> me muttire nefas? nec clam? nec cum scrobe? nusquam?
> his tamen infodiam. vidi, vidi ipse, libelle:
> auriculas asini quis non habet?

It is significant, moreover, that these utterances of Persius, which express his irresistible impulse to speak out and say

[10] Cf. also Horace's further reference to his uncontrollable propensity for satiric writing in vss. 57-60.

[11] The "quid faciam?" of this verse recalls the "quid faciam?" of vs. 24 of Horace's satire. In both passages the words are employed to suggest the irresistible character of the satirist's impulse; and there can be little question, I think, that Persius had Horace's passage in mind when he wrote this verse.

[12] It is interesting to note that inability to keep a secret is a stock accusation brought against the satirist by his critics. See Lucilius 651 f. (at enim dicis: "clandestino tibi quod commissum foret, neu muttires quicquam, neu mysteria ecferres foras") and Horace *Serm.* i. 4. 84 f. (commissa tacere / qui nequit, words belonging to a passage, vss. 81-85, which I assign to the Adversarius rather than to the satirist).

si natura negat, facit indignatio versum
qualemcumque potest, quales ego vel Cluvienus.[15]

We have already found Horace justifying his work in a similar manner by his intimation that his strictures are directed only against persons deserving them (vss. 84 f.). And the same moral justification of satire is implied in what he says about his model, Lucilius, in one of the other passages quoted above (vss. 62 ff.):

quid, cum est Lucilius ausus
. . . . . .
detrahere et pelle, nitidus qua quisque per ora
cederet, introrsum turpis, etc. . . .

scilicet uni aequus virtuti atque eius amicis.

Horace also gives the argument of provocation a personal application in his declaration that he will not attack any one unless the attack is provoked (vss. 39-46). And again, the idea of provocation is found under quite a different aspect in the passage at the opening of Juvenal's satire, where the poet tells of what we may call his "literary provocation" (vss. 1-18):[16]

Semper ego auditor tantum? numquamne reponam
vexatus totiens rauci Theseide Cordi?
impune ergo mihi recitaverit ille togatas,
hic elegos? impune diem consumpserit ingens
Telephus aut summi plena iam margine libri
scriptus et in tergo necdum finitus Orestes?
. . . . . .
. . . stulta est clementia, cum tot ubique
vatibus occurras, periturae parcere chartae.

In answer to Trebatius' warning of the danger of incurring the disfavor of influential friends Horace cites the example of Lucilius, asserting that the earlier satirist did not, on account of his satires, lose the respect of men like Scipio and Laelius (vss. 62-74). This appeal to the example of predecessors is

[15] An enumeration of typical vices, somewhat similar to this whole passage, vss. 22-80, but on a much smaller scale, is found in Horace *Serm.* i. 4. 25-32.

[16] The interesting parallel to this passage in Varro's *Bimarcus* (fr. 59, cum Quintipor Clodius tot comoedias sine ulla fecerit musa, ego un libellum non "edolem" ut ait Ennius?) would seem to indicate that the Menippean satirist also felt called upon to offer some justification of his w

These, then, are the arguments in justification of writing satire which the three satirists agree in opposing to the objections of their respective interlocutors.[19] Two other features, however, common to the three satires, may be noticed.

In the first place, each of the satirists gives some evidence of a willingness, in spite of his determination to write satire, to meet the interlocutor half way. Thus, we have Horace's promise, already quoted, not to attack without provocation. Persius declares (vss. 110-114):

> per me equidem sint omnia protinus alba.
> nil moror. euge omnes, omnes bene, mirae eritis res.
> hoc juvat? 'hic' inquis 'veto quisquam faxit oletum.'
> pinge duos anguis, 'pueri, sacer est locus, extra
> meite': discedo.

And Juvenal promises to write merely against the dead (vss. 170 f.):

> experiar quid concedatur in illos
> quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis atque Latina.

In the second place, each of the three satirists refers with a certain disparagement—whether simulated or not does not matter—to his own work. Horace speaks of himself as "infra Lucili ingenium" (vs. 75).[20] Persius alludes thus disparagingly to his own efforts (vss. 45-47, 121-123):

> non ego cum scribo, si forte quid aptius exit,
> quando hoc rara avis est, si quid tamen aptius exit,
> laudari metuam.

---

tius (in vss. 16 f., quoted above) appeals to the example of Lucilius in urging Horace to laud Augustus' civic virtues. And Juvenal's interlocutor uses the name of Lucilius (vs. 165) when speaking of the hostility aroused by the satirist. Of course, these references to older satirists merely add to the cumulative impression which the satirist wishes to make of being an inheritor of a great tradition.

[19] It may be noted that Horace is alone in making a direct reply to the interlocutor's exhortation to give up satire for some other form of literary activity, by claiming that his talent is not adequate to the demands of such a pretentious literary form as historical epic (vss. 12-15 and that a panegyric upon the civic virtues of Augustus would be unseasonable (vss. 17-20). It has been pointed out, however, that Persius' interlocutor, by urging the desirability of popularity, is virtually exhorting the poet to give up writing satire and employ his talent in some other form of literary endeavor; and Persius, in his appraisal of the true value of popularity in vss. 44 ff., has an answer for this.

[20] There is a certain self-disparagement also in Horace's disavowal of the requisite ability for epic composition (vss. 12-15), but this is not disparagement of himself as a satirist.

hoc ego opertum,
hoc ridere meum, tam nil, nulla tibi vendo
Iliade.

And Juvenal affects a similar modesty (vss. 79 f.):

si natura negat, facit indignatio versum
qualemcumque potest, quales ego vel Cluvienus.[21]

It is clear, then, that the essential features both of the interlocutor's appeal and of the satirist's defense are the same in each of the three satires. As we have seen, each of the interlocutors points out the disadvantages and dangers of writing satire and urges the satirist to give up satire for some other form of composition. Each of the satirists, again, while manifesting a willingness to yield a point to the interlocutor[22] and while assuming a becoming modesty as regards his own work,[23] seeks to justify himself in the first place, by claiming that he is unable to restrain his impulse to say what he thinks about things worthy of censure,[24] and, in the second place, by appealing to the example of predecessors.[25] The evidence is unmistakable, therefore, that each of the satires is constructed upon a traditional framework; and we may reasonably conclude that a satire of this type, ostensibly justifying the writing of satire by means of conventional devices and stock arguments, came to be looked upon as an indispensable feature of the satirist's stock-in-trade.[26]

[21] The last two passages quoted clearly imply the thought that the poet feels that he must express his message, however inartistic the form may be. This thought seems also to be implied in Lucilius 632 (euadat saltem aliquid aliqua, quod conatus sum) which may be compared with Persius, si quod forte aptius exit.

[22] Horace, *Serm.* ii. l. 39-44; Persius l. 110-114; Juvenal l. 170 f.

[23] Horace, *Serm.* ii. l. 75; Persius l. 45-47, 121-123; Juvenal l. 79 f.

[24] Horace, *Serm.* ii. l. 5-7, 57-60, cf. 28 f. and 84 f. (note also 62-65, 70); Persius l. 12, 119-121 (cf. 8-11); Juvenal l. 22-80 *passim*. The argument of provocation is presented under other aspects in Horace, *Serm.* ii. l. 39-46 and Juvenal l. 1-18.

[25] Horace, *Serm.* ii. l. 28-34, 62-74; Persius l. 114-119 (note also 1); Juvenal l. 19-21, 51 (note also 154).

[26] It is interesting to note that C. Trebonius, one of the assassins of Julius Cæsar, who tried his hand at satirical writing of some sort, probably a scurrilous attack upon Antony, felt called upon to apologize for his verses in a letter to Cicero (*ad Fam.* xii. 16. 3). The passage reads as follows:

In quibus uersiculis si tibi quibusdam uerbis εὐθυρρημονέστερος uidebor, turpitudo personae eius in quam liberius inuehimur nos uindicabit. Ignosces etiam iracundiae nostrae quae iustast in eius modi et homines et cives. Deinde qui magis hoc Lucilio licuerit adsumere liber-

There remains for discussion the question whether any traces are to be found in Lucilius of a satire of this type. It is possible to reconstruct a satire from among the fragments of book xxvi which resembles in several of its features the later satires of the type which we have been discussing. Both Marx[27] and Kappelmacher[28] have reconstructed such a satire,—a satire in the form of a dialogue between Lucilius and an interlocutor who endeavors to dissuade the poet from writing satire and who urges him to turn to some more profitable pursuit.[29] Cichorius,[30] however, has given a different interpretation to the majority of the fragments used by these scholars in their reconstructions. He assumes, to be sure, that book xxvi contained a *Geleitsatire*, designed to serve as a proemium to books xxvi-xxx. But it was quite different, according to his theory, from the sort of satire reconstructed by Marx or Kappelmacher; and of the fragments used by them, Cichorius assigns to this introductory satire only those in which Lucilius tells what readers he wants and does not want for his satires.[31] The remainder of the fragments of

tatis quam nobis? cum, etiamsi odio pari fuerit in eos quos laesit, tamen certe non magis dignos habuerit in quos tanta libertate uerborum incurreret.

It will be noted that Trebonius uses precisely the basic arguments of the traditional *apologia* of the satirist, viz., the arguments of provocation and example. He justifies his attacks in claiming that his victim deserves them; his 'iracundia' is 'iusta' by reason of his opponent's 'turpitudo.' And he points to the example of Lucilius, who, he claims, never had graver provocation than he has had. This is interesting testimony to the traditional character of these arguments.

[27] See his notes to Lucilius 587-634. He follows in the main the reconstruction suggested in his *Studia Luciliana*, pp. 27 ff.

[28] In his "Studia Juvenaliana" in *Diss. Phil. Vindob.*, VII (1903), pp. 189-193. He there points out the parallels between the first satire of Juvenal and the satire of Lucilius which he reconstructs.

[29] It is unnecessary to give the details of these reconstructions here. Certain features of special interest, however, may be noticed. Both scholars assign to this satire the verses in which Lucilius tells what readers he wishes for his work; cf. below, note l, p. 25. Both scholars also interpret vs. 622 as a disclaimer by the satirist of ability to celebrate in epic the exploits of Scipio. Marx, moreover, assumes that the satire contained an enumeration of typical vices (see his note on vs. 608) and a passage emphasizing the differences in people's tastes (vss. 628-630).

[30] *Untersuchungen zu Lucilius*, pp. 101-132, also 71-77.

[31] Vss. 588-596, except 594, which, as Cichorius suggests, was doubtless merely a casual and jocular remark, with no programmatic intent, and should probably be assigned elsewhere. The idea that the satirist wants as readers only those who are capable of a sympathetic understanding of his writings, is an important commonplace of satire. See Horace *Serm.* i. 10. 72-91 and Persius l. 123-134. For the thought that the satirist has no craving for popular applause and is content with few readers cf., in addition to the passages already quoted, Horace *Serm.* i. 4. 71 f. and Persius l. 1 ff.

Marx's satire—and this includes nearly all of the fragments used by Kappelmacher—Cichorius assigns either to an εἰσαγωγή addressed to Junius Congus and resembling in many respects the *Ars Poetica* of Horace,[32] or to a literary polemic against the poet Accius.

Now, it is true, in my opinion, that many of the fragments in question fit quite as well into a satire of the sort reconstructed by Marx or Kappelmacher as into satires such as Cichorius postulates. On the other hand, the latter's hypothesis affords a much more satisfactory explanation of certain fragments of the book than any other that has been suggested. And what is more, a few of Marx's interpretations, at any rate, seem rather forced. Hence it appears reasonable, in spite of the fact that many of the fragments, taken by themselves, are susceptible of other equally satisfactory interpretations, to accept Cichorius' disposition of the fragments *in toto*.

With regard to book xxvi, then, it may be said that while it is highly probable that the book contained an introductory satire in which certain aspects of the satirist's art were dealt with, the surviving fragments of the book, according to their most satisfactory interpretation, afford no evidence that this satire resembled in any essential particulars the later satires which we have been studying.

There are, however, three fragments of the first book which deserve consideration. These are fragments 1, 2, and 9:

> Aetheris et terrae genitabile quaerere, tempus
> irritata canes quam homo quam planius dicit.
> "O curas hominum! O quantum est in rebus inane!"

Marx, who assumes that this book, like the second and third, contained only a single satire, supposes that the first two fragments belonged to an introductory paragraph of that satire, the "Concilium Deorum." This paragraph, according to Marx's conjecture, resembled the opening paragraph of the first satire of Persius and comprised a dialogue in which an interlocutor was represented as urging the poet that he might better occupy himself in the composition of a poem dealing

[32] The parallelism has been worked out in detail by Professor G. C. Fiske in "Lucilius, the Ars Poetica of Horace and Persius" in *Harv. Stud. in Class. Phil.* XXIV, 1 ff.

with the great speculative questions regarding the physical universe than in writing satire, and calling attention to the risk to which the satirist exposes himself.

Cichorius supposes[33] that there was a separate prefatory satire at the beginning of the book, serious and reflective in tone, containing verses 1 and 9. The latter fragment Marx assigns to the exordium of a speech by some divinity in the council of the gods; but, as Cichorius points out, Persius' quotation of the verse makes it unlikely that it occurred in such a context in Lucilius.[34] Cichorius does not refer at all to verse 2, but Marx's interpretation of it is supported by the possibility that Persius imitated it in vss. 109 f. of his first satire ("sonat hic de nare canina / littera"). So interpreted it would scarcely be in place in a piece so philosophical in character as Cichorius assumes the prefatory satire to be. It seems, then, that Marx's conception of the character of the prefatory passage is more likely to be correct than Cichorius'. The latter's arguments, however, that this passage formed a separate satire are quite plausible.

In view of these considerations, therefore, it may not be altogether fanciful to suggest that the first book of Lucilius contained an opening satire designed to serve as a proemium to books i-xxi, and that this began with a dialogue between an interlocutor and the poet, the substance of which was approximately as follows. The interlocutor exhorts the poet to give up writing satire and to devote himself to scientific study, possibly with the advice to attempt a poetical exposition of certain scientific doctrines (vs. 1), maintaining that this would be more profitable than his present literary occupation, and pointing out the disadvantages and dangers of the latter (vs. 2); but the satirist replies that he can not help writing satire, that he must give utterance to his feelings when he considers the vices

[33] *Op. cit.*, pp. 232-234.

[34] Persius apparently quoted the verse as being one which would be recognized immediately as a typical exclamation of a satirist. That being so, it seems highly probable that Lucilius used the words *in propria persona*. Various contexts have been suggested for the verse, but it seems to be most satisfactorily explained by the hypothesis here proposed. There is, of course, some doubt as to just what words Persius actually quoted from Lucilius. But Marx's supposition that it was the opening verse of his satire seems the most plausible.

and follies of mankind, emphasizing his reply with an exclamation upon the vanity of human affairs (vs. 9).

The reconstruction of a satire from three short fragments is, as no one is more fully aware than the present writer, a highly presumptuous proceeding. All that can be claimed for such a bold conjecture is that it affords a plausible explanation of the fragments in question. There should be taken into account, however, the fact that the later satirists, especially Horace,[35] drew very heavily upon Lucilius not only for themes of satires but even for details of presentation. This fact affords an *a priori* probability that a satire of the type which we have been discussing, or at least the germ of such a satire, was contained in Lucilius' work. The probability is all the greater in view of the fact that each of the three later satirists composed a satire of this type and the fact that both theme and treatment seem so thoroughly conventional.[36]

In conclusion, the results of this study may be summed up as follows:

(a) Horace *Serm.* ii. 1, Persius 1, and Juvenal 1 exhibit such similarities of theme and treatment that they may reasonably be regarded as belonging to a single conventional type; and

(b) Certain fragments of book i of Lucilius can be most satisfactorily interpreted on the assumption that this book contained a satire exhibiting certain of the essential features of that conventional type.

[35] See Fiske, "Lucilius and Horace," *University of Wisconsin Studies in Language and Literature*, where Horace's relations to the older satirist have been minutely studied. It may be noted, incidentally, that Professor Fiske believes (see pp. 369 ff.) that Horace in the first satire of the second book drew freely from material found in books xxvi and xxx. Professor Fiske has not, however, taken into consideration in this connection the fragments from book i.

[36] The beginning of book i, it may be remarked, would be a very appropriate place for such a satire. For while it is generally agreed that books xxvi-xxx preceded book i in time of publication, the latter was the opening book of the second collection (books i-xxi). And just as Horace's *apologia* stood at the beginning of his second book of satires, so a satire of the same type might well have stood at the beginning of Lucilius' second collection of satires.